

THE
ROBIN.
A
COLLECTION

OF
Six Hundred and Eighty
of the most Celebrated
ENGLISH and SCOTCH
SONGS

None of which are contain'd in the other
COLLECTIONS
of the same Size call'd the

LINNET and THRUSH

With a GLOSSARY Explaining the SCOTCH Words

Printed for C. Hitch & I. Osborn in Pater-
Noster Row, & I. Hodges on London Bridge.

MDCCXLIX.

458-603 v. 3

S O N G 1.

Phillis, I pray,
Why did you say,
That I did not adore you?
I durst not sue

As others do,
Nor talk of Love before you.
Shou'd I make known
My Flame, you'd frown;
No Tears cou'd e'er appease you:
'Tis better I
Shou'd silent die,
Than, talking, to displease you.

S O N G 2.

Phillis, we not grieve that Nature,
Forming you, has done her Part;
And, in ev'ry single Feature,
Shew'd the utmost of her Art:
But in this, it is pretended,
That a mighty Grievance lies;
That your Heart should be defended,
Whilst you wound us with your Eyes.
Love's a senseless Inclination,
Where no Mercy's to be found;
But is just, where kind Compassion
Gives us Balm to heal the Wound.
Persians paying solemn Duty,
To the rising Sun inclin'd,
Never would adore his Beauty,
But in Hopes to make him kind.

S O N G 3.

Phillis! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the Day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our Lives beyond their Span;

† B

Beauty

(2)
Beauty like a Shadow flies,
And our Youth before us dies.
Or would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love hath Wings, and will away :
Love hath swifter Wings than Time ;
Change in Love to Heav'n does climb :
Gods, that never change their State,
Vary oft their Love and Hate.

Phillis ! to this Truth we owe
All the Love betwixt us two :
Let not you and I enquire,
What has been our past Desire :
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd :
Leave it to the Planets too,
What we shall hereafter do :
For the Joys we now may prove,
Take Advice of present Love.

S O N G 4.

PHillis, your Falshood I see, and despise,
Nor more will I bow like a Slave to those Eyes ;
You may smile on, and deceive other Hearts,
Now mine bids Defiance to Love and his Darts.

Hence my Devotion I'll pay to God Mars,
He will reward all my Toils in the Wars ;
He shall command me, and Fame I'll pursue,
Then farewell, proud Mink, and for ever adieu.

When I return, full of Riches and Fame,
I'll find some Girl, that is worthy my Name ;
Her will I court, and she shall be my Queen,
While thou, like a Fool, dy'st with Envy and Spleen.

S O N G 5.

PHillis has Charms for each youthful Lover,
Wit and good Nature with Beauty combine ;

Sprightly and gay,
Smiling as May ;
Soft as the Lillies
Is beautiful Phillis ;
With ravish'd Ear,
Her Songs we hear ;

Phillis can every way make her self dear.

Shepherd

(3)

Shepherd, since Phillis your Fancy engages,
All thy fond Passion in Numbers relate ;

Numbers prevail,
Where all Arts fail ;
Tell her your Story,
And make it your Glory,
To cherish Fires,
Which she inspires ;

Make her the Object of all your Desires.

S O N G 6.

Pious Selinda goes to Pray'rs,

If I but ask the Favour ;
And yet the tender Fool's in Tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Wou'd I were free from this Restraint,
Or else had Hopes to win her ;
Wou'd she cou'd make of me a Saint,
Or I of her a Sinner.

S O N G 7.

Pity my Fate, ye tender Youths,

Whose Breasts have felt the Dart,
Since when you hear my moving Tale,
In Grief you'll bear a Part :

For three long Years I close address'd
A Maid as fair as Light ;
Who wou'd have thought her heavenly Charms
Bore Ruin in the Sight ?

How oft have I, in chilling Frost,

Lain prostrate at her Door ;
O ! had my Heart been cold as her,
I shou'd not now deplore :

Yet once her Heart was warm as mine,

And uninclin'd to range ;
Ah, no ! a Heart, that's once inflam'd,
Can never, never change.

How fondly have I gaz'd upon

The House that held my Dear ;
Ey'd oft her Window, blest'd the Room,
And wish'd myself but there :

† B 2

Ah,

Ah, me! what does it now avail,
That once she held me dear,
Ye Swains, of treach'rous Maids beware,
Nor heed the trickling Tear.

S O N G 8.

PLague us not with idle Stories,
Whining Loves, and senseless Glories;
What are Lovers, what are Kings?
What at best but slavish Things?

Free I liv'd, as Nature made me,
No proud Beauty durst invade me,
No rebellious Slaves betray'd me,
Free I liv'd as Nature made me.

Each by Turns, as Sense inspir'd me,
Bacchus, Ceres, Venus, fir'd me;
I alone have lost true Pleasure,
Freedom is the only Treasure.

S O N G 9.

POOR Cleonice thy Garlands tear
From off thy widow'd Brow;
And bind thy loose dishevell'd Hair

With Yew and Cypress now:
And since the Gods decreed his Years
Should have so short a Date;
Let thy sad Eyes pay Seas of Tears
In Tribute to his Fate,

The Trees a duller Green have worn
Since that dear Swain is gone;
The tender Flocks their Pasture mourn,
And bleat a sadder Moan:
The Birds that did frequent these Groves,
To happy Mansions fly;
And all that once smil'd on our Loves,
Now seem to bid me die.

S O N G 10.

POOR Jenny and I we toiled,
In a long Summer's Day;
Till we were almost foiled,
With making of the Hay:

Her

Her Kerchief was of Holland clear,
Bound low upon her Brow ;
Ife whisper'd something in her Ear,
But what's that to you ?

Her Stockings were of Kersey green,
Well sticht with yellow Silk ;

Oh ! sik a Leg was never seen,

Her Skin as white as Milk :

Her Hair as black as any Crow,

And sweet her Mouth was too ;

Oh ! Jenny daintily can m--w,

But, &c.

Her Petticoats were not so low,

As Ladies they do wear them ;

She needed not a Page I trow,

For I was by to bear them :

Ife took them up all in my Hand,

And I think her Linnen too ;

Which made me for to make a stand ;

But, &c.

King Solomon had Wives enough,

And Concubines a Number ;

Yet Ife possels more Happiness,

And he had more of Cumber :

My Joys surmount a wedded Life,

With Fear she lets me m--w

A Wench is better than a Wife,

But, &c.

The Lilly and the Rose combine,

To make my Jenny fair ;

There's no Contentment sik as mine,

I'm almost void of Care :

But yet I fear my Jenny's Face

Will cause more Men to woove ;

Which if she should, as I do fear,

Still, what is that to you ?

S O N G II.

POOR Sawney had marry'd a Wife,

And he knew not what to do with her ;

For she'd eat more Barley-bread,

Than he knew how to give her :

We'll all sup together, we'll all sup together,

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till Jove sends warmer Weather.

We'll all lig together, we'll all lig together,

We'll make no more Beds than one,

'Till Jove sends warmer Weather.

We'll put the Sheep's-head in the Pot,

The Wool and the Horns together ;

And we'll make Broth of that,

And we'll all sup together,

We'll all sup together, &c.

The Wool shall thicken the Broth,

The Horns shall serve for Bread :

By this you may understand

The Vertue that's in a Sheep's-head ;

And we'll all sup together, &c.

Some shall lig at the Head,

And some shall lig at the Feet ;

Miss Cuddy wou'd lig in the middle,

Because she'd have all the Sheet :

We'll all lig together, &c.

Miss Cuddy got up in the Loft,

And Sawny wou'd fain have been at her,

Miss Cuddy fell down in her Smock,

And made the Glas Windows to clatter :

We'll all lig together, &c.

The Bride she went to Bed,

The Bridegroom followed after,

The Fidler crept in at the Feet,

And they all ligg'd together :

We'll all lig together, &c.

S O N G 12.

POOR fighting Damon courts in vain

The blooming Sylvia's Love ;

To ev'ry Stream he tells his Pain,

His Care to ev'ry Grove.

Whilst tender Sylvia's panting Breast

For scornful Acron burns,

Proud Acron flights her fond Request,

And all her Favour scorns.

Let

Let ev'ry Nymph that flights her Swain,
 Still meet with Sylvia's Fate!
 And when she feels her Lover's Pain,
 Her own Example hate.

S O N G 13.

PREach not me your musty Rules,
 Ye Drones that mould in idle Cell;
 The Heart is wiser than the Schools,
 The Senses always reason well.

If short my Span, I less can spare
 To pass a single Pleasure by;
 An Hour is long, if lost in Care,
 They only live, who Life enjoy.

S O N G 14.

PREpar'd to rail, resolv'd to part,
 When I approach the perjur'd Fair,
 What is it awes my tim'rous Heart?
 Why does my Tongue forbear?

With the least Glance, a little kind,
 Such wond'rous Pow'r have Mira's Charms,
 She charms my Doubts, enslaves my Mind,
 And all my Rage disarms.

Forgetful of her broken Vows,
 When gazing on that Form divine;
 Her injur'd Vassal trembling bows,
 Nor dares her Slave repine.

S O N G 15.

PREtty Armida will be kind,
 When at her Feet you prostrate lie;
 No cruel Look was e'er design'd,
 To dwell within her charming Eye:
 Gaze on her Face, and every Part
 That is expos'd to your View;
 You'll presently conclude her Heart
 To be so soft, 'twill yield to you.

But first 'tis fit you try your Skill;
 You may not think that without Pain,
 And some Attendance on her Will,
 So rich a Prize you shall obtain:

Wooets,

Woers, like Angling-men, must wait
 Women's Time, and give them Play,
 'Till she has swallow'd well the Bait,
 Before she will become their Prey.
 What tho' Armida's Looks be kind,
 And you read Yielding in her Eyes ;
 Yet you, alas ! may quickly find,
 Those Charms do nought but tantalize :
 Her Heart may not so easy be
 As you imagine, but may prove
 As hard as Adamant to thee,
 And Proof against the Darts of Love.
 Your Skill, and all the Art you have,
 Make Trial of, Sir, if you please ;
 Tell her, you are her captive Slave,
 And beg of her Relief and Ease :
 But she'll not hear you ; for she spies,
 That underneath your gilded Bait
 A crafty Hook inclosed lies,
 So from your Angle she'll retreat.

S O N G 16.

PReTTY Parrot, say, when I was away,
 And in dull Absence pass'd the Day,
 What at Home was doing ?
 With Chat and Play,
 We were gay,
 Night and Day,
 Good Cheer and Mirth renewing ;
 Singing, laughing all, like pretty, pretty Poll.
 Was no Fop so rude, boldly to intrude,
 And like a saucy Lover wou'd
 Court, and tease my Lady ?
 A Thing you know,
 Made for Show,
 Call'd a Beau,
 Near her was always ready,
 Ever, ever at her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.
 Tell me, with what Air, he approach'd the Fair,
 And how she could with Patience bear
 All he did and utter'd ?

He

He still address'd,
Still caress'd,
Kiss'd and press'd ;

Sung, prattled, laugh'd, and flutter'd :
Well receiv'd in all, like pretty pretty Poll.

Did he go away, at the Close of Day,
Or did he ever use to stay

In a Corner dodging ?

The want of Light,

When 'twas Night,

Spoil'd my Sight ;

But I believe his Lodging

Was within her Call, like pretty, pretty Poll.

S O N G 17.

PRinces that rule, and Empire sway,

How transitory is their State !

Sorrows the Glories do allay,

And richest Crowns have greatest Weight.

The mighty Monarch Treason fears,

Ambitious Thoughts within him rave ;

His Life all Discontents and Cares ;

And he at best is but a Slave.

Vainly we think with fond Delight

To ease the Burthen of our Cares ;

Each Grief a second does invite,

And Sorrows are each others Heirs.

For me, my Honour I'll maintain,

Be gallant, generous, and brave ;

And when I Quietude would gain,

At least, I find it in the Grave.

S O N G 18.

PRithee Billy,

Ben't so silly,

Thus to waste thy Days in Grief ;

You say, Betty

Will not let ye ;

But can Sorrow give Relief ?

Leave repining,

Cease your whining ;

Pox on Torment, Grief and Woe ;

If she's tender,
 She'll surrender ;
 If she's tough, e'en let her go.

S O N G 19.

PRithee, Celia, now no more your Deceiver still
 pursue,

Nor flatter his Pride with the Pain you endure ;
 You lov'd him, because you believ'd he was true ;

You find that he's false, then let this be your Cure :
 Tho' Damon be perjur'd, the next may prove kind,
 She only is blest who can change with the Wind.

Cleopatra, we find, of her Cæsar bereft,

To secure her new Hero, employ'd all her Charms ;
 Nor sigh'd nor repin'd that by One she was left,

But found out a better to die in her Arms :
 Then brighten your Eyes, and new Conquest prepare ;
 Why need she be wretched, who knows she is fair ?

S O N G 20.

PRithee, Chloe, give o'er,

And perplex me no more,

For, my Charmer, it looks very queerly,

That in blooming Fifteen,

Thou'rt afraid to be seen

By a Shepherd who loves thee most dearly.

When with Speed I pursue,

Intending to woo,

And tell thee how much I'm thy Lover,

Like a fearful young Lamb

Who runs after its Dam,

So thou fliest away to thy Mother.

I know't has been told,

That the Patriarchs of old

Spent threescore Years in their Wooing ;

'Twas no Wonder then

That a Nymph of fifteen

Should be coy when a Swain was pursuing.

But my Charmer, I vow,

'Tis a Miracle now,

That a Nymph in her Teens should fly any,

When

When I dare now engage,
Not a Man in the Age
But thinks threescore Days are too many.
Then prithee, my Joy,
No longer be coy,
But let am'rous Desires inflame ye ;
Surrender thy Charms,
Take me to thy Arms,
And thou'lt soon love me better than Mammy.

S O N G 21.

PRithee, Chloe, not so fast,
Let's not run and wed in haste ;
We've a thousand Things to do,
You must fly, and I pursue ;
You must frown, and I must sigh ;
I entreat, and you deny.
Stay — if I'm never crost,
Half the Pleasure will be lost.
Be, or seem to be, severe,
Give me Reason to despair ;
Fondness will my Wishes cloy,
Make me careless of the Joy.
Lovers may of course complain
Of their Trouble, and their Pain ;
But if Pain and Trouble cease,
Love without it will not please.

S O N G 22.

PRithee fill me the Glass,
'Till it laughs in my Face,
With Ale that is potent and mellow :
He that whines for a Lafs,
Is an ignorant Afs,
For a Bumper has not its Fellow.

S O N G 23.

PRithee Friend, leave off thy Thinking,
Cast thy Cares and Love away ;
Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,
Do not, do not, then delay ;
Bacchus cares not for thy Will,
But will have us drinking still.

Do but view this Glas of Claret,
How invitingly it looks;
Drink it quickly, or you'll mar it.

Pox of fighting, or of Books:
Let us have good Store of Wine,
Hang him then that does repine.
Call the Drawer, bid him fill it
As full as ever it can hold:
O take heed you do not spill it,
'Tis more precious far than Gold;
Let us drink, and then 'twill prove,
Drink is better Sport than Love.

S O N G 24.

PRithee, Silvia, why so coy?
Lips were made for kissing:
Without Love, our solid Joy,
Life's but a foolish empty Toy,
And hardly worth possessing.
Love can make us truly blest;
Would'st thou be less cruel,
Soon its Pleasure thou might'st taste;
But Love's a Fire, and can't subsist
Without Supply of Fuel.

S O N G 25.

She. PRithee tell me, faithless Swain,
Why shou'd you such Passion feign,
On purpose to deceive me?
So soon as I to love began,
Then you began to leave me.

He. Celinda, you must blame your Fate;
Kindness has its certain Date,
Ere we the Joys have tasted;
Had you not then with feigned Hate
Love's kindest Hours wasted.

Then weep no more, nor sigh in vain,
But lay your Baits to catch again
A more deserving Lover;
For know a Slave who's broke his Chain
You never can recover.

S O N G

S O N G 26.

Pure as the new-fallen Snow appears,
 The spotless Virgin's Fame,
 Unfully'd White her Bosom bears,
 As fair her Form and Fame ;
 But when she's soil'd, her Lustre greets
 The admiring Eye no more ;
 She sinks to Mud, defiles the Streets,
 And swells the common Shore.

S O N G 27.

Pursuing Beauty, Men descry
 The distant Shore, and long to prove
 (Still richer in Variety)

The Treasure of the Land of Love.

We Women, like weak Indians, stand
 Inviting, from our golden Coast,
 The wand'ring Rovers to our Land ;
 But she, who trades with 'em, is lost.

With humble Vows they first begin,
 Stealing, unseen, into the Heart ;
 But by Possession settled in,
 They quickly act another Part.

For Beads and Baubles we resign,
 In Ignorance, or shining Store ;
 Discover Nature's richest Mine,
 And yet the Tyrants will have more.
 Be wise, be wise, and do not try,
 How he can court, or you be won ;
 For Love is but Discovery,
 When that is made, the Pleasure's done.

S O N G 28.

Quickly, Delia, learn my Passion,
 Lose not Pleasure, to be proud ;
 Courtship draws on Observation,
 And the Whispers of the Crowd.
 Soon or late you'll hear a Lover,
 Nor by Time his Truth can prove ;
 Ages won't a Heart discover,
 Trust, and so secure my Love,

(14)
S O N G 29.

QUoth Jocky to Jenny, wu't love me,
I'll resolve to try thee;

Silly Scruples remove,

And never, never deny me:

By that bonny black Eye,

I swear none other shall move me;

But, if you still deny,

You never, never did love me.

She. Jocky, how can you mistake,

Who know full well, when you wooe me,

How my poor Heart doth ake,

And throb as tho' 'twou'd come through me:

How can you be my Friend,

When thus you are bent on my Ruin,

And all the Love you pretend,

Is only to my undoing:

But if you'll wed, and bed,

And guard my Honour from Harm too,

Jocky I'll take to my Bed,

And hug him close in my Arms too.

He. Who can tell by what Art

This chiming Nothing, call'd Honour,

Harden's my Jenny's soft Heart,

When Love and Jocky have won her;

It is the Toy of the Age,

And muckle to do there's about it.

She. Yet I had rather be dead,

Than live in Scandal without it.

Both. Then since ill Fortune attends,

Our Remedy can be no dearer;

Come let's kiss, and be Friends,

And sigh we can be no nearer.

S O N G 30.

RAnging the Plain one Summer's Night,

To pass a vacant Hour,

I fortunately chanc'd to light

On lovely Phillis' Bow'r.

The Nymph, adorn'd with thousand Charms,

In Expectation sat,

To meet those Joys in Strephon's Arms,

Which Tongue cannot relate.

Upon

Upon her Hand she leant her Head,
 Her Breast did gently rise;
 That ev'ry Lover might have read
 Her Wishes in her Eyes:
 At e'ery Breath that mov'd the Trees,
 She suddenly would start;
 A Cold on all her Body seiz'd,
 A Trembling on her Heart.
 But he that knew how well she lov'd,
 Beyond his Hour had stay'd;
 And both with Fear and Anger mov'd
 The melancholy Maid:
 Ye Gods, she said, how oft, he swore,
 He would be here by One;
 But now alas! 'tis Six and more,
 And yet he is not come.

S O N G 31.

Refulgent Empress of the Night!
 To whom I oft' complain,
 Thou Moon! resign thy radiant Light,
 Or ease me of my Pain.
 For Oh! now doubly baneful prove
 Thy Rays to either's Rest;
 High Surges on the Sea they move,
 But higher in my Breast.
 Their Light recalls those Joys to me,
 Whose Absence I bemoan;
 Those Joys, beheld alone by thee,
 Nor ah! by thee unknown.
 If potent Verse, with magick Aid,
 From Heav'n have drawn thee down,
 By mine, be thou to pity sway'd
 A Case so like thy own.
 Like thee, who shin'st with borrow'd Light,
 I burn with borrow'd Fires:
 The Sun lights thee; but one more bright,
 With Flames my Soul inspires.
 Like thee, whose Orb still waxes away,
 With fatal Flames I burn:
 As thine by Night, so mine by Day
 To my Destruction turn.

† C 2

Like

Like thee, whose Beams the Sun decline,
 From whence they first arise ;
 So mine conceal'd, ne'er dare to shine
 Before their Source, her Eyes.
 But not like thee in this I prove,
 In all things else we vie :
 Thou ever doth inconstant rove,
 But ever constant I.

S O N G 32.

REIGN, Sylvia, reign,
 The Rebel quits his Arms ;
 Your Pow'r's compleat,
 And I submit

To Love's victorious Charms ;
 The pleasing Pain,
 The gentle Chain

That constant Hearts unite,
 Such Joy bestows,
 That Freedom knows

No such sincere Delight.

I shiver, and I burn,
 I triumph, and I mourn,
 I faint, I die,
 Until I fly

Her Passion to return ;
 But Oh ! I fear,
 Too fierce to bear

The mighty Joy will be ;
 And Love's keen Dart,
 Fixt in my Heart,

Prove that of Death to me.

S O N G 33.

REmember, Damon, you did tell,
 In Chastity you lov'd me well ;

But now, alas ! I am undone,
 And here am left to make my Moan.

Ho, ho, rah, in Amburah,

Ho, and ho, derry

Hi, and hi, derry,

Ho,---derry, derry, derry, derry, Amburah.

To

To doleful Shades I will remove,
 Since I'm despis'd by him I love,
 Where poor forsaken Nymphs are seen,
 In lonely Walks of Willow-green.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Upon my Dear's deluding Tongue
 Such soft persuasive Language hung,
 That when his Words had silence broke,
 You wou'd have thought an Angel spoke.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Too happy Nymph, whoe'er she be,
 That now enjoys my charming He ;
 For, oh ! I fear it to my Cost,
 Sh'as found the Heart that I have lost.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Beneath the fairest Flow'r on Earth,
 A Snake may hide, or take its Birth ;
 So his false Breast conceal it did
 His Heart, the Snake that there lay hid.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

'Tis false, who says we happy are,
 Since Men delight our Hearts t'ensnare :
 In Man no Woman can be blest,
 Their Vows are Wind, their Love's a Jest.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

Ye Gods, in Pity to my Grief,
 Send me my Damon, or Relief ;
 Return that wild delicious Boy,
 Whom once I thought my Spring of Joy.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

But, whilst I'm begging of this Bliss,
 Methinks I hear you answer this ;
 Whom Damon has enjoy'd, he flies,
 Who sees him, loves, who loves him, dies.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

There's not a Bird that haunts this Grove,
 But is a Witness of my Love ;
 Echo repeats my plaintive Moans,
 The Waters imitate my Groans ;

The Trees their bending Boughs recline,
And droop their Heads, as I do mine.

Ho, ho, rah, &c.

S O N G 34.

R Estrain'd from the Sight of my Dear,
No Object with Pleasure I see,
Tho' Thousands all round me appear,
The World's but a Desert to me :
Ev'ry Morning her Charms to survey
Sol's Absence I'd gladly excuse ;
'Tis her Eyes that restore me the Day,
'Tis Night when their Lustre I lose.

In vain are the Verdures of Spring,
The Fields drest so bloomingly gay ;
The Birds that delightfully sing
Delight not when Celia's away :
Oh! give the dear Nymph to my Arms,
And the Seasons unheeded may roll ;
Her Presence like Midsummer warms,
Her Absence out-freezes the Pole.
Reclin'd by soft murmuring Streams,
I weeping disburthen my Care ;
I tell to the Rocks my fond Themes,
Whose Echoes but sooth my Despair :
Ye Streams that soft murmuring flow,
Convey to my Love ev'ry Tear ;
Ye Rocks that resound with my Woe,
Repeat my Complaints in her Ear.

O tell her I languishing lie
In the midst of Life's vigorous Bloom,
That 'tis only herself can supply
The Cure that retrieves from the Tomb :
And if the dear Charmer shall deign
To equal my amorous Fire,
That Moment will ease all my Pain,
New Life and new Pleasure inspire.

S O N G 35.

R Eturn hameward, my Heart, again,
And bide where thou was wont to be ;
Thou art a Fool to suffer Pain
For Love of one that loves not thee :

My

My Heart, let be sic Fantastie,
 Love only where thou hast good Cause ;
 Since Scorn and Fyking ne'er agree,
 The fint a Crum of thee she faws.

To what Effect should thou be thrall ?

Be happy in thine ain free Will ;

My Heart be never beastial,

But ken who does thee good or ill :

At hame with me then tarry still,

And see wha can best play their Paws,

And let the Filly sling her Fill,

For'fint a Crum of thee she faws.

Tho' she be fair, I will not fenzie,

She's of a Kind with mony mae ;

For why, they are a Felon Menzie

That seemeth good, and are not fae.

My Heart, take neither Sturt nor Woe

For Meg, for Marjory, or Maufe,

But be thou blyth, and let her gae,

For fint a Crum of thee she faws.

Remember how that Medea

Wild for a Sight of Jason yied ;

Remember how young Creffida

Left Troilus for Diomede ;

Remember Helen, as we read,

Brought Troy from Bliss unto bair Waws :

Then let her gae where she may speed,

For fint a Crum of thee she faws.

Because she said I took it ill,

For her Depart my Heart was sair,

But was beguil'd ; gae where she will,

Beshrew the Heart that first takes Care ;

But be thou merry late and air,

This is the final End and Clause,

And let her feed and fooly fair,

For fint a Crum of thee she faws.

Ne'er dunt again within my Breast,

Ne'er let her Sights thy Courage spill,

Nor gie a Sob, altho' she sneeft,

She's fairest paid that gets her Will.

She

She gecks as gif I mean'd her ill,
 When she glaicks paughty in her Braws;
 Now let her snirt and fyke her fill,
 For sint a Crum of thee she faws.

S O N G 36.

Return, return, my lovely Nymph,
 For Summer's Pleasures now will fade:
 The trembling Leaves begin to drop,
 All Nature seems as if decay'd.
 Th' harmonious Nightingale's retir'd,
 Th' Approach of wint'ry Nights to mourn;
 The Lark forgets to mount the Sky;
 Ah! lovely Celia, quick return.
 The blushing Rose's Charms decay,
 The Lilly droops its lovely Head:
 Sweet winding Thames begins to swell,
 And visit th' unfrequented Mead.
 The Shepherd's Pipe neglected lies,
 The Vallies now no more delight:
 Soft pleasing Scenes of Country Life
 Have taken too their annual Flight.

S O N G 37.

RING, ring the Bar-bell of the World,
 Great Bacchus calls for Wine;
 Haste, pierce the Globe, its Juices drain,
 To whet him ere he dine.
 Have you not heard the Bottle cluck,
 When first you have pour'd it forth?
 The Globe shall cluck, as soon as tapp'd,
 To brood such Sons of Worth.
 When this World's out, more Worlds we'll have:
 Who dare oppose the Call?
 If we had twice ten thousand Worlds,
 Ere Night we'd drink them all.
 See, see our Drawer Atlas comes,
 His Cask upon his Back;
 Haste! drink and swill, let's booze amain,
 Till all our Girdles crack.

Apollo

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
 Lest Time should go astray.
 We'll make Time drunk, the rest reply'd,
 We Gods can make a Day.

Brave Hercules, who took the Hint,
 Required Time to drink,
 And made him gorge such Potions down,
 That Time forgot to think.

Unthinking Time thus overcome,
 And nonplus'd in the Vast,
 Dissolv'd in the Æthereal World,
 Sigh'd, languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now Time's no more, let's drink away ?
 Hang flinching, make no Words ;
 Like true born Bacchanalian Souls,
 We'll get as drunk as Lords.

S O N G 38.

ROB's Jock came to woo our Jenny ;
 On ae Feast-Day when we were fou ;
 She brankit fast, and made her bonny,
 And said, Jock, come ye here to woo ?
 She burnist her baith Breast and Brou,
 And made her cleer as ony Clock ;
 Then spak her Dame, and said, I trou
 Ye come till woo our Jenny, Jock.

Jock saith, forsuith, I yern fu' fain
 To luk my Head, and sit down by you :
 Then spak her Minny, and said again,
 My Bairn has Tocher enough to gie you.
 Tehie ! qo Jenny, kiek, kiek, I see you :
 Minny, yon Man makes but a Mock.

Deil hae the---fu leis me o' you,
 I come to woo your Jenny, qo Jock.

My Bairn has Tocher of her awin ;
 A Guse, a Gryce, a Cock and Hen,
 A Stirk, a Staig, an Acre sawin,
 Bakbread and a Bannock-stane ;
 A Pig, a Pot, and a Kirn there ben,
 A Kame-but and a Kaming-flock ;
 With Coags and Luggies nine or ten ;
 Come ye to woo our Jenny, Jock ?

A Wecht, a Peet-creel and a Cradle,
 A Pair of Clips, a Graip, a Flail,
 An Ark, an Ambry, and a Ladle,
 A Milfie, and a Sowen-Pale,
 A rousy Whittle to sheer the Kail,
 And a Timber-mell the Bear to knock,
 Twa Shelves made of an auld Fir-dale :
 Come ye to woo, our Jenny, Jock ?
 A Furm, a Furllet, and a Peck,
 A Rock, a Reel, and a Wheel-band,
 A Tub, a Barrow, and a Seck,
 A Spurtil-braid, and an Elwand.
 Then Jock took Jenny be the Hand,
 And cry'd, A Feast! and slew a Cock,
 And made a Brydal upo' Land :
 Now I have got your Jenny, qo Jock.
 Now Dame, I have your Doughter marri'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscairri'd,
 Its well kend I have Gear enough :
 Ane auld gawd Gloyd fell owre a Heugh,
 A Spade, a Speet, a Spur, a Sock ;
 Withouten Owsen I have a Pleugh ;
 May that no ser your Jenny, qo Jock ?
 A treen Truncher, a Ram-horn Spoon,
 Twa Buits of barkit Blasient-Leather,
 A' Graith that ganes to coble Shoon,
 And a Trawcruck to twyne a Teather.
 Twa Croks that moup among the Heather,
 A Pair of Branks, and a Fetter Lock,
 A teugh Purse made of a Swine's Blather,
 To had your Tocher, Jenny, qo Jock.
 Good Elding for our Winter Fire,
 A Cod of Caff wad fill a Cradle,
 A Rake of Iron to clat the Bire,
 A Deuk about the Dubs to padle;
 The Pennel of an auld Led-sadle,
 And Rob my Eem hecht me a Stock,
 Twa lussy Lips to lick a Ladle ;
 May thir no gane your Jenny, qo Jock ?

A Pair of Hames and Brechon fine,
 And without Bitts a Bridle-renzie,
 A Sark made of the Linkome-twine,
 A gay green Cloke that will not stenzie,
 Mair yet in store—I need na fenzie,
 Five hundred Flaes, a fendy Flock;
 And are not thae a wakrise Menzie,
 To gae to Bed with Jenny and Jock?
 Tak thir for my Part of the Feast,
 It is well known I am weel bodin:
 Ye need not say my Part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they're Iodin.
 The Wife speedr gin the Kail was sodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the Brok;
 The Rost was teugh as Raploch Hodin,
 With which they feasted Jenny and Jock.

S O N G 39.

Sabina in the dead of Night
 In restless Slumbers wishing lay;
 Cynthia was Bawd, and her clear Light
 To loose Desires did lead the Way:
 I stepp'd to her Bedside with bended Knee,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 And sure Sabina saw,
 I'm sure she saw, but would not see.
 I drew the Curtains of the Lawn,
 Which did her whiter Body keep;
 But still the nearer I was drawn,
 Methought the faster she did sleep;
 I call'd Sabina softly in her Ear,
 And sure Sabina heard, but would not hear.
 Thus, as some midnight Thief (when all
 Are wrapp'd into a Lethargy)
 Silently creeps from Wall to Wall,
 To search for hidden Treasury:
 So mov'd my busy Hand from Head to Heel,
 And sure Sabina felt, and would not feel.

Thus

Thus I ev'n by a Wish enjoy,
 And she without a Blush receives;
 As by dissembling most are coy,
 She by dissembling freely gives:
 For you may safely say, nay swear it too,
 Sabina she did hear,
 Sabina she did see,
 Sabina she did feel,
 She did hear, see, feel, sigh, kiss and do.

S O N G 40.

SAD Mucidora, all in Woe,
 A silent Grotto seeks;
 No more herself on Plains does show,
 But mourning, thus she speaks:
 Why was I born of high Degree?
 An humble Shepherdess
 Had been far happier for me,
 Than all this gaudy Dress.
 A sumptuous Palace full of Joy,
 To me a Dungeon is;
 And all that Mirth does me annoy,
 Who know no Thought of Bliss:
 Then, wrapt in Grief, the lovely Maid
 Retir'd from all the Throng,
 And on a Bank reclin'd her Head,
 While Tears ran trickling, trickling down.

S O N G 41.

SAVE Women and Wine, there is nothing in Life
 That can bribe honest Souls to endure it:
 When the Heart is perplex'd, and surrounded with Care,
 Dear Women and Wine only cure it.
 Dear Women, &c.
 Come on, then, my Boys, we'll have Women and Wine,
 And wisely to Purpose employ them:
 He's a Fool that refuses such Blessings divine,
 Whilst Vigour and Health can enjoy them.
 As Women and Wine, dear Women and Wine,
 Whilst Vigour, &c.

Our

Our Wine shall be old, bright and sound, my dear Jack,
 To heighten our amorous Fires;
 Our Girls young and smart, and shall kiss with a Smack,
 And shall gratify all our Desires;
 The Bottles we'll crack, and the Lasses we'll Smack,
 And gratify, &c.

S O N G 42.

SAW ye Jenny Nettles,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Saw ye Jenny Nettles,
 Coming frae the Market;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back,
 Her Fee and Bountith in her Lap;
 Bag and Baggage on her Back;
 And a Babie in her Oxters.

I met ayont the Kairny,
 Jenny Nettles, Jenny Nettles,
 Singing till her Bairny,
 Robin Rattles' Bastard;
 To flee the Dool upo' the Stool,
 And ilka ane that mocks her,
 She round about, seeks Robin out,
 To stap it in his Oxters.

Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Robin Rattle, Robin Rattle;
 Fy, fy! Robin Rattle,
 Use Jenny Nettles kindly:
 Score out the Blame, and shun the Shame,
 And without mair Debate o't,
 Take hame your Wain, mak Jenny fain,
 The leel and leesome Gate o't.

S O N G 43.

SAW you the Nymph whom I adore,
 Saw you the Goddeffs of my Heart?
 And can you bid me love no more,
 Or can you think I feel no Smart?
 So many Charms around her shine,
 Who can the dear Temptation fly!
 'Spite of her Scorn she's so divine,
 That I must love her, tho' I die.

† D

S O N G

S O N G 44.

SAY, all ye Friends that now are met
 Around this sparkling Bowl,
 Does any sad unhappy Fate
 Lag heavy on the Soul?

Does any here the Lover mourn
 Of some imperious Fair,
 Who treats his Offerings with Scorn,
 And kills him with Despair?

Or is there any weary Mind
 With Poverty so great,
 As keeps his Joys close confin'd,
 In slavish Goals of Debt?

If so, drink twice a single Share,
 Quick toss the Liquor round,
 And you shall find that stupid Care
 Will presently be drown'd.

See, see the Bowl with pleasing Smiles
 Invites us to a Bliss;
 All cloudy Sorrows it beguiles,
 And flows all Happiness.

Come join in Chorus, to the Praise
 Of the great God of Wine;
 O jolly Bacchus! pow'rful God,
 All Happiness is thine.

S O N G 45.

SAY, cruel Amoret, how long,
 In Billet-doux and humble Song,
 Shall poor Alexis woo?

If neither writing, sighing, dying,
 Reduce you to a soft complying;
 O when will you come to?

Full thirteen Moons are now past o'er,
 Since first those Stars I did adore,
 That set my Heart on fire:

The conscious Play-house, Parks, and Court,
 Have seen my Suff'rings made your Sport;
 Yet am I ne'er the nigher.

A faithful

A faithful Lover should deserve
 A better Fate, than thus to starve
 In Sight of such a Feast :
 But oh ! if you'll not think it fit,
 Your hungry Slave should taste one Bit ;
 Give some kind Looks at least.

S O N G 46.

SAY, good Master Bacchus, astride on your Butt,
 Since our Champaigne's gone, and our Claret's
 run out,
 Which of all the brisk Wines in your Empire that grow,
 Will serve to delight your poor Drunkards below ?
 Resolve us, grave Sir, and soon send it over,
 Lest we die, lest we die of the Sin of be'ng sober.

S O N G 47.

SAY, lovely Dream ! where could'st thou find
 Shades to counterfeit that Face ?
 Colours of this glorious Kind,
 Come not from any mortal Place.
 In Heav'n itself thou sure wer't drest
 With that Angel-like Disguise ;
 Thus deluded am I blest,
 And see my Joy with closed Eyes.
 But ah ! this Image is too kind,
 To be other than a Dream :
 Cruel Sacharissa's Mind
 Ne'er put on that sweet Extreme !
 Fair Dream ! if thou intend'st me Grace,
 Change that heav'nly Face of thine ;
 Paint despis'd Love in thy Face,
 And make it to appear like mine.
 Pale, wan, and meagre let it look,
 With a Pity-moving Shape ;
 Such as wander by the Brook
 Of Lethe, or from Graves escape.
 Then to that matchless Nymph appear,
 In whose Shape thou shinest so ;
 Softly in her sleeping Ear,
 With humble Words express my Woe.

Perhaps from Greatness, State, and Pride,
 Thus surprized she may fall;
 Sleep does Disproportion hide,
 And, Death resembling, equals all.

S O N G 48.

SAY, lovely Sylvia, lewd and fair,
 Venus in Face and Mind,
 Why must not I that Bounty share
 You pour on all Mankind?

That Sun which shines promiscuously
 On Prince and Porter's Heads,
 Why must it now leave only me
 To languish in the Shades?

In vain you cry, you'll sin no more,
 In vain you pray and fast;
 You'll ne'er persuade us, 'till threescore,
 That Sylvia can be chaste.

When thus affectedly you cant,
 You're such a young Beginner,
 You make at best an awkward Saint,
 That are a charming Sinner.

S O N G 49.

SAYS my Uncle, I pray now discover
 What has been the Cause of your Woes,
 That you pine and you whine like a Lover?
 I've seen Molly Mogg of the Rose.

O Nephew! your Grief is but Folly,
 In Town you may find better Prog;
 Half a Crown there will get you a Molly,
 A Molly much better than Mogg.

The School-boy's Delight is a Play-day,
 The School-master's Joy is to flog,
 A Fop's the Delight of a Lady,
 But mine is in sweet Molly Mogg.

Will o' Wisp leads the Trav'ler a-gadding
 Thro' Ditch, and thro' Quagmire and Bog;
 But no Light can e'er set me a madding,
 But the Eyes of my sweet Molly Mogg.

For

For Guineas in other Men's Breeches

Your Gamesters will paum and will cog ;

But I envy them none of their Riches,

So I paum my sweet Molly Mogg.

The Heart that's half-wounded is ranging,

It here and there leaps like a Frog ;

But my Heart can never be changing,

'Tis so fix'd on my sweet Molly Mogg.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,

That Women, at best, are a Clog ;

But I'm not so easily frightened

From loving my sweet Molly Mogg.

A Letter when I am inditing,

Comes Cupid, and gives me Jog,

And I fill all my Paper with writing

Of nothing but sweet Molly Mogg.

I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,

My Senses are lost in a Fog ;

And in nothing can find Satisfaction,

But in Thoughts of my sweet Molly Mogg.

If I would not give up the three Graces,

I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,

And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,

For a Glance of my Sweet Molly Mogg.

For those Faces want Nature and Spirit,

And seem as cut out of a Log ;

Juno, Venus, and Pallas's Merit

Unite in my sweet Molly Mogg.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,

And writing another Eclogue,

Both his Phillis and fair Amarillis

He'd give for my sweet Molly Mogg.

When Molly comes up with the Liquor,

Then Jealousy sets me a-gog,

To be sure she's a Bit for the Vicar,

And so I shall lose Molly Mogg.

S O N G 50.

SAYS Roger to Will, both our Teams shall lie still,

No Hay shall be carry'd to make the Mow ;

† D 3

For

For what e'er betide, we must see the new Bride,
And the Lads and the Lasses, and all the Show ;

Such fine Folk never were seen,

For all the Country comes in :

To-day let's leave then our Hoy-gee-hoa.

There's Flaxen, and Brown, and Slim, and full grown,

There's Tall for your Liking, and others Low ;

There's some that can skip, and there's others can trip,

There's grey Eyes, and hazel, and black as a Sloe ;

There's Looks so pleasing and kind,

They're sure all, all of one Mind :

Zooks ! think no more then of Hoy-gee-hoa.

There's Widows and Maids, with their high-cocking-
Heads,

Tho' some are unskilful, yet others know ;

There's Batchelors brisk, who can caper and frisk,

And the Art of fine footing can nimbly show :

When Blood warms, Matches are made,

Thus on goes Love's jolly Trade :

Then who'd be sweating at Hoy-gee-hoa ?

S O N G 51.

SEE from the silent Grove Alexis flies,

And seeks with ever-pleasing Art,

To ease the Pain which lovely Eyes

Created in his Heart.

To shining Theatres he now repairs,

To learn Camilla's moving Airs,

While thus to Musick's Pow'r the Swain address'd his

Pray'rs :

Charming Sounds that sweetly languish,

Musick, oh compose my Anguish !

Ev'ry Passion yields to thee :

Phœbus, quickly then relieve me ;

Cupid shall no more deceive me,

I'll to sprightlier Joys be free.

Apollo heard the foolish Swain ;

He knew, when Daphne once he lov'd,

How weak t'assuage an amorous Pain,

His own harmonious Harp had prov'd,

And all his healing Herbs how vain.

Then

Then thus he strikes the speaking Strings,
Preluding to his Voice, and sings :

Sounds, tho' charming, can't relieve thee ;
Do not, Shepherd, then deceive thee ;

Musick is the Voice of Love.

If the tender Maid believe thee,

Soft Relenting,

Kind Consenting,

Will alone thy Pain remove.

S O N G 52.

SEE how fair Corinna lies,

Kindly calling with her Eyes :

In the tender Minute prove her,

Shepherd ! Why so dull a Lover ?

Prithee, why so dull a Lover ?

In her Blushes see your Shame ;

Anger they with Love proclaim ;

You too coldly entertain her ;

Lay your Pipe a little by ;

If no other Charms you try,

You will never, never gain her.

While the happy Minute is,

Court her, you may get a Kiss ;

May be, Favours that are greater.

Leave your Piping, to her fly :

When the Nymph you love is nigh,

Is it with a Tune you treat her ?

Dull Amintor ! fie, oh ! fie :

Now your Shepherdess is nigh ;

Can you pass your Time no better ?

S O N G 53.

SEE ! in the limpid floating Glass,

How bright Aurelia does appear !

So Lillies, in a Chrystal Case,

Receive a Gloss and look more fair.

She like the Orient Morning shows,

When lifting o'er the Waves her Head ;

Or Venus, when the Goddess rose,

And first forsook her wat'ry Bed.

Take heed, ah! lovely Maid, take heed,
 Left in the Mirrour thou shou'dst spy
 Thy blooming Charms, and for them bleed,
 Narcissus-like, and for them die.
 For who, unmov'd, can view that Breast!
 That Shape! that Face! those matchless Charms!
 I find my Soul with Love possess'd,
 And raging Fire my Bosom warms.
 Oh! that she was by me entwin'd,
 Where now the wat'ry Circles run;
 'Till we, like Salamaxis, join'd,
 Our Bodies blended both in one.
 Plunge in the Font, ye old and weak,
 'Twill kindle Life, and Youth restore,
 And, like the Stygian Current, make
 Your Limbs as vig'rous as before.

S O N G 54.

SEE, Phillis, yonder Bower
 With e'ery beauteous Flower,
 And twining Green array'd:
 Sweet Jonquils, Daffadillies,
 Carnations, Roses, Lillies,
 Invite us to the Shade.
 There clasping thee, my Treasure,
 In Extasy 'bove Measure,
 I'll on your Bosom lie;
 While you're with Looks expiring,
 My blissful Death desiring.
 My Soul with Joy shall fly.
 With balmy melting Kisses
 I'll crown my dying Bliss,
 Whilst you in Pity cry;
 My Love, I'll not be cruel,
 But in this am'rous Duel
 We'll both together die.

S O N G 55.

SEE, see, like Venus she appears,
 With all her Heaven of Charms!
 Her spotless Form, her blooming Years,
 Enchant me to her Arms.

Were I to choose my fav'rite Joy,
Or Love, or kingly Sway,
Her Smiles would all my Hours employ,
And sport the World away.

S O N G 56.

SEE, see, my Seraphina comes,
Adorn'd with ev'ry Grace;
Look, Gods, from your celestial Domes,
And view her charming Face.
Then search, and see if you can find
In all your sacred Groves,
A Nymph, or Goddess, so divine,
As she whom Strephon loves.

S O N G 57.

SEE, see, she wakes, Sabina wakes,
And now the Sun begins to rise;
Less glorious is the Morn that breaks
From his bright Beams, than her fair Eyes.
With Light united, Day they give,
But diff'rent Fates e're Night fulfil:
How many by his Warmth will live,
How many will her Coldness kill.

S O N G 58.

SEE, Sirs, see here! a Doctor rare,
Who travels much at home!
Here take my Pills, they cure all Ills,
Past, present, and to come;
The Cramp, the Stitch, the Squirt, the Itch,
The Gout, the Stone, the Pox,
The Mulligrubs, the bonny Scrubs,
And all Pandora's Box.

Thousands I've dissected,
Thousands new erected,
And such Cures effected,
As none e'er can tell;
Let the Palsy shake ye,
Let the Cholic rake ye,
Let the Crinkums break ye,
Let the Murrain take ye,
Take this, take this, and you are well.
Thousands, &c.

Come

Come Wits so keen, devour'd with Spleen;
 And Beaus who have sprain'd your Backs,
 Big-belly'd Maids, old founder'd Jades,
 And pepper'd vizard Cracks;
 I soon remove the Pains of Love,
 And cure the love-sick Maid,
 The Young, the Old, the Hot, the Cold,
 The Living, and the Dead;
 I clear the Lafs with Wainſcot Face,
 And from Pimpenets free,
 Plump Ladies red like Saracen's Head,
 With toping Ratafee.
 This with a Jirk will do your Work,
 And ſcour ye o'er and o'er;
 Read, judge, and try; and if you die,
 Never believe me more.

S O N G 59.

S E E what a Conqueſt Love has made!
 Beneath the Myrtle's amorous Shade
 The charming fair Corinna lies,
 All melting in Deſire,
 Quenching in Tears thoſe flowing Eyes,
 That ſet the World on Fire.

What cannot Tears and Beauty do?
 The Youth by Chance came by, and knew
 For whom thoſe chryſtal Streams did flow;
 And tho' he ne'er before
 To her Eyes' brighteſt Rays did bow,
 Weeps too, and does adore.

So when the Heav'ns ſerene and clear,
 Gilded with gaudy Light appear,
 Each craggy Rock, and ev'ry Stone
 Their native Rigour keep;
 But when in Rain the Clouds fall down,
 The hardeſt Marbles weep.

S O N G 60.

S Elinda ſure's the brighteſt Thing
 That decks the Earth, or breathes our Air,
 Mild are her Looks like opening Spring,
 And like the blooming Summer fair.

But

But then her Wit's so very small,
 That all her Charms appear to lie
 Like glaring Colours on a Wall,
 And strike no further than the Eye.

Our Eyes luxuriously she treats,
 Our Ears are absent from the Feast ;
 One Sense is surfeited with Sweets,
 Starv'd or disgusted are the rest.

So have I seen with Aspect bright,
 And taudry Pride, a Tulip swell ;
 Blooming and beauteous to the Sight,
 Dull and insipid to the Smell.

S O N G 6r.

Send home my long-stray'd Eyes to me,
 Which oh ! too long have dwelt on thee ;
 But if they there have learn't such Ill,
 Such forc'd Fashions,
 And false Passions,
 That they be
 Made by thee

Fit for no good Sight, keep them still.

Send home my harmless Heart again,
 Which no unworthy Thought could stain ;
 But if it has been taught by thine

To make Jestings

Of Protestings,

And break both

Word and Oath ;

Keep it still, 'tis none of mine.

Yet send me back my Heart and Eyes,
 That I may know and see thy Lies,
 And I may laugh and joy, when thou

Art in Anguish,

And dost languish

For some one

That will none,

Or prove as false as thou art now.

S O N G

(30)
S O N G 62.

SHall I, wasting in Despair,
Die because a Woman's fair ?
Shall my Cheeks look pale with Care,
'Cause another's rosie are ?
Be she fairer than the Day,
Or the flow'ry Meads in May ;
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be !

Shall a Woman's Goodness move
Me to perish for her Love ?
Or, her worthy Mérits known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that Goodness blest,
As may merit Name the best ;
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be !

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go :
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

S O N G 63.
E N D Y M I O N .

SHE comes, my Goddess comes !
Oh ! I dream ; 'tis not for waking Eyes
To see such wond'rous Joys :
Joys like my mighty Love extream ;
All Heav'n is round me, oh ! I dream !

C Y N T H I A .
Awake, awake, Endymion,
Awake, awake, Endymion, from above,
Thy Cynthia, Cynthia comes !
To crown, to crown, to crown thy Love.

S O N G

S O N G 64.

SHE sung---with such a Sweetness sung,

And look'd with such a Grace,

Methought I heard an Angel's Tongue,

And saw an Angel's Face.

Of Beauty such a winning Charm,

Such Innocence of Soul,

At once the coldest Heart may warm,

The warmest may controul.

And shall then Gold---(O impious Thought !)

Such Excellence out-weigh ?

Can she (O vile Exchange !) be bought

To brutal Lust a Prey ?

Are these the Fruits of Charms divine ?

O wond'rous hapless Maid !

And do the more thy Graces shine,

The more to be betray'd ?

But know, O Fair ! the World's a Stage,

And Life itself a Play ;

The vary'd Act, a vary'd Age,

The changeful Scene, a Day.

How sweetly hast thou fill'd thy Part,

As Casmire's gen'rous Wife !

Be still the same, and keep thy Heart

Still spotless in thy Life.

O ! scorn a Polly's tawdry Fate----

No, still be nobly poor :

What Gold can gild, or change the hate-

ful Name of Guilt or W----

Nor need'st thou (as I judge) be told,

No Sums can countervail the Cost,

(Tho' Crowns or Garters give the Gold)

Of Innocence and Virtue lost.

S O N G 65.

SHE tells me with Claret she cannot agree,

And she thinks of a Hog'shead when'er she see me ;

For I smell like a Beast, and therefore must I

Resolve to forsake her, or Claret deny.

† E

Must

Must I leave my dear Bottle, that was always my Friend?
 And I hope will continue so to my Life's-end?
 Must I leave it for her? 'Tis a very hard Task:
 Let her go to the Devil, to the Devil: Bring t'other
 whole Flask.

Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bid me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear:
 Had she found out my Sally, up three Pair of Stairs,
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to Pray'rs:
 Had she bid me read Homilies three times a-day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd, with little to say:
 But at Night to deny me my Bottle of Red,
 Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said.

S O N G 66.

SHE that would gain a constant Lover,
 Must at a Distance keep the Slave;
 Not by a Look her Heart discover,
 Men should but guess the Thoughts we have.
 Whilst they're in doubt, their Flame increases,
 And all Attendance they will pay:
 When we're possess'd their Transport ceases,
 And Vows, like Vapours, fleet away.

S O N G 67.

SHould auld Acquaintance be forgot,
 Tho' they return with Scars?
 These are the noble Hero's Lot,
 Obtain'd in glorious Wars:
 Welcome, my Varo, to my Breast,
 Thy Arms about me twine,
 And make me once again as blest,
 As I was lang syne.
 Methinks around us, on each Bough,
 A thousand Cupids play;
 Whilst thro' the Groves I walk with you,
 Each Object makes me gay:
 Since your Return, the Sun and Moon
 With brighter Beams do shine,
 Streams murmur soft Notes while they run,
 As they did lang syne.

Despise

Despise the Court and Din of State;

Let that to their Share fall,

Who can esteem such Slav'ry great,

While bounded like a Ball:

But sunk in Love, upon my Arms

Let your brave Head incline,

We'll please ourselves with mutual Charms,

As we did lang syne.

O'er Moor and Dale, with your gay Friend,

You may pursue the Chace,

And, after a blyth Bottle, end

All Cares in my Embrace:

And in a vacant rainy Day

You shall be wholly mine;

We'll make the Hours run smooth away,

And laugh at lang syne.

The Hero, pleas'd with the sweet Air,

And Songs of generous Love,

Which had been utter'd by the Fair,

Bow'd to the Pow'rs above:

Next Day, with Consent and glad Haste,

Th' approach'd the sacred Shrine;

Where the good Priest the Couple blest,

And put them out of Pine.

S O N G 68.

Should I die by the Force of good Wine,

'Tis my Will that a Tun be my Shrine;

And for the Age to come,

Engrave this Story on my Tomb:

Here lies a Body once so brave,

Who by Drinking made his Grave.

Since thus to die will purchase Fame,

And raise an everlasting Name;

Drink, drink away; drink, drink away:

And here let's be nobly interr'd;

Let Misers and Slaves pop into their Graves,

And rot in a dirty Church-yard.

S O N G 69.

Should the Storm blow high,

And cloud the Sky,

What care such Souls as we?

† E 2

Let

Let the Thunder roll,
 Till it shakes the Bowl,
 It rolls in vain to me:
 To the roaring Sound,
 Let the Glafs go round ;
 While the World shall ring,
 To the Tunes we sing ;
 With a Fal la la,
 And I drink with Joy to thee.

S O N G 70.

Sigh no more, my lovely Celia:
 Why, ah! why those mournful Sighs?
 Where, ah! where's the beauteous Lustre
 Once adorn'd those brilliant Eyes?
 See how briny Floods o'erwhelm them,
 Breaking on the blushing Shore ;
 And like Summer's Dew on Lillies,
 Decks the Bosom I adore.
 The Flow'rs that form'd by Nature drooping,
 Yet their fragrant Odours rise ;
 And my Celia, tho' she's weeping,
 Hath those Charms she can't disguise.

S O N G 71.

Sighs and Storms invade my Breast,
 Cruel Love admits no Rest.
 Grant me, Flora, some Relief:
 Still I love, but to despair,
 Cruel Flora, cruel Fair.
 Flora's false, she is not true,
 Yet I must my Fair pursue.
 Will not Sighs nor Tears prevail?
 Lovely Flora, then farewell ;
 Farewel, Love, I know my Doom,
 I'll go hasten to my Tomb.

S O N G 72.

Silent Night yields no Repose,
 Silent Night my Anguish knows ;
 And the gay Morning
 Now returning,
 Only lights me to new Woes.

Silent Night yields no Repose,
 Silent Night yields no Repose.

Long must I this Torture bear ?

Long must I love and despair ?

What Life denies us,

Death supplies us.

Friendly Death, come end my Care,

Friendly Death, come end my Care,

Long must I this Torture bear ?

Long must I this Torture bear ?

S O N G 73.

Since all that's fair in Womankind,

You boast you can discover,

Search, with a Freedom unconfin'd,

Their Stock of Charms all over.

And when the mighty Pains you've took,

And said whate'er you can say,

You'll own ; the fairest, in her Smock,

Was fairest in your Fancy.

S O N G 74.

Since all thy Vows, false Maid,

Are blown to Air,

And my poor Heart betray'd

To sad Despair,

Into some Wilderness

My Grief I will express,

And thy Hard-heartedness,

O cruel Fair.

Have I not graven our Loves

On every Tree :

In yonder spreading Groves,

Tho' false thou be :

Was not a solemn Oath

I lighted betwixt us both ;

Thou thy Faith, I my Troth,

Constant to be ?

Some gloomy Place I'll find,

Some doleful Shade,

Where neither Sun nor Wind

E'er Entrance had :

† E 3

Into

Into that hollow Cave,
 There will I figh and rave,
 Because thou do'st behave
 So faithlessly.

Wild Fruit shall be my Meat,
 I'll drink the Spring.
 Cold Earth shall be my Seat:
 For covering

I'll have the starry Sky
 My Head to canopy,
 Until my Soul on high
 Shall spread its Wing.

I'll have no Funeral Fire,
 Nor Tears for me:
 No Grave do I desire,
 Nor Obsequy:

The courteous Red-breast he
 With Leaves will cover me,
 And sing my Elegy,
 With doleful Voice.

And when a Ghost I am,
 I'll visit thee:

O thou deceitful Dame,
 Whose Cruelty

Has kill'd the kindest Heart
 That e'er felt Cupid's Dart,
 And never can desert

From loving thee.

S O N G 75.

SInce Celia only has the Art,
 And only she can captivate,
 And wanton in my Breast;
 All other Pleasures I despise,
 Than what are from my Celia's Eyes,
 In her alone I'm blest.

Whene'er she smiles, new Life she gives,
 And happy, happy, who receives
 From her enchanting Breath:

Then prithee Celia, smile once more,
 Since I no longer must adore,

For when you frown 'tis Death.

S O N G

S O N G 76.

Since, Cælia, 'tis not in our Pow'r
 To tell how long our Lives may last,
 Begin to love this very Hour,
 You've lost too much in what is past.
 For since the Pow'r we all obey
 Has in your Breast my Heart confin'd,
 Let me my Body to it lay;
 In vain you part what Nature join'd.

S O N G 77.

Since Drinking has Pow'r for to give us Relief,
 Come fill up the Bowl, and a Pox on all Grief.
 If we find that won't do, we'll have such another,
 And so we'll proceed from one Bowl to the other,
 Till, like Sons of Apollo, we'll make our Wit soar,
 Or, in Homage to Bacchus, fall down on the Floor.
 Apollo and Bacchus were both merry Souls,
 They each of them lov'd for to toss off their Bowls.
 Then let's try to shew ourselves true Men of Merit,
 By toasting those Gods in a Bowl of good Claret.
 And then we shall all be deserving of Praise;
 But the Man that drinks most shall go off with the Bays.

S O N G 78.

Since from my dear Astræa's Sight
 I was so rudely torn,
 My Soul has never known Delight,
 Unless it was to mourn.
 But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes
 And bleeding Heart I lie;
 Thinking on her, whose Absence 'tis
 That makes me wish to die.

S O N G 79.

Since Love has kindled in our Eyes
 A chaste and holy Fire,
 It were a Sin if thou or I
 Should let its Flame expire.
 What tho' our Bodies never meet,
 Love's Fuel's more divine;
 The fixt Stars by their Twinklins greet,
 And yet they never join.

False Meteors, that still change their Place,
 Tho' they seem fair and bright,
 Yet, while they covet to embrace,
 Fall down, and lose their Light.

If thou perceive thy Flame decay,
 Come light thy Eyes at mine ;
 And when I feel mine fade away,
 I'll take fresh Fires from thine.

Thus then we shall preserve from Waste
 The Flames of our Desires :
 No Vestals shall preserve more chaste,
 Or more immortal Fires.

S O N G 80.

SINCE now the World's turn'd upside down,
 And all Things change in Nature ;
 As if a Doubt were newly grown,
 We had the same Creator :
 Of ancient Modes and former Ways,
 I'll teach you, Sirs, the Manner,
 In good Queen Bess's golden Days,
 When I was Dame of Honour.

I had an antient noble Seat,
 Tho' now 'tis come to Ruin ;
 Where Mutton, Beef, and such good Meat,
 In th' Hall were daily chewing :
 Of humming Beer my Cellar full,
 I was the yearly Donor ;
 Where toping Knaves had made a Pull,
 When I was, &c.

My Men of home-spun honest Greys,
 Had Coats and comely Badges ;
 They wore no dirty ragged Lace,
 Nor e'er complain'd for Wages :
 For gaudy Fringe, and Silks o' th' Town,
 I fear'd no threatening Dunner ;
 But wore a decent Grogram Gown,
 When I was, &c.

I never thought Cantharides
 Ingredient good in Possiet ;
 Nor never stript me to my Stays,
 To play the Punk at Bassiet :

In Rataſie ne'er made Debauch,
 Nor reel'd like toping Gunner,
 Nor let my Mercer ſeize my Coach,
 When I was, &c.

I ſtill preſerv'd my maiden Fame,
 In ſpite of Oaths and Lying;
 Tho' many a long-chin'd Youngſter came,
 And fain would be enjoying:
 My Fan to guard my Lips I kept,
 From Cupid's lewd O'er-runner,
 And many a Roman Noſe I rapp'd,
 When I was, &c.

My curling Locks I never bought
 Of Beggars dirty Daughters;
 Nor prompted by a wanton Thought,
 Above Knee ty'd my Garters:
 I never glow'd with painted Pride,
 Like Punk, when th' Devil has won her,
 Nor prov'd a Cheat, to be a Bride,
 When I was, &c.

My Neighbours ſtill I treated round,
 And Strangers that came near me;
 The Poor too always Welcome found,
 Whoſe Pray'rs did ſtill endear me:
 Let therefore who at Court would be
 No Churl, nor yet no Fawner,
 Match in old Hoſpitality
 Queen Beſs's Dame of Honour.

S O N G 81.

Since Spartan Heroes were ſo dull,
 They felt not Beauty's Pow'r;
 Thrice happy we, whoſe Joys are full,
 Whiſt Love grows ev'ry Hour.
 'Tis Pity in a noble Mind
 Nature ſhould bear no Part;
 How can the Brave be truly kind,
 And Love not touch the Heart?
 Tho' Mars his Empire rule by Day,
 And boaſt his mighty Spoils;
 Yet Love at Night ſhall ſtill repay
 The Hazard of his Toils:

While

Whilst Courage does with Vigour move,
 Our Conquest to compleat ;
 The Fair an easy Victim prove,
 The Brave by Force submit.

S O N G 82.

Since the Day of poor Man,
 That little, little Span,
 Tho' long it can't last,
 For the future and past
 Is spent with Remorse and Despair,
 With such a full Glass
 Let that of Life pass ;
 'Tis made up of Trouble,
 A Storm tho' a Bubble,
 There's no Bliss like forgetting our Care.
 Why all this whining,
 Why all this pining,
 Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain ?
 Nothing so common
 As Wealth and Woman,
 To raise the Vapours, and so dull the Brain.
 To him that's merry,
 That's frolick and airy,
 Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad :
 Then rouse up thy Spirit,
 And take off thy Claret,
 In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.
 If Chloe fly thee,
 And still deny thee,
 Never look sneaking, nor never repine :
 If 'tis her Fashion
 To slight your Passion,
 Then seem most easy, and deny her thine:
 Yet slyly wooe her,
 And closely pursue her,
 Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh you to Scorn ;
 When she seems waspish,
 Coquettish and prudish,
 Then give her Humour, and let her be gone.

When

When next you meet her,
 Again intreat her,
 And if ye find still she makes you her Tool,
 Ne'er let it vex ye,
 Or once perplex ye,
 She'll soon repent it, and find who's the Fool.

Then to requite her,
 Despise her, and slight her,
 And what you commended, as much discommend;
 But if Love grieve thee,
 And will not leave thee,
 Then e'en love thyself, and next love thy Friend.

S O N G 83.

He. Since Times are so bad, I must tell thee Sweet-Heart,

I'm thinking to leave off my Plough and my Cart,
 And to the fair City a Journey I'll go,
 To better my Fortune, as other Folks do;
 Since some have from Ditches, and coarse leathern
 Breeches,

Been rais'd to be Rulers, and wallow'd in Riches,
 Prithee come, come, come, come from thy Wheel;
 For if the Gypsies don't lie,
 I shall be a Governour too, ere I die.

She. Ah! Collin! by all thy late Doings I find,
 With Sorrow and Trouble, the Pride of thy Mind;
 Our Sheep they at random disorderly run,
 And now Sunday's Jacket goes ev'ry Day on:
 Ah! what dost thou, what dost thou, what dost thou
 mean?

He. To make my Shoes clean,
 And foot it to Court, to the King and the Queen,
 Where shewing my Parts, I Preferment shall win.

She. Fie! 'tis better for us to plough and to spin:
 For, as to the Court, when thou happen'st to try,
 Thou'lt find nothing got there, unless thou can'st buy;
 For Money, the Devil and all's to be found;
 But no good Parts minded, without the good Pound.

He. Why, then I'll take Arms, and follow Alarms,
 Hunt Honour, that now-a-days plaguily charms.

She.

She. And so lose a Limb, by a Shot or a Blow,
And curse thyself after, for leaving the Plough.

He. Suppose I turn Gamester. She. So cheat, and
be bang'd.

He. What think'st of the Road then? She. The
high Way to be hang'd.

He. Nice Pimping, however, yields Profit for Life,
I'll help some fine Lord to another's fine Wife.

She. That's dangerous too, among the Town-Crew,
For some of 'm will do the same Thing by you ;

And then I to cuckold you may be drawn in :

Faith, Collin, 'tis better I sit here and spin.

He. Will nothing prefer me? What think'st of the
Law?

She. Oh! while you live, Collin, keep out of that
Paw.

He. I'll cant, and I'll pray. She. There's nought
got that way ;

There's no one minds now what those black Gentry
say.

Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair.

He. To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees
bear.

She. Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show,
So I'll to my Distaff. He. And I'll to my Plough.

Both. Let all our whole Care be our farming Affair,
To make our Corn grow, and our Apple-Trees bear.

Ambition's a Trade no Contentment can show ;

She. So I'll to my Distaff. He. And I'll to my
Plough.

S O N G 84.

Since thus you slight my Pain,

Return my Heart again,

False, ungrateful Swain,

Or meet my Passion.

But if my Heart you prize,

O do not tyrannize !

O do not tyrannize !

But shew Compassion,

S O N G 85.

Since Truth and Constancy are vain,
 Since neither Love nor Sense of Pain,
 Nor Force of Reason can persuade,
 Then let Example be obey'd.

In Courts and Cities, could you see
 How well the wanton Fools agree;
 Were all the Curtains drawn, you'd find
 Not one, perhaps, but who is kind.

Minerva, naked from above,
 With Venus, and the Wife of Jove,
 Exposing ev'ry Beauty bare,
 Descended to the Trojan Heir;
 Yet this was she whom Poets name
 Goddesses of Chastity and Fame.

Penelope, her Lord away,
 Gave am'rous Audiences all Day;
 Now round the Bowl the Suitors sit,
 With Wine provoking Mirth and Wit;
 Then down they take the stubborn Bow:
 Their Strength, it seems, she needs must know.
 Thus twenty cheerful Winters past,
 She's yet immortaliz'd for chaste.

Smile, Mira, then, reward my Flame,
 And be as much secure of Fame;
 By all those matchless Beauties fir'd,
 By my own matchless Love inspir'd,
 So will I sing, such Wonders write,
 That when th' astonish'd World shall cite
 A Nymph of spotless Worth and Fame,
 Mira shall be th' immortal Name.

S O N G 86.

Since we poor slavish Women know
 Our Men we cannot pick and chuse,
 To him we like, why say we No,
 And both our Time and Lover lose?
 With feign'd Repulses and Delays
 A Lover's Appetite we pall;
 And if too long the Gallant stays,
 His Stomach's gone for good and all.

Or our impatient am'rous Guest,
 Unknown to us away may steal,
 And rather than stay for a Feast,
 Take up with some coarse ready Meal,
 When Opportunity is kind,
 Let prudent Women be so too ;
 And if the Man be to your Mind,
 Till needs you must, ne'er let him go.
 The Match soon made is happy still,
 For only Love has there to do :
 Let no one marry 'gainst her Will,
 But stand off when her Parents woo,
 And only to their Suits be coy :
 For she whom Jointure can obtain,
 To let a Fop her Bed enjoy,
 Is but a lawful Wench for Gain.

S O N G 87.

Since you will needs my Heart possess,
 'Tis just to you I first confess
 The Faults to which 'tis given :
 It is to Change much more inclin'd
 Than Woman, or the Sea, or Wind,
 Or aught that's under Heav'n.
 Nor will I hide from you this Truth,
 It has been from its very Youth,
 A most egregious Ranger :
 And since from me 't has often fled,
 With whom it was both born and bred,
 'Twill scarce stay with a Stranger.
 The Black, the Fair, the Gay, the Sad,
 (Which often made me fear 'twas mad)
 With one kind Look could win it ;
 So nat'rally it loves to range,
 That it has left Success for Change,
 And, what's worse, glories in it.
 Oft, when I have been laid to Rest,
 'T would make me act like one possess'd,
 For still 'twill keep a Pother ;
 And tho' you only I esteem,
 Yet it will make me, in a Dream,
 Court and enjoy another.

And

And now, if you are not afraid,
 After these Truths that I have said,
 To take this arrant Rover,
 Be not displeas'd if I protest,
 I think the Heart within your Breast
 Will prove just such another.

S O N G 88.

Singing charms the Blest above ;
 Angels sing, and Saints approve ;
 All we below of Heav'n can know,
 Is that they both sing and love.

Mira hath an Angel's Air ;
 Sweet her Notes, her Face as fair,
 Vassals and Kings
 Feel when she sings

Charms of warbling Beauty near.
 Savage Nature conquer'd lies,
 All is Wonder and Surprise ;
 Souls expiring,
 Hearts a firing

By her charming Notes and Eyes.
 Let the Viol and the Harp
 Hang and moulder till they warp ;
 Let Flute and Lyre
 In Dust expire,

Shatter'd by a vocal Sharp.

S O N G 89.

Slaves to London, I'll deceive you,
 For the Country now I leave you ;
 Who can drink, and not be mad,
 Wine so dear, and yet so bad ?

So much Noise, and Air so smoaky,
 That to stun, and this to choak ye ;
 Men so selfish, false, and rude ;
 Nymphs so young, and yet so lewd.

If we play, we're sure of losing ;
 If we love, our Doom we're chusing :
 At the Play-house tedious Sport,
 Cant i'th'City, cringe at Court.

Dirty Streets, and dirtier Bullies,
Jolting Coaches, Whores and Cullies ;
Knaves and Coxcombs ev'ry where,
Who that's wife would tarry here ?

Quiet, harmless Country Pleasure
Shall at home engross my Leisure :
Farewel, London, I'll repair
To my native Country Air ;

And leave all thy Plagues behind me ;
But at home my Wife will find me :
Oh ! ye Gods 'tis ten times worse, —
London is the milder Curse.

S O N G 90.

Smooth was the Water, calm the Air,
The Evening Sun deprest,
Lawyers dismiss'd the noisy Bar,
The Labourer at rest,
When Strephon with his charming Fair,
Cross'd the proud River Thames,
And to a Garden did repair,
To quench their mutual Flames.

The crafty Waiter soon espy'd
Youth sparkling in her Eyes :
He brought no Ham, no Neat-Tongues dry'd,
But Cream and Strawberries.

The am'rous Strephon ask'd the Maid,
What's whiter than this Cream ?
She blush'd, and could not tell, she said :
Thy Teeth, my pretty Lamb.

What's redder than these Berries are ?

I know not, she reply'd :
Those Lips which I'll no longer spare,
The burning Shepherd cry'd,
And straight began to hug her :

This Kiss, my Dear,
Is sweeter far
Than Strawberries, Cream, and Sugar.

SO calm, and so serene, but now,
 What means this Change on Mira's Brow?
 Her aguish Love now glows and burns,
 Then chills and shakes, and the cold Fit returns.
 Mock'd with deluding Looks and Smiles,
 When on her Pity I depend;
 My airy Hope she soon beguiles,
 And laughs to see my Torments never end.

So up the steepy Hill, with Pain,
 The weighty Stone is roll'd in vain;
 Which having touched the Top, recoils,
 And leaves the Lab'rer to renew his Toils.

SO num'rous Flavia's Charms appear,
 As may her Form display
 In all the Dresses of the Year,
 And Beauties of the Day.

Calm and serene like Spring, her Air;
 Like Autumn, soft her Mold;
 Her Face, like Summer, blooming fair;
 Her Heart, like Winter, cold.
 Her Bosom, Cynthia's full-orb'd Light;
 Her Cheeks Noon's Rays adorn;
 Her Tresses shew the falling Night;
 Her Eyes, the rising Morn.

SO well Corinna likes the Joy,
 She vows she'll never more be coy,
 She drinks eternal Draughts of Pleasure;
 Eternal Draughts do not suffice,
 O! give me, give me more, she cries,
 'Tis all too little, little Measure.

Thus wisely she makes up for Time
 Mispent, while Youth was in its Prime:
 So Travellers who waste the Day,
 Careful and cautious of their Way,
 Noting at length the setting Sun,
 They mend their Pace as Night comes on;
 Double their Speed to reach their Inn,
 And whip and spur thro' thick and thin.

SOL declining,
 Cynthia shining,
 Warm was the Season, and sweet the Air,
 When Philander
 Chanc'd to wander
 In a close Thicket with Phillida fair;
 Love invading,
 Hope perswading;
 Yet was his Passion restrain'd by Fear.
 Hopes collecting,
 Fears subjecting,
 Thus he began to avow his Flame:
 Fairest Creature,
 Pride of Nature,
 Slight not my Love, nor my Passion blame,
 She disdain
 His Complaining,
 Prompted the Youth to take surer Aim.
 He, grown bolder,
 Plainly told her,
 She must surrender her Maidenhead:
 Words denying,
 Looks complying,
 Countenance changing, now pale, now red;
 She resisting
 He persisting,
 Love assisting, her Virtue fled.
 Closely pressing,
 Fond by caressing,
 Mutual Endearments each other charm'd;
 She now lying,
 Panting, dying,
 Told him his Actions her Soul had warm'd:
 Her disdain
 Was but feigning;
 She wou'd have hated him had he not storm'd.

SOME brag of their Chloris, and some of their Phillis,
 Some cry up their Celia, and bright Amaryllis,

Thus

Thus Poets and Lovers their Mistresses dub,
 And Goddesses frame from the Wash-bowl and Tub ;
 But away with these Fictions, and counterfeit Folly ;
 There's a thousand more Charms in the Name of my Dolly,
 I cannot describe you her Beauty and Wit,
 Like Manna to each she's a relishing Bit ;
 She alone by Enjoyment the more does prevail,
 And still with fresh Pleasures does hoist up your Sail :
 Nay, had you a Surfeit but took of all others,
 One Look from my Dolly your Stomach recovers.

S O N G 96.

Some hoist up Fortune to the Skies,
 Others debase her to a Bubble :
 I nor her Frowns nor Favours prize,
 Nor think the Chang'ling worth my Trouble.
 If at my Door she chance to light,
 I civilly my Guest receive :
 The Visit paid, I bid good Night ;
 Nor murmur when she takes her Leave.
 Tho' prosp'rous Gales my Canvass crowd,
 Tho' smoothe the Waves, serene the Sky,
 I trust not Calms, they Storms forbode,
 And speak th'approaching Tempest nigh.
 Then, Virtue, to the Helm repair,
 Thou, Innocence, shalt guide the Oar ;
 Now rage, ye Winds, Storms, rend the Air,
 My Bark, thus mann'd, shall gain the Shore.

S O N G 97.

Some liken Man to brittle Glafs,
 Some to a burning Taper,
 To Garden Flow'rs, or Meadow Grass,
 Or to a rising Vapour.
 But doubtless Beer in Barrel tunn'd,
 Or close in Bottle pent,
 Does human Life thro' all its Round
 Most clearly represent.
 The Infant Drink will driv'ling dose,
 And cry like Child in Cradle ;
 You must let neither lie too loose,
 Nor yet too closely swaddle.

New Ale, we know, is full of Wind,
Wanting due Time to stale it ;
The Dregs, not yet by Age refin'd,
Are nauseous to the Palate.

Fresh Hops sometimes our Art employs,
To rectify the Liquor ;
And who believes, but that the Boy's
Correction is a Bitter ?

At length, improv'd by rip'ning Age,
Both Man and Beer grow bright ;
To Conversation they engage,
And ev'ry Friend delight.

But if the Cork be naught in one,
And weak the Head in t'other ;
The Liquor's flat, and Duncce the Man,
And neither can recover.

S O N G 98.

SOME Nymphs take a Pleasure in killing,
And cost rival Lovers a Crash ;
No Blood but the Grape should be spilling,
By the good Will of sweet Molly Tash.

Our Wine was so good and inviting,
We soon made our Glasses to clash ;
And to give it a Smack more delighting,
We toasted the sweet Molly Tash.

Their finest Complexions are wasting,
Their Brightness goes out like a Flash ;
But give me a Colour that's lasting,
Like that of the sweet Molly Tash.

The Heart that to Love is a Stranger,
Where Cupid ne'er yet made a Gash,
Can't be said to be quite out of Danger,
So long as there's sweet Molly Tash.

The Town Spark is charm'd with his Chloe,
Though mark'd with the Constable's Lash ;
But such you'll despise, when I show ye
The innocent, sweet Molly Tash.

How oft is a Form without Spirit,
 A Mind full of nothing but Traſh ;
 But if you're for Beauty with Merit,
 Go ſeek it in ſweet Molly Taſh.

S O N G 99.

SOME ſay Women are like the Seas,
 Some the Waves, and ſome the Rocks ;
 Some the Roſe, that ſoon decays ;
 Some the Weather, and ſome the Cocks :
 But if you'll give me leave to tell,
 There's nothing can be compar'd ſo well,
 As Wine, Wine, Women and Wine ;
 They run in a Parallel, they run in a Parallel.
 Women are Witches, when they will,
 So is Wine, ſo is Wine ;
 They make the Statesman loſe his Skill,
 The Soldier, Lawyer, and Divine ;
 They put a Gig in the graveſt Skull,
 And ſend their Wits to gather Wool :
 'Tis Wine, &c.

What is't that makes your Viſage ſo pale ?
 What is it makes your Looks divine ?
 What is't that makes your Courage to fail ?
 Is it not Women ? Is it not Wine ?
 'Tis Wine that makes your Head not well ;
 'Tis Women that make your Forehead to ſwell :
 'Tis Wine, &c.

S O N G 100.

SOME ſing Molly Mogg of the Roſe,
 And call her the Oakingham Pelle,
 Whilſt others do Ferfes compoſe
 On beautiful Molly Lepelle.
 Put of all the young Firgins ſo fair,
 Which Britain's crete Monarchy owns ;
 In Peauty there's none to compare
 With hur charming dear Gwinifrid Shones.
 Unenviet the ſplentit Contition
 Of Princes that ſit upon Thrones :
 The higheſt of all hur Ampition,
 Iſs the Loſe of fair Gwinifrid Shones.

Pold Mortals the Clobe will search ofer
 For Cold, and for Tiamond Stones ;
 Put hur can more Treasure tiscofer
 In peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.

From the piggeft crete Mountain in Prtain,
 Hur wou'd fenture the preaking her Pones,
 So that the soft Lap hur might fit on
 Of peautiful Gwinifrid Shones.

Not the Nightingale's pitiful Note,
 Can exprefs how poor Shenkin bemoans
 His Fates, when in Places remote,
 Hur is abſent from Gwinifrid Shones.

Hur Loſe iſs than Honey far ſweeter,
 And hur is no Shenkin ap Drones ;
 Put wou'd lapour in Proſe, and in Metre,
 To praiſe hur tear Gwinifrid Shones.

As the Harp of St Tavit ſurpaſſes
 The Pagpipes, poor Tweettles and Crones ;
 So Lepelle, Molly Mogg, and all Laſſes
 Are excell'd by hur Gwinifrid Shones.

S O N G 101.

SOoner than I'll my Love forego,
 And loſe the Man I prize ;
 I'll bravely combat ev'ry Woe,
 Or fall a Sacrifice.

Nor Bolts nor Bars ſhall me controul,
 I Death and Danger dare : S.
 Reſtraint but fires the active Soul, S.
 And urges fierce Deſpair. S.

The Window now ſhall be my Gate,
 I'll either fall or fly ;
 Before I'll live with him I hate, S.
 For him I love, I'll die. S.

S O N G 102.

SPare, mighty Love, O ſpare a Slave,
 That at thy Feet for Mercy lies :
 What would thy cruel Godhead have,
 See how he bleeds, ſee how he dies !

Upon

Upon a noble Conquest go,
 And for thy Glory and my Peace,
 O make the scornful Celia know
 The Pains she now regardless sees.
 O make, &c.

Dye all thy Arrows in my Tears,
 And subtly poison so each Dart,
 That spite of all those Arms she wears,
 The Point at last may reach her Heart :
 Revenge, revenge the Wounds I bear,
 And make our Fortunes so agree,
 That I may find that Cure from her,
 Which she may need as much from me.
 That I may, &c.

S O N G 103.

Speak on,----speak thus, and still my Grief,
 Hold up a Heart that's sinking under
 These Fears, that soon will want Relief,
 When Patie must from Peggy sunder.

A gentler Face and silk Attire,
 A Lady rich in Beauty's Blossom,
 Alake, poor me ! will now conspire,
 To steal thee from thy Peggy's Bosom.

No more the Shepherd who excell'd
 The rest, whose Wit made them to wonder,
 Shall now his Peggy's Praises tell ;

Ah ! I can die, but never sunder.

Ye Meadows where we often stray'd,

Ye Banks where we were wont to wander,
 Sweet-scented Rucks round which we play'd,

You'll lose your Sweets when we're asunder,

Again ; ah ! shall I never creep

Around the Know with silent Duty,

Kindly to watch thee while asleep,

And wonder at thy manly Beauty ?

Hear, Heav'n, while solemnly I vow,

Tho' thou shouldst prove a wand'ring Lover,

Thro' Life to thee I shall prove true,

Nor be a Wife to any other.

S O N G

S O N G 104.

Spring renewing, all Things gay,

Nature's Dictates all obey ;

In each Creature we may see,

The Effect of Love's Decree,

Thus their State,

Such their Fate,

Do not Polly stay too late, &c.

Look around and see them play,

All are wanton while they may,

Why should precious Time be lost,

After Summer comes a Frost.

All pursue,

Nature's Due,

Let us, Polly, do so too, &c.

Flowers all around us blowing,

Herds on ev'ry Meadow lowing,

Birds on ev'ry Branch are wooing.

Turtles all around us cooing,

Hark they coo,

See they woo,

Let us, Polly, do so too, &c.

See how kind that Swain and Lass,

Yonder sitting on the Grass ;

Look how earnestly he sues,

While she blushing can't refuse,

See yon two,

How they woo,

Let us, Polly, do so too, &c.

Mark that Cloud above the Plain,

See it seems to threaten Rain ;

Herds and Flocks do run together,

Seeking Shelter from the Weather.

Fear not you,

I'll be true,

Let us therefore do so too, &c.

S O N G 105.

State and Ambition, all Joy to great Caesar,

Sawney shall never be Colly my Cow ;

All Hail to the Shades, all Joy to the Bridegroom,

And call upon Dobbin, with hi, je, ho.

Remember, ye Whigs, what was formerly done ;
 And Jenny come tie my bonny Cravat ;
 If I live to grow old, for I find I grow down,
 For I cannot come every Day to woo.

Jove in his Throne was a Fumbler, Tom Farthing,
 And Jockie and Jenny together did lie ;
 Oh ! Mother, Roger : Boys, fill us a Bumper,
 For why will ye die, my poor Celia, ah ! why ?
 Hark ! how thund'ring Cannons do roar,
 Ladies of London, both wealthy and fair ;
 Charon make haste, and ferry me over,
 Lilli burlero bullen a la.

Chloris, awake, four-pence half-penny Farthing,
 Give me the Lads that is true Country-bred ;
 Like John of Gaunt, I walk Covent-Garden,
 I am a Maid, and a very good Maid :
 Twa bonny Lads were Sawney and Jockey,
 The Delights of the Bottle, and Charms of good Wine ;
 Wading the Water so deep, my sweet Moggy.
 Cold and raw, let it run in the right Line.

Old Obadiah sings Ave Maria,
 Sing Lulla-by Baby on the Tree Top ;
 An old Woman and her Cat sat by the Fire,
 Now this is my Love, dy'e like her or not ?
 Old Charon thus preach'd to his Pupil Achilles,
 And under this Stone here lies Gabriel John ;
 Happy was I at the Sight of fair Phillis,
 What should a young Woman do with an old Man ?
 There's old Father Peters, with his Romish Creatures,
 There was an old Woman sold Puddings and Pies ;
 Cannons with Thunder shall fill them with Wonder,
 I once lov'd a Lads that had bright rolling Eyes ;
 There's my Maid Mary, she minds her Dairy,
 I took to my Heels, and away I did run ?
 And bid him prepare to be happy To-morrow,
 Alas ! I don't know the right End of a Gun.
 My Life and Death lie both in your Pow'r,
 Every Man to his Mind, Shrewsbury for me ;
 On the Bank of a Brook, as I sat fishing,
 Shall I die a Maid, and ne'er married be ?

Oddbuds, let Oliver now be forgotten,
 Joan is as good as my Lady in the Dark;
 Cuckolds are Christians, Boys, all the World over,
 And here's a full Bumper to Robin, John Clark.

S O N G 106.

STay, Phœbus, stay!

The World to which you fly so fast,
 Conveying Day

From us to them, can pay your Haste
 With no such Object, nor salute your Rise
 With no such Wonder, as du Mornay's Eyes.

Well does this prove
 The Error of those antique Books,
 Which made you move

About the World: Her charming Looks
 Would fix your Beams, and make it ever Day,
 Did not the rowling Earth snatch her away.

S O N G 107.

STay, Shepherd, stay; I prithee stay;

Did not you see her go this Way?

Where can she be, can you not guess?

Alas! I have lost my Shepherdess!

I fear some Satyr has betray'd

My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade;

Oh! woe is me, I am undone!

For in the Shade she was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose,

Strive to salute her as she goes;

Nay, be content to kiss her Shoe,

The Primrose, and the Daisie too.

Oh! woe is me! what must I do?

Or who must I complain unto?

Methinks the Vallies cry, Forbear,

And sighing say, She is not here.

Oh! what shall I, unhappy, do?

O who must I complain unto?

Where may she be, can you not guess?

Where I may find my Shepherdess?

S O N G

S O N G 108.

STella and Flavia ev'ry Hour
Do various Hearts surprize :
In Stella's Soul lies all her Pow'r,
And Flavia's in her Eyes.

More boundless Flavia's Conquests are,
And Stella's more confin'd ;
All can discern a Face that's fair,
But few a heav'nly Mind.

Stella like Britain's Monerch reigns
O'er cultivated Lands ;
Like Eastern Tyrants, Flavia deigns
To rule o'er barren Sands.

Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy Face
Thy Beauty's only Store ;
Each Day that makes thy Charms decrease,
Will give to Stella more.

S O N G 109.

STella, Darling of the Muses,
Fairer than the blooming Spring ;
Sweetest Theme the Poet chuses,
When of thee he strives to sing :
While my Soul with Wonder traces
All thy Charms of Face and Mind ;
All the Beauties, all the Graces
Of thy Sex in thee I find.

Love and Joy, and Admiration,
In my Breast alternate rise ;
Words no more can paint my Passion,
Than the Pencil can thy Eyes :
Lavish Nature, thee adorning,
O'er thy Lips and Cheeks hath spread
Colours, that can shame the Morning,
Smiling with Celestial Red.

Could the Gods, in blest Condition,
Aught on Earth with Egvy view,
Lovely Stella, their Ambition
Would be to resemble you.

S O N G IIO.

STella, with Heart-controuling Grace,
 Young Hylas at first. Sight surpriz'd;
 The Beau that knew his luckless Face,
 Runs to his Glass to be advis'd.

Tell me, said he, what I shall wear,
 How curl, or how adorn my Hair,
 This Charmer to command?

What taking Dress shall I put on,
 To bring this Tassel gently down,
 And lure her to my Hand?

The God of Love that heard, reply'd,
 Fond Fool, aspire not to possess;
 Her angel Mind, averse to Pride,
 Desert esteems, and not the Dress;
 To thee she will no more incline,
 Than mighty Jove the Joys divine,
 That crown his Paradise,
 To him that hopes to be a Saint,
 By powdering, patching, and by paint,
 Instead of Sacrifice.

S O N G III.

STill, Chloe, ply thy courtly Art,
 Touch and retouch thy Face,
 'Till the cosmetick Pow'rs impart
 A Bloom to ev'ry Grace.

What tho' the home-bred Country Maid,
 To modest Rules a Slave,
 Disdains all Use of White and Red,
 But what plain Nature gave;
 Yet if to vie with thee she dare,
 Whoe'er the Umpire be,
 He must be blind, or must refer
 The Palm entire to thee.

For whilst her awkward Cheeks display
 Pale Rage, or blushing Shame,
 No Change thy steady Looks betray,
 They always shine the same.

S O N G IY.

STill I'm wishing, still desiring,
 Still she's giving, I requiring;

Yet

Yet each Gift I think too small :

Still the more I am presented,
Still the less I am contented ;

Tho' she vows she has given me all.

Can Drusilla give no more ?

Has she lavish'd all her Store ?

Must my Hopes to nothing fall ?

Oh ! you know not half your Treasure :

Give me more, give over Measure,

Yet you can never, never give me all.

S O N G 113.

STrephon the young, the loveliest Swain,

That ever grac'd th' Arcadian Plain,

Fair Celia lov'd, nor lov'd in vain.

Hymen had warranted Delight ;

But still the Sun, with hated Light,

Deferr'd the Pleasures of the Night.

To ease his Pain his Harp he strung,

And charm'd the Wain of Night along,

With his soft harmonious Song.

Phœbus, Ruler of the Day,

Swiftly drive the Hours away ;

In the Ocean drop thy Light,

And hasten on the lazy Night.

If e'er thou heard'st a Lover's Vow,

Propitious Phœbus hear me now ;

Since thou, who art the Sun, hast known

Love's Fires burn fiercer than thine own.

And when, by my Entreaties bow'd,

Thou sett'st in yonder Ev'ning Cloud ;

In Thetis' Bosom thou may'st lie,

And trust the Day to Celia's Eye.

To her bright Look thy Rays will be,

But what Aurora is to Thee :

Envy shall make thee later rise,

And own the Conquest of her Eyes.

With such soft Musick did the Swain

Of Love's tormenting Cares complain,

That Phœbus hasten'd on the Night,

And in the Ocean dropt the Light :

To Celia's Arms then Strephon came,
And in them quencht as bright a Flame.

S O N G 114.

STrephon when you see me fly,

Let not this your Fear create ;

Maids may be as often shy

Out of Love, as out of Hate ;

When from you I fly away,

It is because I dare not stay.

Did I out of Hatred run,

Lets you'd be my Pain and Care ;

But the Youth I love, to shun,

Who can such a Trial bear ?

Who, that such a Swain did see,

Who could love and fly like me ?

Cruel Duty bids me go,

Gentle Love commands me stay :

Duty's still to Love a Foe,

Shall I This or That obey ?

Duty frowns, and Cupid smiles,

That defends, and this beguiles.

Ever by these Chrystal Streams

I could sit, and hear thee sigh ;

Ravish'd with these pleasing Dreams,

Oh ! 'tis worse than Death to fly :

But the Danger is so great,

Fear gives Wings instead of Hate.

Strephon, if you love me, leave me,

If you stay, I am undone ;

Oh ! with ease you may deceive me,

Prithee, charming Swain, be gone :

Heaven decrees that we should part,

That has my Vows, but you my Heart.

S O N G 115.

STrike up drowsie Gut-scrapers ;

Gallants be ready,

Each with his Lady ;

Foot it about,

'Till the Night be worn out,

Let no one's Humour pall :

Brisk Lads now cut your Ciphers ;

Put your Legs to't,
 And shew you can do't ;
 Frisk, frisk it away
 'Till Break of Day,
 And hey for Richmond Ball.

Fortune-Biters,
 Hags, Bum-fighters,
 Nymphs of the Woods,
 And stale City Goods ;
 Ye Cherubins,
 And Seraphins,
 Ye Caravans,
 And Haradans,

In Order all advance :

Twickenham Loobies,
 Thistleworth Boobies,
 Wits of the Town,
 And Beaus that have none ;
 Ye Jacobites as sharp as Pins,
 Ye Monfieurs, and ye Sooterkins,

I'll teach you all the Dance.

The D A N C E,

Cast off, Tom, behind Johnny,
 Do the same Nanny,
 Eyes are upon ye ;
 Trip it between
 Little Dickie and Jean,
 And set it in the Second Row ;
 Then, cast back you must too,
 And up the first Row
 Nimbly thrust thro' ;
 Then, then turn about
 To the left, or you're out,
 And meet with your Love below.

Pafs, then cross,
 Then Jack's pretty Lafs,
 Then turn her about, about and about ;
 And Jack, if thou can do so too
 With Betty, whilst the Time is true,
 We'll all your Ear commend,
 Still there's more
 To lead all four ;

Two by Nancy stand,
 And give her your Hand,
 Then cast her quickly down below,
 And meet her in the second Row :
 The Dance is at an end.

S O N G 116.

STript of their Green our Groves appear,
 Our Vales lie bury'd deep in Snow,
 The blooming North controuls the Air,
 A nipping Cold chills all below,
 The Frost has glaz'd the deepest Streams,
 Phœbus withdraws his kindly Beams ;
 Yet Winter blest'd be thy Return,
 Thou'ft brought the Swain for whom I us'd to mourn,
 And in thy Ice with pleasing Flames I burn.
 Too soon the Sun's reviving Heat
 Will thaw that Ice, and melt that Snow ;
 Trumpets will sound, and Drums will beat,
 And tell me the dear Youth must go.
 Then must my weak unwilling Arms
 Resign him up to stronger Charms :
 What Sweets, what Flow'rs, what beauteous Thing,
 Now Damon's gone, can Ease or Pleasure bring ?
 Winter brings Damon, Winter is my Spring.

S O N G 117.

SUPpose a Man
 Does all he can
 T'unslave himself from a scolding Wife :
 He can't get out,
 But hops about,
 Like a married Bird in the Cage of Life.
 She on Mischief bent
 Is never content,
 But makes the poor Man cry out,
 Rigid Fate,
 Marriage State ;
 No Reprieve
 But the Grave :
 Oh ! hard Condition,

Come,

Come, I'll tell you how
 This Wife to bow,
 And quickly bring her to her last :
 Your Senses please,
 Indulge your Ease,
 But resist no Joy, and each Humour taste ;
 Then let her squall,
 And tear and bawl,
 And with whining cry her Eyes out ;
 Take a Flask,
 Double Flask,
 Whip it up,
 Sip it up,
 That's your Physician.

S O N G 118.

SURE Marriage is a fine Thing,
 It is so common grown !
 Fa, la, la, &c.
 It is a Bait, which all
 Do swallow glibly down.
 Fa, la, la, &c.

To answer Expectation,
 Such Joys it should dispense,
 Fa, la, la, &c.
 To recompence the Fools it makes,
 By charming ev'ry Sense.
 Fa, la, la, &c.

S O N G 119.

SURE never was Dog so wretched as I,
 Whose Rest is for ever prevented ;
 I'm neither at Peace when Aurelia looks coy,
 Nor when she looks kind am contented.
 Her Frowns give a Pain I'm unable to bear,
 The Thought of them sets me a trembling ;
 Her Smiles give no Joy, since I plaguily fear
 They can be no more than dissembling.
 Then prithee, my Dearest, consent and be kind,
 Put an end to this troublesome Wooing ;
 For I see I shall ne'er be at Peace in my Mind,
 Till once you and I have been doing.

Let

Let your poor Dog no longer with Justice complain
 Of Usage that's hard above Measure ;
 But since he has tasted so much of Love's Pain,
 Prithee fling him a Bit of his Pleasure.

S O N G 120.

SWain, thy hopeless Passion smother,
 Perjur'd Cælia loves another ;
 In his Arms I saw her lying,
 Panting, kissing, trembling, dying ;
 There the fair Deceiver swore,
 As she had done to you before.
 Oh! said you, when she deceives me,
 When that constant Creature leaves me,
 Isis' Waters back shall fly,
 And leave their oozy Channels dry :
 Turn, ye Waters, leave your Shore,
 For perjur'd Cælia loves no more.

S O N G 121.

SWains I scorn, who nice and fair,
 Shiver at the Morning Air:
 Rough and hardy, bold and free,
 Be the Man that's made for me.

Slaves to Fashion, Slaves to Dress,
 Fops themselves alone carels ;
 Let them without Rival be,
 They are not the Men for me.

He whose nervous Arm can dart
 The Jav'lin to the Tyger's Heart,
 From all Sense of Danger free,
 He's the Man that's made for me.

While his Speed out-strips the Wind,
 Loosely wave his Locks behind :
 From fantastick Fopp'ry free,
 He's the Man that's made for me.

Nor simp'ring Smile, nor dimpled Spleek
 Spoil his manly sun-burnt Cheek ;
 By Weather let him painted be,
 He's the Man that's made for me.

If false he proves, my Jav'lin can
 Revenge the Perjury of Man ;
 And soon another brave as he
 Shall be found the Man for me.

S O N G 122.

Sweet are the Charms of her I love,
 More fragrant than the Damask-Rose ;
 Soft as the Down of Turtle-dove,
 Gentle as Air when Zephyr blows :
 Refreshing as descending Rains
 To Sun-burnt Climes, and thirsty Plains.
 True as the Needle to the Pole,
 Or as the Dial to the Sun ;
 Constant as gliding Waters roll,
 Whose swelling Tides obey the Moon :
 From ev'ry other Charmer free,
 My Life and Love shall follow thee.
 The Lamb the flow'ry Thyme devours,
 The Dam the tender Kid pursues ;
 Sweet Philomel in shady Bow'rs
 Of verdant Spring her Note renews :
 All follow what they most admire,
 As I pursue my Soul's Desire.
 Nature must change her beauteous Face,
 And vary as the Seasons rise ;
 As Winter to the Spring gives Place,
 Summer th' Approach of Autumn flies :
 No Change on Love the Seasons bring,
 Love only knows perpetual Spring.
 Devouring Time, with stealing Pace,
 Makes lofty Oaks and Cedars bow ;
 Ev'n Marble Tow'rs, and Walls of Brass,
 In his rude March he levels low :
 But Time, destroying far and wide,
 Love from the Soul can ne'er divide.
 Death only, with his cruel Dart,
 The gentle Godhead can remove,
 And drive him from the bleeding Heart,
 To mingle with the Blest above ;

Where

Where known to all his kindred Train,
 He finds a lasting Rest from Pain.
 Love and his Sister fair, the Soul,
 Twin-born from Heav'n together came ;
 Love will the Universe controul,
 When dying Seasons lose their Name :
 Divine Abodes shall own his Pow'r,
 When Time and Death shall be no more.

S / O N G 123.

Sweet Echo, sweetest Nymph, that liv'st unseen
 Within thy airy Cell,
 By slow Mæander's Margent green,
 And in the Violet-embroider'd Vale,
 Where the Love-lorn Nightingale
 Nightly to thee her sad Song mourneth well :
 Canst thou not tell me of a gentle Pair
 That likest thy Narcissus are ?

O ! if thou have

Hid them in some flow'ry Cave,

Tell me but where,

Sweet Queen of Parly, Daughter of the Sphere ;
 So may'st thou be translated to the Skies,
 And give resounding Grace to all Heav'n's Harmonies.

S O N G 124.

He. Sweet, if you love me, smiling turn,
 Smiling turn, smiling turn ;
 Sweet, &c.

Ah let me taste a thousand Sips,
 From those dear balmy ruby Lips,
 And gently slip into thy ———
 Smiling turn, smiling turn,
 And gently slip into thy Favour.

She. Pray now give o'er, you court in vain,
 Pray give o'er, pray give o'er,
 Pray now, &c.

And yet so warm was e'ery Kiss,
 An Earnest of such future Bliss,
 I fear at last he'll ———

Pray be gone——Pray now stay,
 I fear at last he'll gain my Favour.

He. Thus let me press thee close, my Dear,
Close, my Dear, close, my Dear,
Thus let me, &c.

She. Fie, now you make me blush, I swear,
Fie for Shame, fie for Shame,
Fie, now, &c.

He. Ah ! do not frown upon me now.

She. I feel I'm grown kind, I vow.

He. Since you this kind Embrace allow,

She. O dear he has so mov'd me now,

He. O let me slip into thy —

She. I fear he'll slip into my —

He. Kifs my Dear,

She. Fie for Shame,

He. And let me slip into thy Favour. } Together.
She. I fear he'll slip into my Favour. }

S O N G 125.

Sweet Nelly, my Heart's Delight,

Be loving, and do not slight

The Profer I make, for Modesty's Sake ;

I honour your Beauty bright.

For Love I profess, I can do no less,

Thou hast my Favour won ;

And since I see your Modesty,

I pray agree, and fancy me,

Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.

No : I am a Lady gay ;

'Tis very well known I may

Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town :

So, Roger, without Delay,

Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,

Their Loves will soon be won ;

As tho' I were at my last Pray'r,

But don't you dare to speak me fair,

To marry a Farmer's Son.

My Father has Riches store,

Two hundred a Year and more,

Besides Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows and Ploughs

His Age is above Threescore ;

† H

And

And when he does die, then merrily I,
 Shall have what he has won ;
 Both Land and Kine, all shall be thine,
 If thou'lt incline, and wilt be mine,
 And marry a Farmer's Son.

A Fig for your Cattle and Corn,
 Your profer'd Love I scorn ;
 'Tis known very well, my Name it is Nell,
 And you're but a Bumpkin born,
 And I hope no Harm is done ;
 Farewel, adieu : I hope to woo
 As good as you, and win her too,
 Tho' I am but a Farmer's Son.

Be not in haste, quoth she,
 Perhaps we may still agree,
 For, Man, I protest, I was but in jest ;
 Come, prithee sit down by me :
 For thou art the Man, that verily can
 Perform what must be done ;
 Both strait and tall, genteel withal,
 Therefore I shall be at your Call,
 To marry a Farmer's Son.

Dear Lady, believe me now,
 I solemnly swear and vow,
 No Lords in their Lives take Pleasure in Wives,
 Like Fellows that drive the Plow ;
 For whate'er they gain with Labour and Pain,
 They don't to Harlots run,
 As Courtiers do : I never knew
 A London Beau, that could outdo
 A Country Farmer's Son.

S O N G 126.

Sweet Sir, for your Courtesie,
 When ye come by the Bals then,
 For the Love ye bear to me,
 Buy me a Keeking-glass then.
 Keek into the Draw-well,
 Janet, Janet ;
 And there ye'll see ye'r bonny sell,
 My Jo Janet.

Keeking

Keeking in the Draw-well clear,
 What if I shou'd fa' in,
 Syne a'my Kin will say and swear,
 I drown'd myself for Sin.

Had the better be the Brae,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Had the better be the Brae,
 My Jo Janet.

Good Sir, for your Courtesie,
 Coming through Aberdeen then,
 For the Love you bear to me,
 Buy me a Pair of Shoon then.
 Clout the auld, the new are dear,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Ae Pair may gain ye haff a Year,
 My Jo Janet.

But what if dancing on the Green,
 And skipping like a Mawking,
 If they shou'd see my clouted Shoon,
 Of me they will be taulking.
 Dance ay laigh, and late at E'en,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Syne a' their Faults will no be seen,
 My Jo Janet.

Kind Sir, for your Courtesie,
 When ye gae to the Crofs then,
 For the Love you bear to me,
 Buy me a Pacing-Horse then.
 Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
 Janet, Janet ;
 Pace upo' your Spinning-wheel,
 My Jo Janet.

My Spinning-wheel is auld and stiff,
 The Rock o't winna stand, Sir ;
 To keep the Temper-pin in tiff,
 Employs aft my Hand, Sir.
 Make the best o't that ye can,
 Janet, Janet ;
 But like it never wale a Man.
 My Jo Janet.

Swift, Sandy, Young and Gay
 Are still my Heart's Delight,
 I sing their Sangs by Day,
 And read their Tales at Night.
 If frae their Books I be,
 'Tis Dulness then with me ;
 But when these Stars appear,
 Jokes, Smiles, and Wit shine clear.

Swift, with uncommon Stile,
 And Wit that flows with Ease,
 Instructs us with a Smile,
 And never fails to please.
 Bright Sandy greatly sings
 Of Heroes, Gods, and Kings :
 He well deserves the Bays,
 And ev'ry Briton's Praise.

While thus our Homer shines,
 Young, with Horatian Flame,
 Corrects those false Designs
 We push in love of Fame.
 Blyth Gay, in pawky Strains,
 Makes Villains, Clowns, and Swains,
 Reprove, with biting Leer,
 Those in a higher Sphere.

Swift, Sandy, Young, and Gay,
 Long may you give Delight ;
 Let all the Dunces bray,
 You're far above their Spite :
 Such, from a Malice sour,
 Write Nonsense, lame and poor,
 Which never can succeed,
 For who the Trash will read ?

S O N G 128.

Silvia, methinks you are unfit,
 For tho' we all allow you Wit,
 We can't a handsome Face.
 Then where's the Pleasure, where's the Good,
 Of spending Time and Cost ?
 For if your Wit been't understood,
 Your Keeper's Bliss is lost.

S O N G

SYLVIA, on her Arm reclining,
 In a shady Grove's Retreat,
 Lay in loose Attire, designing, *fa, la, la, &c.*
 To avoid the sultry Heat.

Tho' unvail'd, she thought no Stander-
 By could view the lonely Fair,
 While young Zephyrs came and fann'd her, *fa, la, &c.*
 Beauteous Face with fragrant Air.

There the blooming Nymph lay panting,
 Sighing for her absent Swain,
 There extended she lay wanting, *fa, la, &c.*
 Him to ease her love-sick Pain.

Soon the happy Youth, who won her,
 To the kind Retreat drew near ;
 And in Transport gaz'd upon her, *fa, la, &c.*
 Charms repos'd in Slumber there.

Love persuaded, 'twas no Sin to
 Vent his Flames without Debate,
 So he boldly enter'd into, *fa, la, &c.*
 Tales of Love with Sylvia strait.

SYLVIA the Fair, in the Bloom of Fifteen,
 Felt an innocent Warmth, as she lay on the Green ;
 She had heard of a Pleasure, and something she guest,
 By the towzing and tumbling, and touching her Breast ;
 She saw the Men eager, but was at a Loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close ;
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

Ah ! she cry'd ; ah ! for a languishing Maid
 In a Country of Christians to die without Aid :
 Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least ;
 Or a Protestant Parson, or Catholick Priest,
 To instruct a young Virgin, that is at a Loss,
 What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close :
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining, † H 3 And

And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

Cupid in Shape of a Swain did appear,
 He saw the sad Wound, and in Pity drew near,
 Then shew'd her his Arrow, and bid her not fear,
 For the Pain was no more than a Maiden might bear ;
 When the Balm was infus'd she was not at a Loss,
 What they meant by their sighing and kissing so close ;
 By their praying and whining,
 And clasping and twining,
 And panting and wishing,
 And sighing and kissing,
 And sighing and kissing so close.

S O N G 131.

TAke my Word, when I declare,
 I can never, no, no, never,
 No, no, never ease your Care :
 Thus I think of ev'ry Lover,
 No one yet was ever true :
 Ah what Weakness they discover,
 Who this Passion can't subdue !

S O N G 132.

TAke not a Woman's Anger ill,
 But let this be your Comfort still,
 This be your Comfort still,
 That if one won't, another will :
 Tho' she that's foolish does deny,
 She, she that is wiser will comply,
 And if 'tis but a Woman, what care I,
 What care I, what care I,
 If 'tis but a Woman what care I.
 Then who won'd be damn'd, to swear untrue,
 And sigh, and weep, and whine, and woo,
 As all our simple Coxcombs do ?
 All Women love it, and tho' this
 Does sullenly forbid the Bliss,
 Try but the next, you cannot miss.

S O N G

S O N G 133.

Take not the first Refusal ill,
 Tho' now she won't, anon she will :
 She were not Woman, if she knew
 One Moment what the next she'd do.
 If you'll have Patience, she'll be kind ;
 To-day ne'er knew To-morrow's Mind :
 Wait till you find her in the Cue,
 If you don't ask her, she'll ask you.

S O N G 134.

Teach me, Chloe, how to prove
 My boasted Flame sincere :
 'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
 And hard to hide my Care.
 Sleep in vain displays her Charms,
 To bribe my Soul to rest ;
 Vainly spreads her silken Arms,
 And courts me to her Breast.
 Where can Strephon find Repose,
 If Chloe is not there ?
 For ah ! no Peace his Bosom knows,
 When absent from the Fair.
 What tho' Phœbus from on high
 With-holds his chearful Ray,
 Thine Eyes can well his Light supply,
 And give me more than Day.

S O N G 135.

Tell me, Aurelia, tell me, pray,
 How long must Damon sue ?
 Prefix the Time, and I'll obey,
 With Patience wait the happy Day
 That makes me sure of you.
 The Sails of Time my Sighs shall blow,
 And make the Minutes glide ;
 My Tears shall make the Current flow,
 And swell the hasting Tide.
 The Wings of Love shall fly so fast,
 My Hopes mount so sublime,
 The Wings of Love shall make more haste
 Than the swift Wings of Time.

S O N G 136.

TEll me, Delia, tell me why,
 My kindest fondest Looks you fly ?
 What means that Frown upon thy Brow ?
 Have I offended ? Tell me how.

Some Change has happen'd in thy Heart ;
 Some Rival there has stol'n a Part ;
 Reason those Fears might disapprove,
 But oh ! I fear, because I love.

S O N G 137.

TEll me, Dorinda, why so gay,
 With such Embroid'ry, Fringe and Lace ?
 Can any Dresses find a Way,
 To stop th' Approaches of Decay,
 And mend a ruin'd Face ?

Wilt thou still sparkle in the Box,
 And ogle in the Ring ?
 Can'st thou forget thy Age and Pox ?
 Can all that shines on Shells and Rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing ?
 So have I seen in Larder dark
 Of Veal a lucid Loin,
 Replete with many a hellish Spark,
 As wise Philosophers remark,
 At once both stink and shine.

S O N G 138.

TEll me, gentle Strephon, why
 You from my Embraces fly ?
 Does my Love thy Love destroy ?
 Tell me, I will yet be coy.

Stay, O stay ! and I will feign
 (Tho' I break my Heart) Disdain ;
 But lest I too unkind appear,
 For ev'ry Frown I'll shed a Tear.
 And if in vain I court thy Love,
 Let mine at least, thy Pity move :
 And while I scorn, vouchsafe to woo ;
 Methinks you may dissemble too.

Streph. Ah ! Phillis, that you wou'd contrive
 A way to keep my Love alive ;

But

But all your other Charms must fail,
 When Kindness ceases to prevail.
 Alas! no less than you I grieve,
 My dying Flame has no Reprieve;
 For I can never hope to find,
 Shou'd all the Nymphs I court be kind,
 One Beauty able to renew
 Those Pleasures I enjoy'd in you,
 When Love and Youth did both conspire
 To fill our Breasts and Veins with Fire.
 'Tis true, some other Nymph may gain
 That Heart which merits your Disdain;
 But second Love has still Allay,
 The Joys grow aged and decay.
 Then blame me not for losing more
 Than Love and Beauty can restore;
 And let this Truth thy Comfort prove,
 I would, but can no longer love.

S O N G 139.

TEll me, Hamilla, tell me why,
 Thou do'st from him that loves thee run?
 Why from his soft Embraces fly,
 And all his kind Endearments shun?
 So flies the Fawn with Fear oppress'd,
 Seeking its Mother ev'ry where;
 It starts at ev'ry empty Blast,
 And trembles when no Danger's near.
 And yet I keep thee but in View,
 To gaze the Glories of thy Face;
 Nor with a hateful Step pursue,
 As Age, to rise ev'ry Grace.
 Cease then, dear Wildness, cease to toy,
 But haste all Rivals to out-shine,
 And grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
 Leave Mamma's Arms, and come to mine.

S O N G 140.

TEll me, lovely loving Pair!
 Why so kind, and so severe?
 Why so careless of our Care,
 Only to yourselves so dear?

By

By this cunning Change of Hearts,
 You the Pow'r of Love controul;
 While the Boy's deluded Darts
 Can arrive at neither Soul.

For in vain to either Breast
 Still beguiled Love does come;
 Where he finds a foreign Guest,
 Neither of your Hearts at Home.

Debtors thus with like Design,
 When they never mean to pay,
 That they may the Law decline,
 To some Friend make all away.

Not the Silver Doves that fly,
 Yoak'd in Cytherea's Car;
 Not the Wings that lift so high,
 And convey her Son so far;
 Are so lovely, sweet, and fair,
 Or do more ennoble Love;
 Are so choicely match'd a Pair,
 Or with more Consent do move.

S O N G 141.

TELL me, lovely Shepherd, where
 Thou feed'st at Noon thy fleecy Care;
 Direct me to the sweet Retreat,
 That guards thee from the Mid-day Heat;
 Left by thy Flocks I lonely stray,
 Without a Guide, and lose my Way.
 Where rest at Noon thy bleating Care?
 Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.

Is it near the Fountain's Brink,
 Where thy tender Lambkins drink:
 Or is it near the purling Glade,
 Beneath the Osier's dusky Shade,
 As they nimbly skip and bound,
 On the green besplang'd Ground;
 Where they stray I cannot think,
 Tell me, fair one, where they drink.
 Early e'er the Day did dawn
 Have I tript it o'er the Lawn;
 Thus overwhelm'd with Grief I rove,
 To seek thy Flock and find my Love,

In ev'ry Vale, on Hill and Plain;
 But alas! I seek in vain:
 Reward my Toil and ease my Care
 Tell me, charming Shepherd, where.

S O N G 142.

TELL me no more I am deceiv'd,
 That Chloe's false and common;
 By Heav'n, I all along believ'd
 She was a very Woman:
 As such I lik'd, as such carefs'd,
 She still was constant when possess'd,
 She cou'd do more for no Man.
 But, oh! her Thoughts on others ran;
 And that you think a hard Thing:
 Perhaps she fancy'd you the Man;
 Why, what care I one Farthing?
 You think she's false, I'm sure she's kind,
 I'll take her Body, you her Mind;
 Who has the better Bargain?

S O N G 143.

TELL me no more of Flames in Love,
 That common dull Pretence,
 Fools in Romances use to move
 Soft Hearts of little Sense:
 No Strephon, I'm not such a Slave,
 Love's banish'd Pow'r to own;
 Since Interest and Convenience have
 So long usurp'd his Throne.
 No burning Hope or cold Despair,
 Dull Groves or purling Streams,
 Sighing and talking to the Air
 In Love's fantastick Dreams,
 Can move my Pity or my Hate,
 But Satyrists I'll prove,
 And all ridiculous create
 That shall pretend to Love.
 Love was a Monarch once, 'tis true,
 And God-like rul'd alone,
 And tho' his Subjects were but few,
 Their Hearts were all his own:

But

But since the Slaves revolted are,
 And turn'd into a State,
 Their Int'rest is their only Care,
 And Love grows out of Date.

S O N G 144.

Tell me no more you love ; in vain,
 Fair Celia, you this Passion feign ;
 Can they pretend to love, who do
 Refuse what Love persuades them to ?
 Who once has felt its active Flame,
 Dull Laws of Honour will disdain :
 You would be thought his Slave, and yet
 You will not to his Pow'r submit.
 More cruel than those Beauties are,
 Whose Coyness wounds us to Despair ;
 For all the Kindness which you show,
 Each Smile and Kiss which you bestow,
 Are like those Cordials which we give
 To dying Men, to make them live,
 And languish out an Hour in Pain :
 Be kinder, Celia, or disdain.

S O N G 145.

Tell me, Sileno, why you fill
 With fancied Woes your Life ?
 Why's all your Time expended still
 In thinking, or in talking ill,
 Of your too virtuous Wife ?
 For, Faith, I can't see to what End
 You keep her up so close ;
 Nor how you could yourself offend,
 That like a Snail, my gloomy Friend,
 You never leave your House.

Ah ! were she but advis'd by me,
 Her many Taunts and Scorns
 With Int'rest should refunded be ;
 She'd make a perfect Snail of thee,
 By decking thee with Horns.

S O N G 146.

Tell me, tell me, charming Creature,
 Will you never ease my Pain ?
 Must I die for every Feature ?
 Must I always love in vain ?

The

(85)
The Desire of Admiration

Is the Pleasure you pursue :

Prithee, try a lasting Passion,

Such a Love as mine for you.

Tears and Sighing could not move you,

For a Lover ought to dare :

When I plainly told I lov'd you,

Then you said I went too far.

Are such giddy Ways befitting ?

Will my Dear be fickle still ?

Conquest is the Joy of Women,

Let their Slaves be what they will.

Your Neglect with Torment fills me,

And my desp'rate Thoughts increase ;

Pray consider, if you kill me,

You will have a Lover less,

If your wand'ring Heart is beating

For new Lovers, let it be ;

But when you have done Coquetting,

Name a Day and fix on me.

S O N G 147.

Shepherdes. **T**ELL me, Thyrsis, tell your Anguish,

Why you sigh, and why you languish :

When the Nymph whom you adore,

Grants the Blessing of Possessing,

What can Love and I do more ?

Shepherd. Think its Love beyond all Measure,

Makes me faint away with Pleasure :

Strength of Cordial may destroy,

And the Blessing of Possessing

Kills me with Excess of Joy.

Shepherdes. Thyrsis, how can I believe you ?

But confess, and I'll forgive you :

Men are false, and so are you.

Never Nature fram'd a Creature

To enjoy, and yet be true.

Shepherd. Mine's a Flame beyond expiring,

Still possessing, still desiring,

Fit for Love's Imperial Crown,

Ever shining, and refining

Still the more 'tis melted down.

† I

S O N G 148.

TENDER Hearts to ev'ry Passion
 Still their Freedom would betray:
 But how calm is Inclination,
 When our Reason bears the Sway!
 Swains themselves, while they pursue us,
 Often teach us to deny;
 While we fly they fondly wooe us,
 If we grow too fond, they fly.

S O N G 149.

TEN Years, like Troy, my stubborn Heart
 Withstood th' Assault of fond Desire;
 But now, alas! I feel a Smart;
 Poor I, like Troy, am set on Fire.
 With Care we may a Pile secure,
 And from all common Sparks defend:
 But oh! who can a House secure,
 When the Cœlestial Flames descend!
 Thus was I safe, 'till from your Eyes
 Destructive Fires are brightly giv'n:
 Ah! who can shun the warm Surprise,
 When lo! the Light'ning comes from Heav'n.

S O N G 150.

THAT all Men are Beggars, we plainly may see,
 For Beggars there are of ev'ry Degree,
 Tho' none are so blest or so happy as we,
 Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.
 The Tradesman he begs that his Wares you would buy,
 Then begs you'd believe the Price is not high,
 And swears 'tis his Trade when he tells you a Lye,
 Which no body can deny, &c.
 The Lawyer he begs that you'd give him a Fee,
 Tho' he reads not your Brief, nor regards he your Plea,
 But advises your Foe how to get a Decree,
 Which no body can deny, &c.
 The Courtier he begs for a Pension or Place,
 A Ribband, a Title, or Smile from his Grace,
 'Tis due to his Merit, 'tis writ in his Face,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

But

But if by Mishap he should chance to get none,
 He begs you'd believe that the Nation's undone ;
 There's but one honest Man, and himself is that one,
 Which no body can deny, &c.

The Fair-one she labours whole Mornings at home,
 New Charms to create, and much Pains to consume,
 Yet begs you'd believe 'tis her natural Bloom,
 Which no body should deny, &c.

The Lover he begs the dear Nymph to comply ;
 She begs he'd be gone, yet with languishing Eye
 Still begs he would stay, for a Maid she can't die ;
 Which none but a Fool wou'd deny, &c.

S O N G 151.

THat Man who for Life
 Is blest'd in a Wife,
 Is sure in a happy Condition ;
 Go Things how they will,
 She sticks by him still ;
 She's Comforter, Friend, and Physician.
 She's, &c.

Pray where is the Joy
 To trifle and toy,
 Yet dread some Disaster from Beauty ?
 But sweet is the Bliss
 Of a conjugal Kiss,
 Where Love mingles Pleasure with Duty.
 Where, &c.

One extravagant Whore
 Shall cost a Man more,
 Than twenty good Wives that are saving ;
 For Wives they will spare,
 That their Children may share,
 But Whores are eternally craving.
 But, &c.

S O N G 152.

THat scornful Sylvia's Chains I wear,
 The Groves and Streams can tell ;
 Those blasted with my Sighs appear,
 These with Tears, my Tears o'erflow.

But Sighs and Tears bring no Redress,
 And Love that sees, that sees me grieve,
 Conspires with Sylvia to oppress
 The Heart he should relieve.

The God that should reward my Pain,
 Makes Sylvia more my Foe :
 As she encreases in Disdain,
 He makes my Passion grow :
 And must I, must I still admire
 Those Eyes that cause my Grief ?
 'Tis just, since I myself conspire
 Against my own Relief.

S O N G 153.

THat the World is a Lottery, what Man can doubt ?
 When born we are put in, when dead we're drawn out ;
 And tho' Tickets are bought by the Fool and the Wise,
 Yet 'tis plain there are more than ten Blanks to a Prize.
 Sing Tantarara, Fools all, Fools all,
 Sing Tantarara, Fools all.

The Court has itself a bad Lottery's Face.
 Where ten draw a Blank, before one draws a Place,
 For a Ticket in Law, who would give you Thanks ?
 For that Wheel contains scarce any but Blanks.
 Sing Tantarara, keep out, &c.

'Mongst Doctors and Lawyers some good ones are found,
 But, alas ! they are rare as the ten thousand Pound ;
 How scarce is a Prize, if with Women you deal ?
 Take Care how you marry---for oh ! in that Wheel,
 Sing Tartarara, Blanks all, &c.

That the Stage is a Lottery, by all 'tis agreed,
 Where ten Plays are damn'd ere one can succeed.
 The Blanks are so many, the Prizes so few,
 We all are undone, unless kindly you
 Sing Tartarara, clap all, &c.

S O N G 154.

THat which her slender Waist confin'd,
 Shall now my joyful Temples bind ;
 No Monarch but would give his Crown,
 His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heav'ns extremest Sphere,
The Pale which held that lovely Dear :
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move !

A narrow Compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this Ribband bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

S O N G 155.

THE bony gray ey'd Morning begins to peep, !
And Darknes flies before the rising Ray,
The hearty Hynd starts from his lazy Sleep,
To follow healthful Labours of the Day ;
Without a guilty Sting to wrinkle his Brow,
The Lark and the Linnet tend his Levee,
And he joins their Concert, driving his Plough,
From Toil of Grimace and Pageantry free.
While fluster'd with Wine, or madden'd with Loss
Of half an Estate, the Prey of the Main,
The Drunkard and Gamester tumble and tofs,
Wishing for Calmness and Slumber in vain.
Be my Portion Health, and Quietness of Mind,
Plac'd at due Distance from Parties and State,
Where neither Ambition or Avarice blind,
Reach him who has Happiness link'd to his Fate.

S O N G 156.

THE Boy thus of a Bird possest,
At first how great his Joys :
He strokes it oft, and in his Breast
The little Favourite lies.

But soon as grown to riper Age,
The Passion quits his Mind ;
He hangs it up in some cold Cage,
Neglected and confin'd.

S O N G 157.

THE Cares of Lovers, their Alarms,
Their Sighs, their Tears, have powerful Charms ;
And if so sweet their Torment is,
Ye Gods ! how ravishing the Bliss ;
So soft, so gentle, is their Pain,
'Tis e'en a Pleasure to complain.

S O N G 158.

THE Carle he came o'er the Croft,
 And his Beard new shaven,
 He look'd at me, as he'd been daft,
 The Carle trows that I wad hae him :
 Howt away, I winna hae him !
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him !
 For a' his Beard new shaven,
 Ne'er a Bit will I hae him.
 A Siller Broach he gae me nieft,
 To fasten on my Curtchea nooked ;
 I wor'd a wi upon my Breast ;
 But soon alake ! the Tongue o't crooked ;
 And sae may his : I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him !
 And twice a Bairn's a Lafs's Jest ;
 Sae ony Fool for me may hae him.
 The Carle has nae Fault but aye,
 For he has Land and Dollars plenty ;
 But waes me for him ! Skin and Bane
 Is no for a plump Lafs of twenty.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him,
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him !
 What signifies his dirty Riggs,
 And Cash, without a Man wi them ?
 But should my canker'd Dady gar
 Me take him 'gainst my Inclination,
 I warn the Fumbler to beware,
 That Antlers dinna claim their Station.
 Howt awa, I winna hae him !
 Na forsooth, I winna hae him !
 I'm flee'd to crack the haly Band,
 Sae Lawty says, I should na hae him.

S O N G 159.

THE Charms of bright Beauty so powerful are,
 For that we make Peace, and for that we make
 War ;
 Then tell me no more of Religion and Laws ;
 Your Cant of Injustice, the good and bad Cause,

Your

Your Conquests and Triumphs, your Captives and
Spoils,

Shall never incite me to hazardous Toils ;

To be great, wise, and wealthy, I never would chuse,

Should the Nymph I adore, her Favour refuse ;

But let my Eugenia prove faithful and kind,

I'll weather the Winter, and weary the Wind ;

I'll ravage the Seas, the Earth, and the Air,

And combat for her, even Death and Despair.

S O N G 160.

THE Charms of Florimel

No Force of Time or Art,

Shall sever from my Heart ;

But ever to the World I'll tell,

The Charms of beauteous Florimel.

Each Rock, and sunny Hill,

The flow'ry Meads and Groves,

Shall say Myrtillo loves ;

And Echo shall be taught to tell

The Charms, &c.

Each Tree within the Vale,

That on its Banks doth wear

The Triumphs of my Fair,

To future Times in Verse shall tell

The Charms, &c.

Each Brook and purling Rill,

Shall on its bubbling Stream

Convey the Virgin's Name ;

And, as it rolls, in Murmurs tell

The Charms, &c.

The Sylvan Gods that dwell

Amidst this sacred Grove,

Shall wonder at my Love ;

Whilst ev'ry Sound conspires to tell

The Charms of beauteous Florimel.

S O N G 161.

THE Collier has a Daughter,

And, Oh ! she's wond'rous bonny ;

A Laird he was that sought her,

Baith rich in Land and Money.

The

The Tutors watch'd the Motion
Of this young honest Lover ;
But Love is like the Ocean :
Who can its Depth discover ?

He had the Art to please ye,
And was by a' respected ;
His Air sat round him easy,
Genteel, but unaffected.
The Collier's bonny Lassie,
Fair as the new-blown Lilly,
Ay sweet and never saucy,
Secur'd the Heart of Willy.

He lov'd beyond Expression
The Charms that were about her,
And panted for Possession ;
His Life was dull without her. }
After mature resolving,
Close to his Breast he held her ;
In softest Flames dissolving,
He tenderly thus tells her,
My bonny Collier's Daughter,
Let nathing discompose ye,
'Tis no your scanty Tocher
Shall ever gar me lose ye :
For I have Gear in Plenty,
And Love says, 'tis my Duty,
To ware what Heaven has lent me
Upon your Wit and Beauty.

S O N G 162.

THE Danger is over, the Battle is past,
The Nymph had her Fears, but she ventur'd at last ;
She try'd the Encounter, and when it was done,
She smil'd at her Folly, and own she has won.
By her Eyes we discover the Bride had been pleas'd ;
Her Blushes become her, her Passion is eas'd ;
She dissembles her Joy, and affects to look down,
She sighs, 'tis for Sorrow 'tis ended so soon.
Appear all ye Virgins, both aged and young,
And you that have carry'd that Burthen too long,
Who've

Who've lost precious Time, and you who are losing,
 Betray'd by your Fears 'twixt doubting and chusing,
 Draw near, and learn what will settle your Mind,
 You'll find yourselves happy, when once you are kind ;
 Do but wisely resolve the sweet Venture to run,
 The Loss will be little, and much to be won.

S O N G 163.

THE Devil he pull'd of his Jacket of Flame,
 The Fryar he pull'd off his Cowle ;
 The Devil took him for a Dunce of the Game,
 And the Fryar took him for a Fool :
 He piqu'd and repiqu'd so oft, that at last
 He swore by the jolly fat Nuns,
 If Cards come no better than those that are past,
 Oh ! oh ! I shall lose all my Buns.

S O N G 164.

THE Doctor is feed for a dangerous Draught,
 Which cures half a Dozen, and kills half a Score ;
 Of all the best Drugs the Dispensaries taught,
 'Twere well each could cure one Disease and no more ;
 But here's the Juice,
 Of sovereign Use,
 'Twill cure your Distempers whatever they be,
 In Body or Spirit,
 Wherever you bear it ;
 Take of this a large Dose, and it soon sets you free.
 By cunning Directors if trick'd of your Pelf,
 Your Losses a Dose of good Claret can heal ;
 Or if you have been a Director yourself,
 'Twill teach you no Loss of your Honour to feel ;
 Stocks fall or rise,
 Tell Truth or Lies,
 Your Fame and your Fortune here Remedy find ;
 If Sylvia be cruel,
 Take this Water-gruel,
 'Twill soon cure the Fever that burns up your Mind.

S O N G 165.

THE Darty will repent,
 If Lover's Heart grow cauld,
 And nane her Smiles will tent,
 Soon as her Face looks auld :

The dawted Bairn thus takes the Pet,
Nor eats, tho' Hunger crave,
Whimpers and tarrows at his Meat,
And's laught at by the Lave.

They jest it till the Dinner's past,
Thus by itself abus'd,
The Fool thing is oblig'd to fast,
Or eat what they've refus'd.

S O N G 166.

THE dusky Night rides down the Sky,
And ushers in the Morn,
The Hounds all join in glorious Cry,
The Huntsman winds his Horn.
And a hunting we will go.

The Wife around her Husband throws
Her Arms, and begs his Stay ;
My Dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day.
But a hunting, &c.

A brushing Fox in yonder Wood
Secure to find, we seek ;
For why, I carry'd sound and good,
A Cartload there last Week.
And a hunting, &c.

Away he goes, he flies the Rout,
Their Steeds all spur and switch ;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the Ditch.
But a hunting, &c.

At length his Strength to Faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases Flight ;
Then hungry homeward we return,
To feast away the Night.
Then a drinking we will go, &c.

S O N G. 167.

THE Fire of Love in youthful Blood,
Like what is kindled in Brush Wood,
But for a Moment burns :
Yet in that Moment makes a mighty Noise :
It crackles, and to Vapours turns,

And

And soon itself, itself destroys,
And soon itself, itself destroys.

But when crept into aged Veins,
It slowly burns, and long remains,

And with a sullen Heat,
Like Fire in Logs, it glows and warms 'em long.

And tho' the Flame be not so great,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong,
Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong.

S O N G 168.

THE Gods and the Goddeesses lately did feast,
Where Ambrosia with exquisite Sauces were drest ;
Their Eatables did with their Deities suit,
But what they should drink did occasion Dispute.

'Twas Time that old Nectar was grown out of Fashion,
Being what they did drink long before the Creation.
When the Sky-colour'd Cloth was mov'd from the
Board,

For the Chrystaline Bowl, great Jove gave the Word.

The Bowl it was large, of a heavenly Size,
Wherein they did use infant Gods to baptize.

Quoth Jove, I'm inform'd they drink Punch upon
Earth,

Whereby mortal Wits far exceed us in Mirth ;
Therefore our wise Godheads together let's lay,
And endeavour to make it much stronger than they.

'Twas spoke like a God, fill the Bowl up to the Top.
He is cashier'd from the Heavens that leaves the least
Drop.

Then Apollo sent away two of his Lasses
With Pitchers to fill at the Well of Parnassus ;
To Poets new-born this Liquor was brought,
And they suck'd it in for their Morning's first Draught.

Juno for Lemons stept into her Closet,
Which when she was sick she infus'd into Posslet.
For Goddeesses may be as squeamish as Gypsies ;
The Sun and the Moon you know have their Eclipses :
These Lemons were call'd the Hesperian Fruit,
Where a vigilant Dragon was said to look to it.

Twelve Dozen of these were well squeeze'd in the
Water,

The rest of the Ingredients in Order come after ;
Venus Admirer of all Things that were sweet,
(Without her Infusion there had been no Treat)
Commanded her Sugar-Loaves white as her Doves,
To be brought to the Table by a Pair of young Loves ;
So wonderful curious those Deities were,
The Sugar it was strain'd thro' a Piece of fine Hair.
Jolly Bacchus gave Notice by dangling his Bunch,
That without his Assistance there could be no Punch,
What he meant by the Sequel is very well known,
Then threw in ten Gallons of trusty Langoon.
Mars, tho' a blunt God, and chief of the Biskers,
Was set at a Table a curling his Whiskers.

Quoth he, fellow Gods, and celestial Gallants,
I would not give a Fig for the Punch without Nantz,
Therefore, my Ganymede, I do command ye
To throw in ten Gallons of the best Nantz Brandy.

Saturn, of all the Gods there was the oldest,
And we may imagine his Stomach was the coldest ;
He out of his Pouch did some Nutmegs produce,
Which being well grated were put in the Juice ;
Neptune, this Ocean of good Liquor did crown,
With a Sea Biscuit bak'd hard in the Sun.

The Bowl being finish'd, a Health then began,
Quoth Jove, let it be to that Creature called Man ;
'Tis to him alone our great Pleasure we owe,
For Heaven it was never true Heaven till now.
The Gods being pleas'd, the Health went about,
'Till gorrel-belly'd Bacchus' great Guts nigh burst out.

The other brave Gods did Oceans of Punch swallow ;
Aëteon with Hounds and with Huntsman did hallow ;
The Punch was delightful, they Plenty did bring,
And all the World over their Fame it did ring.

S O N G 169.

THE Groves, the Plains,
The Nymphs, and Swains,
The silver Streams, and cooling Shade,

All, all, declare
How false you are,
How many Hearts you have betray'd.

Dissembler, go,
Too well I know
Your fatal, false, deluding Art;
To ev'ry She,
As well as Me,
You make an Offering of your Heart.

S O N G 170.

THE happiest Mortals once were we,
I lov'd Myra, Myra me;
Each desirous of the Blessing,
Nothing wanting but possessing;
I lov'd Mira, Mira me;
The happiest Mortals once were we.

But since cruel Fates dissever,
Torn from Love, and torn for ever;
Tortures end me;
Death befriend me;
Of all Pains the greatest Pain
Is to love—and love in vain.

S O N G 171.

THE Hounds are all out, and the Morning does peep,
Why how now you sluggardly Sot?
How can you, how can you lie snoring asleep
While we all on Horseback have got?
Brave Boys, while we all on Horseback, &c.

I cannot get up, for the over-night's Cup
So terribly lies in my Head;
Besides, my Wife cries, My Dear, do not rise,
But cuddle me longer a-bed,
Dear Boy, but cuddle, &c.

Come, on with your Boots, and saddle your Mare,
Nor tire us with longer Delay;
The Cry of the Hounds, and the Sight of the Hare,
Will chase all our Vapours away,
Brave Boys, will chase, &c.

S O N G 172.

THE Instrument with which to sing
Romana oft my Ears did bless; † K

Neglected now with broken String,
Deny'd the long'd-for Happiness.

Till I resolv'd to lose no Part

Of Joy, and taught by Love the Way,
Devoted one that strung my Heart,
Provided she would sing and play.

Then Music sweeter than the Spheres,
That from her Hands and Lips did fall ?
My Soul, so ravish'd thro' my Ears.
My Heart ne'er felt its Loss at all.

S O N G 173.

THE Laird who in Riches and Honour
Wad thrive, should be kindly and free,
Nor rack the poor Tenants, who labour
To rise aboon Poverty :

Else he like the Pack-horse that's unfother'd,
And burden'd, will tumble down faint ;
Thus Virtue by Hardship is smother'd,
And Rackers aft tine their Rent.

S O N G 174.

THE Lark now leaves his wat'ry Nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy Wings ;
He takes this Window for the East,
And, to implore your Sight, he sings.

Awake, awake, the Morn will never rise,
Till she can dress her Beauties at your Eyes.

Awake, awake, break thro' your Veil of Lawn ;
Then draw your Curtain, and begin the Dawn.

Charming is your Face and Eyes,
Ev'ry Look gives fresh Surprize.

'Tis always Night, when you're away,
But when you're present, always Day.

S O N G 175.

THE Larks awake the drowzy Morn,
My dearest lovely Chloe rise,
And with thy dazzling Rays adorn

The ample World and azure Skies :
Each Eye of thine out-shines the Sun,

Tho'

Tho' deck'd in all his Light ;
 As much as he excels the Moon,
 Or each small twinkling Star at Noon,
 Or Meteor of the Night.

Look down and see your Beauty's Pow'r,
 See, see the Heart in which you reign ;
 No conquer'd Slave in Triumph bore,
 Did ever wear so strong a Chain :
 Feed me with Smiles that I may live,
 I'll ne'er wish to be free ;
 Nor ever hope for kind Reprieve,
 Or Love's grateful Bondage leave,
 For Immortality.

S O N G 176.

THE Lads of Peaty's Mill,
 So bonny, blyth and gay,
 In spite of all my Skill,
 Hath stole my Heart away.
 When tedding of the Hay
 Bare-headed on the Green,
 Love 'midst her Locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her Een.
 Her Arms, white, round and smooth,
 Breasts rising in their Dawn,
 To Age it would give Youth,
 To press 'em with his Hand.
 Thro' all my Spirits ran
 An Extasy of Bliss,
 When I such Sweetness fand
 Wrapt in a balmy Kiss.
 Without the Help of Art,
 Like Flow'rs which grace the Wild,
 She did her Sweets impart,
 When e'er she spoke or smil'd.
 Her Looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected Pride,
 She me to Love beguil'd,
 I wish'd her for my Bride.
 O had I all that Wealth
 Hoptoun's high Mountains fill,

Insur'd long Life and Health,
 And Pleasures at my Will;
 I'd promise and fulfil,
 That none but bonny She,
 The Lass of Peaty's Mill,
 Shou'd share the same wi' me.

S O N G 177.

THE Lass that would know how to manage a Man,
 Let her listen and learn it from me,
 His Courage to quell, or his Heart to trapan,
 As the Time and Occasion agree.

The Girl that has Beauty, tho' small be her Wit,
 May wheedle the Clown, or the Beau;
 The Rake may repel, or may draw in the Cit,
 By the Use of that pretty Word, No.

When powder'd Toupees around are in Chat,
 Each striving his Passion to show;
 With kiss me, and love me, my Dear, and all that,
 Let her Answer to all be, O no.

When a Dose is contriv'd to lay Virtue asleep,
 A Present, a Treat, or a Ball;
 She still must refuse, if her Empire she'll keep,
 And No be her Answer to all.

But when Mr. Dapperwit offers his Hand,
 Her Partner in Wedlock to go;
 A Horse, and a Coach, and a Jointure in Land,
 She's an Idiot, if then she says No.

But if she's attack'd by a Youth full of Charms,
 Whose Courtship proclaims him a Man;
 When press'd to his Bosom, and clasp'd in his Arms,
 Then let her say No, if she can.

S O N G 178.

THE last Time I came o'er the Moor,
 I left my Love behind me;
 Ye Pow'rs! what Pain do I endure,
 When soft Ideas mind me?
 Soon as the ruddy Morn display'd
 The beaming Day ensuing,
 I met betimes my lovely Maid,
 In fir Retreats for wooing.

Beneath

Beneath the cooling Shade we lay,
 Gazing and chafly sporting;
 We kiss'd and promis'd Time away,
 Till Night spread her black Curtain.
 I pitied all beneath the Skies,
 Ev'n Kings, when she was nigh me;
 In Raptures I beheld her Eyes,
 Which could but ill deny me.

Shou'd I be call'd where Cannons roar,
 Where mortal Steel may wound me;
 Or cast upon some foreign Shore,
 Where Dangers may surround me:
 Yet Hopes again to see my Love,
 To feast on glowing Kisses,
 Shall make my Cares at Distance move,
 In Prospect of such Bliss.

In all my Soul there's not one Place,
 To let a Rival enter:

Since she excels in ev'ry Grace,
 In her my Love shall center.
 Sooner the Seas shall cease to flow,
 Their Waves the Alps shall cover,
 On Greenland Ice shall Roses grow,
 Before I cease to love her.

The next Time I go o'er the Moor,
 She shall a Lover find me;
 And that my Faith is firm and pure,
 Tho' I left her behind me:
 Then Hymen's sacred Bonds shall chain
 My Heart to her fair Bosom;
 There, while my Being does remain,
 My Love more fresh shall blossom.

S O N G 179.

THE Lawland-lads think they are fine;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy!
 How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie?
 O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
 My handsome charming Highland Laddie;
 May Heaven still guard, and Love reward
 Our Lawland Lads and her Highland Laddie. † K 3

If I were free at Will to chuse
 To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady,
 I'd take young Donald without Trews,
 With Bonnet blue, and belted Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.
 The brawest Beau in Borrow-town,
 In a, his Airs, with Art made ready,
 Compar'd to him, he's but a Clown,
 He's finer far in's Tartan Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.
 O'er Benty Hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady.
 Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summer's Sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.
 A painted Room, and filken Bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady;
 But I can kifs, and be as glad
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.
 Few Compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear Highland Laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland Lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy.
 O my bonny, &c.
 Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie.
 O my bonny, &c.

S O N G 180.

THE Lawland Maids gang trig and fine,
 But aft they're sour, and unco saucy,
 Sae proud, they never can be kind,
 Like my good-humour'd Highland Lassie.
 O my bonny, bonny Highland Lassie,
 My lovely, smiling Highland Lassie,
 May never Care make thee less fair,
 But Bloom of Youth still bless my Lassie.

Than

Than ony Lads in Borrowstown,
 Who mak their Cheeks with Patches motie,
 I'd tak my Katie but a Gown,
 And Barefoot, in her little Coatie.

O my bonny, &c.

Beneath the Brier or Brecken Bush,
 Whene'er I kifs and court my Dautie,
 Happy and blythe as ane wad wish,
 My fighteren Heart gangs pittie-patie.

O my bonny, &c.

O'er highest heathery Hill I'll stenn,
 With cockit Gun, and Ratches tenty,
 To drive the Deer out of their Den,
 To feast my Lads on Dishes dainty.

O my bonny, &c.

There's nane shall dare, by Deed or Word,
 'Gainst her to wag a Tongue or Finger,
 While I can wield my trusty Sword,
 Or frae my Side whisk out a Whinger.

O my bonny, &c.

The Mountains clad with purple Bloom,
 And Berries ripe invite my Treasure
 To range with me; let great Folk gloom
 While Wealth and Pride confound their Pleasure.

O my bonny, &c.

S O N G 181.

THE Macedon Youth

Left behind him this Truth,
 That nothing is done with much thinking;
 He drunk, and he fought,
 'Till he had what he fought,
 The World was his own by good drinking;
 He drench'd his brave Soul
 In a plentiful Bowl,
 And cast away Trouble and Sorrow;
 His Head never run
 Of what was to be done,
 For he car'd not to-day, for to-morrow.

THE Malt-man comes on Monday,
 He craves wonder fair,
 Cries, Dame, come gi'e me my Siller,
 Or Malt ye fall ne'er get mair.
 I took him into the Pantry,
 And gave him some good Cock-broo,
 Syne paid him upon a Gantree,
 As Hostler Wives should do.
 When Malt-men come for Siller,
 And Gaugers with Wands o'er soon,
 Wives, tak them a' down to the Cellar,
 And clear them as I have done.
 This Bewith, when Cunzie is scanty,
 Will keep them frae making Din,
 The Knack I learn'd frae an auld Aunty,
 The snackest of a' my Kin.
 The Malt-man is right cunning,
 But I can be as slee ;
 And he may crack of his Winning,
 When he clears Scores with me :
 For come he when he likes, I'm ready ;
 But if frae hame I be,
 Let him wait on our kind Lady,
 She'll answer a Bill for me.

THE Man that is drunk, is void of all Care ;
 He needs neither Parthian Quiver, nor Spear :
 The Moor's poison'd Dart he scorns for to wield ;
 His Bottle alone is his Weapon and Shield.
 Undaunted he goes among Bullies and Whores,
 Demolishes Windows, and breaks open Doors ;
 He revels all Night, is afraid of no Evil,
 And boldly defies both Proctor and Devil.
 As late I rode out with my Skin full of Wine,
 Encumbered neither with Care, nor with Coin,
 I boldly confronted a horrible Dun ;
 Affrighted, as soon as he saw me, he run.
 No Monster cou'd put you to half so much Fear,
 Should he in Apulia's Forest appear ;

In Africa's Defart there never was seen
A Monster so hated by Gods and by Men.

Come place me, ye Deities, under the Line,
Where grows not a Tree, nor a Plant, but the Vine ;
O'er hot-burning Sands I'll swelter and sweat,
Bare-footed, with nothing to keep off the Heat.

Or place me where Sun-shine is ne'er to be found,
Where the Earth is with Winter eternally bound ;
Ev'n there I wou'd nought but my Bottle require,
My Bottle shou'd warm me, and fill me with Fire.

My Tutor may job me, and lay me down Rules ;
Who minds 'em but damn'd philosophical Fools ?
For when I am old, and can no more drink,
'Tis Time enough then for to sit down and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd in vain,
For he thought Aristotle an Ass for his Pain ;
His Sorrow he us'd in full Bumpers to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the World was his own,
This World is a Tavern with Liquor well stor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a Lord ;
My Life is the Reck'ning, which freely I pay,
And when I'm dead-drunk, then I'll stagger away.

S O N G 184.

THE Man who for Life
Is plagu'd with a Wife,
Is sure in a wretched Condition ;
Go Things how they will,
She sticks by him still,
And Death is his only Physician.

Poor Man, &c.

To trifle and toy
May give a Man Joy,
When Passion's promoted by Beauty ?
But where is the Bliss
Of a conjugal Kifs,

When Passion is prompted by Duty ?

Poor Man, &c.

The Dog when possess'd
Of Mutton the best,
A Bone he may leave at his Pleasure ;

But

But if to his Tail,
 'Tis ty'd, without fail
 He is harass'd and plagu'd beyond Measure.
 Poor Cur, &c.

S O N G 185.

THE Men of Pleasure,
 Who count the Seizure
 Of Virgin's Treasure,
 A pleasing Task ;
 No sooner gain it,
 But they refrain it,
 Nay, oft disdain it,
 For t'other Flask.

S O N G 186.

THE Minute's past appointed by the Fair,
 The Minute's fled
 And leaves me dead
 With Anguish and Despair.
 My flatter'd Hopes their Flight did make
 With the appointed Hour ;
 None can the Minutes past o'ertake,
 And nought my Hopes restore.
 Cease your Complaints, and make no Moan,
 Thou sad repining Swain ;
 Altho' the fleeting Hour be gone,
 The Place does still remain.
 The Place remains, and she may make
 Amends for all your Pain ;
 Her Presence can past Time o'ertake,
 Her Love your Hope regain.

S O N G 187.

THE Miser thus a Shilling sees,
 Which he's oblig'd to pay,
 With Sighs resigns it by Degrees,
 And fears 'tis gone for aye.
 The Boy, thus, when his Sparrow's flown,
 The Bird in Silence eyes ;
 But soon as out of Sight 'tis gone,
 Whines, whimpers, sobs, and cries.

S O N G

THE Modes of the Court so common are grown,
 That a true Friend can hardly be met;
 Friendship for Interest is but a Loan,
 Which they let out for what they can get;
 'Tis true, you find
 Some Friends so kind,
 Who will give you good Counsel themselves to defend,
 In sorrowful Ditty,
 They promise, they pity,
 But shift you for Money, from Friend to Friend.

THE Morn was fair, fast was the Air,
 All Nature's Sweets were springing;
 The Buds did bow with silver Dew,
 Ten thousand Birds were singing:
 When on the Bent, with blyth Content,
 Young Jamie sang his Marrow,
 Nae bonnier Lafs e'er trad the Grass
 On Leaded-haugh and Yarrow.
 How sweet her Face, where every Grace
 In heavenly Beauty's planted;
 Her smiling Een, and comely Mien
 That nae Perfection wanted.
 I'll never fret, nor ban my Fate,
 But bless my bonny Marrow:
 If her dear Smile my Doubts beguile,
 My Mind shall ken nae Sorrow.
 Yet tho' she's fair, and has full Share
 Of every Charm enchanting,
 Each Good turns ill, and soon will kill
 Poor me, if Love be wanting.
 O bonny Lafs! have but the Grace
 To think, ere ye gae further;
 Your Joys maun flit, if ye commit
 The crying Sin of Murder.
 My wandring Ghaist will ne'er get rest,
 And Night and Day affright ye;
 But if you're kind, with joyful Mind
 ..I'll study to delight ye.

Our Years around with Love thus crown'd,
 From all Things Joys shall borrow ;
 Thus none shall be more blest than we
 On Leader-haughts and Yarrow.

O sweetest Sue ! 'tis only you
 Can make Life worth my Wishes,
 If equal Love your Mind can move
 To grant this best of Bliss.

Thou art my Sun, and thy least Frown
 Would blast me in the Blossom ;
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,
 I'll flourish in thy Bosom.

S O N G 190.

THE Morn was fair, the Sky serene,
 The Face of Nature smil'd,
 Soft Dews impearl'd the tufted Plain,
 And Daisy-painted Wild ;
 The Hills were gilded by the Sun,
 Sweet breath'd the vernal Air ;
 Her early Hymn the Lark begun
 To sooth the Shepherd's Care.

When Mira fair and Colin gay,
 Both fam'd for faithful Love,
 Delighted with the rising Day,
 Together sought the Grove :
 And near a smooth translucent Stream,
 That silent stole along,
 Thus Colin to his matchless Dame
 Address'd the tender Song.

Hark ! Mira, how from yonder Tree
 The feather'd Warblers sing,
 They tune their artless Notes for thee,
 For thee more sweet than Spring :
 How choice a Fragrance thro' the Air
 Those Spring-born Blossoms shed !
 How seems that Violet proud to rear
 Its purple tinctur'd Head !

Ah ! Mira, had the tuneful Race
 Thy Heart-bewitching Tongue,
 Who would not fondly haunt the Place,
 Enamour'd while they sung ?

Ye Flow'rs, on Mira's Bosom prest,
 Ne'er held ye Place so fair,
 Tho' oft ye breathe on Venus' Breast,
 And scent the Graces' Hair.
 Shall I to Gems compare thine Eyes,
 Thy Skin to Virgin Snows,
 Thy balmy Breath, to Gales that rise
 From ev'ry new-blown Rose ?
 Ah, Nymph ! so far thy Charms out-shine
 The fairest Forms we see,
 We only guess at Things divine
 By what appears in thee.
 'Twas thus enamour'd Colin sung
 His Love-excited Lays ;
 The Grove with tender Echo's rung,
 Resounding Mira's Praise :
 And thus cries Love, who sported near,
 And wav'd his silken Wings,
 What Wonder, since the Nymph's so fair,
 So fond the Shepherd sings ?

S O N G 191.

THE newflown Birds, the Shepherds sing,
 And welcome in the May :
 Come, Pastorella, now the Spring,
 Makes ev'ry Landskip gay :
 Wide spreading Trees their leafy Shade
 O'er half the Plain extend,
 Or in reflecting Fountains play'd,
 Their quiv'ring Branches bend.
 Come taste the Season in its Prime,
 And bless the rising Year :
 Oh ! how my Soul grows sick of Time,
 Till thou, my Love ! appear.
 Then shall I pass the gladsome Day
 Warm in thy Beauty's Shine ;
 When thy dear Flock shall feed and play,
 And intermix with mine.
 For thee of Doves a Milk-white Pair,
 In liken Bands I hold :
 For thee a Firstling Lambkin fair,
 I keep within the Fold.

(110)
If Milk-white Doves Acceptance meet,
Or tender Lambkin please :
My spotless Heart without Deceit,
Be offer'd up with these.

S O N G 192.

THE Night her silent Sable wore,
And gloomy were the Skies ;
Of glitt'ring Stars appear'd no more
Than those in Nelly's Eyes :
When at her Father's Yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been ;
She, shrowded only with her Smock,
Arose and loot me in,
Fast lock'd within her close Embrace,
She trembling stood asham'd ;
Her swelling Breast and glowing Face,
And ev'ry Touch enflam'd :
My eager Passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the Fort to win ;
And her fond Heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.
Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the Joy ;
I knew no greater Blessing,
So blest a Man was I.
And she, all ravisht with Delight,
Bid me oft come again ;
And kindly vow'd, that ev'ry Night
She'd rise and let me in.
But ah ! at last she prov'd with Bairn,
And sighing fat and dull ;
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a Fool.
Her lovely Eyes with Tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash Sin ;
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal Hour,
That e'er she loot me in.
But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such Beauty part ?
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
The Charmer of my Heart :

But

(III)

But wedded, and conceal'd our Crime ;
Thus all was well again ;
And now she thanks the happy Time
That e'er she loot me in,

S O N G 193.

THE Night was in her Sable Shroud,
No silver Stars were seen,
Wrapt in a cold and wintry Cloud,
'Midst bleak Showers of Rain.
Unfaithful Edward's treacherous Step
To Susan's Dwelling came ;
Long he pretended to have su'd,
And lov'd the gentle Dame.
His Entrance at this fatal Hour
The Innocent allow'd ;
Ungrateful Edward silent smil'd,
Then kiss'd her Lips, and bow'd.
With am'rous Toy he first began,
Her snowy Bosom prest ;
Vow'd, that he lov'd her more than Life,
And begg'd, he might be blest.
But she, in Honour's strictest Rule
Had train'd her gentle Mind :
Is this your Love to me, she said,
Ungrateful, and unkind ?
In dreadful Rage of hated Lust,
Her purple Blood to spill,
He drew his Sword, and swore she dy'd
If she refus'd his Will.
With trembling Fear she cry'd, and thought
Each Moment to be slain :
Help ! help ! oh help ! for Heaven's sake !
She cry'd, but cry'd in vain.
Whole Floods of Tears, like silver Dew
From off the Lilly's Head,
Fell down her white and pearly Neck :
Unhappy ! lovely Maid.

The Thoughts of losing all her Charms,
That they must turn to Clay ;
To think of dying, when so young,
Induc'd her to obey.

Her bleeding Heart did oft misgive,
She pray'd, she wept, and sigh'd :
But when her precious Jewel lost,
Much better had she dy'd.

The faithless Wretch now flies her Charms,
Those very Charms he swore
To nourish with his utmost Care,
He now regards no more.

Her Bed she waters with her Tears,
And beats her panting Breast ;
Her Hand supports her drooping Head,
But she can find no Rest.

At length the ruddy Morning rose,
She blush'd to see the Day ;
And curs'd the Night, that fatal Night,
In which she did obey.

The Guilt, which Guilt was not her own,
So black was in her Eye,
That though at Death she started first,
She now resolv'd to die.

A pois'nous Drug, Oh ! mournful Tale !
Within a silver Bowl
She mix'd — then sipp'd the deadly Juice,
And breath'd away her Soul.

The Scarlet of her Lips grew pale,
Her Eyes no Lustre boast ;
Soft Musick dies upon her Tongue,
And all her Charms are lost.

Now, Edward, think what thou hast done,
Repent e'er 'tis too late ;
Or at the dreadful Day of Doom,
Expect thy wretched Fate.

S O N G 194.

THE Night was still, the Air serene,
Fann'd by a southern Breeze ;

The

The glimm'ring Moon might just be seen,
Reflecting thro' the Trees.

The bubbling Water's constant Course,
From off th' adjacent Hill,
Was mournful Echo's last Resource,
All Nature was so still.

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade,
By Sorrow sore oppress'd,
Close by a Fountain's Margin laid,
His Pain he thus express'd :

Ah, wretched Youth ! why didst thou love,
Or hope to meet Success ;
Or think the Fair would constant prove,
Thy blooming Hopes to bless ?

Find me the Rose on barren Sands ;
The Lilly 'midst the Rocks ;
The Grape in wide-deserted Lands ;
A Wolf to guard the Flocks.

Those you, alas ! will sooner gain,
And will more easy find,
Than meet with aught but cold Disdain
In faithless Womankind.

Riches alone now win the Fair,
Merit they quite despise ;
The constant Lover, thro' Despair,
Because not wealthy, dies.

S O N G 195.

THE Nymph that seems to Love inclin'd,
Is ever lovely seen ;
Has Wisdom's Goddess in her Mind,
And fair as Beauty's Queen :

Chaste as Aurora's dewy Showers,
That purify the Morn ;
And drop their Sweets on every Flower,
That doth her Neck adorn.

Her Cheeks are like the opening Rose,
That blushes as it heats ;
Her Breath such Odours doth disclose,
Perfumes whate'er it meets.

Her lilly Breasts are like young Doves,
 With Innocency blest;
 And each at other trembling moves,
 As fearful to be prest.

Such is the Nymph, and such my Love,
 With all her native Charms;
 Protect her then, ye Powers above,
 To bless Philander's Arms.

S O N G 196.

THE Nymph that undoes me is fair and unkind,
 No less than a Wonder by Nature design'd:
 She's the Grief of my Heart, the Joy of my Eye,
 And the Cause of a Flame that never can die.
 Her Month, from whence Wit still obligingly flows,
 Has the beautiful Blush, and the Smell of the Rose;
 Love and Destiny both still attend on her Will,
 She wounds with a Look, with a Frown she can kill.
 The desperate Lover can hope no Redress,
 Where Beauty and Rigour are both in excess:
 In Silvia they meet, so unhappy am I,
 Who sees her must love, and who loves her must die.

S O N G 197.

THE old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter,
 To grind her Grist quickly, and so return back:
 The Miller so work'd it, that in eight Months after
 Her Belly was fill'd as full as her Sack;
 Young Robin so pleas'd her, that when she came home,
 She gap'd like a stuck Pig, and star'd like a Mome,
 She hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she halloo'd and whoop'd,
 And a l the Day long,
 This, this was her Song,
 Was ever a Maiden so lericompoop'd?
 Oh Nelly, cry'd Celie, thy Clothes are all mealy,
 Both Backside and Belly are rumpled all o'er,
 You moap now and stabber, why what a pox ails ye?
 I'll go to the Miller, and know all, ye Whore:
 She went, and the Miller did grinding so ply,
 She came cutting Capers a Foot and half nigh,
 She waddled, she straddled, she halloo'd and whoop'd,

And all the Day long,
This, this was her Song,

Hey ! were ever two Sisters so lericompoop'd ?

Then Mary o'th' Dairy, a third of the Number,
Wou'd fain know the Cause they so jig'd it about,
The Miller her Wishes long would not incumber,
But in the old manner the Secret found out.

Thus Celie and Nelly, and Mary the mild,
Were just about Harvest-Time all big with Child,
They danc'd in the Hay, they halloo'd and whoop'd,

And all the Day long,
This, this was their Song,

Hey ! were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd ?

And when they were big they did stare at each other,
And crying, Oh Sisters ! what shall we now do ?
For all our young Bantlings we have but one Father,
And they in one Month will all come to Town too :

O why did we run in such haste to the Mill,
To Robin, who always the Toll Dish would fill ?
He bump'd up our Bellies, then halloo'd and whoop'd,

And all the Day long,
This, this was their Song,

Hey ! were ever three Sisters so lericompoop'd ?

S O N G 198.

THE Ordnance Board

Such Joy does afford,

That no Mortal, no Mortal,

No Mortal e'er more can desire :

Each Member repairs

From the Tower to the Stairs,

And by Water, whush, and by Water, whush

And by Water go down to the Fire.

Each Piece that's on shore,

They search from the Bore ;

And to proving, to proving,

To proving they go in all Weather ;

Our Glasses are large,

And whene'er we discharge,

With a boom, huzza boom, huzza,

Guns and Bumpers go together.

Old Vulcan for Mars
 Made Tools for his Wars,
 To enable him, enable him,
 Enable him to conquer the faster :
 But Mars, had he been
 On our Woolwich Green,
 To hear boom, huzza boom, huzza,
 He'd have own'd Great Marlbo'ro' his Master.

S O N G 199.

THE pawky auld Carle came o'er the Lee,
 Wi' many Good E'ens and Days to me,
 Saying, good Wife, for your Courtesie,
 Will you lodge a silly poor Man ?
 The Night was cald, the Carle was wat,
 And down ayont the Ingle he sat ;
 My Daughter's Shoulder he 'gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O vow ! quo' he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this Country,
 How blyth and merry wad I be !

And I wad never think lang.
 He grew cany, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld Minny ken
 What thir sleet Twa together were say'n,
 When wooing they were sae thrang.

And O ! quo' he, ann ye were as black,
 As e'er Crown of my Dady's Hat,
 'Tis I wad lay thee by my Back,
 And awa' wi' me thou shou'd gang.
 And O ! quoth she, and I were as white,
 As e'er the Snaw lay on the Dike,
 I'd clead me braw, and Lady like,
 And awa' with thee I'd gang.

Between the twa was made a Plot ;
 They raise a wee before the Cock,
 And wylily they shot the Lock,
 And fast to the Bent are they gane.
 Up on the Morn the auld Wife arise,
 And at her Leisure pat on her Claife ;
 Syne to the Servants Bed she gaes,
 To speer for the silly poor Man.

She

She gae'd to the Bed where the Beggar lay,
The Strae was cauld, he was away,
She clapt her Hands, cry'd Waladay,

For some of our Gear will be gane.
Some ran to Coffers, and some to Kists,
But nought was stown that cou'd be mist,
She danc'd her lane, cry'd, Praise be blest,
I have lodg'd a leal poor Man.

Since nathing's awa, as we can learn,
The Kirn's to kirn, and Milk to earn,
Gae butt the House, Lads, and waken my Bairn,
And bid her come quickly ben.

The Servant gade where the Daughter lay,
The Sheets was cauld, she was away,
And fast to her Goodwife can say,

She's aff with the Gaberlunzie Man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar gin,
And haste ye find these Traitors again;
For she's be burnt, and he's be slain,

The wearifu' Gaberlunzie-Man.

Some rade upo' Horse, some ran a Fit,
The Wife was wood, and out o' her Wit;
She cou'd na gang, nor yet cou'd she fit,
But ay she curs'd and she ban'd.

Mean Time far hind out o'er the Lee,
Fu' snug in a Glen, where nane cou'd see,
The twa, with kindly Sport and Glee,

Cut frae a new Cheese a Whang:

The Priving was good, it pleas'd them baith;
To lo'e her for ay, he ga'e her his Aith.
Quo' she, to leave thee I will be laith,

My winsome Gaberlunzie Man.

O kend my Minny I were wi' you,
Illfardly wad she crook her Mou;
Sic a poor Man she'd never trow,

After the Gaberlunzie Man.

My Dear, quo' he, ye're yet o'er young,
And ha' na learn'd the Beggars Tongue,
To follow me frae Town to Town,
And carry the Gaberlunzie on.

Wi'

Wi' Caulk and Keel I'll win your Bread,
And Spindles and Whorles for them wha need,
Whilk is a gentle Trade indeed,

To carry the Gaberlunzie---O
I'll bow my Leg, and crook my Knee,
And draw a black Clout o'er my Eye,
A Cripple or Blind they will ca' me,
While we shall be merry, and sing.

S O N G 200.

THE Play of Love is now begun,
And thus the Actions do go on :
Strephon enamour'd courts the Fair,
She hears him with a careless Air,
And smiles to find him in Love's Snare.

The Act Tune play'd, they meet again,
Her Pity moves her for his Pain,
Which she evades for some Pretence,
And thinks she can with Love dispense,
But pants to hear a Man of Sense.

The third Approach her Loyer makes,
She colours up whene'er he speaks.
But with feign'd Sights still puts him by,
And faintly cries, she can't comply,
Altho' she gives her Heart the Lie.

Now the Plot rises ; he seems shy, |
As if some other Fair he'd try :
At which she swells with Spleen and Fear,
Lest one more wise his Love should share,
Which yet no Woman e'er can bear.

The last Act now is wrought so high,
That thus it crowns the Lover's Joy :
She does no more his Passion shun,
He strait into her Arms does run ;
The Curtain falls — the Play is done.

The S E Q U E L.

NOW come Love's Plagues ; the Fair enjoy'd,
And with the Pleasure Strephon cloy'd,
A feign'd Content the Lover wears,
And with false Raptures sooths her Fears,
While his Retreat employs her Cares.

Next

Next Time they meet, a forc'd Respect
 Makes the Fair dread a cold Neglect ;
 Strait her full Bosom heaves with Sighs,
 Yet tho' distracting Fears arise,
 Fond Love forbids to trust her Eyes.

Tortur'd with Doubts she next complains,
 And asks if hers are fancy'd Pains ?
 With well-tim'd Rage he swears he'll rove,
 Vows, tho' he burns, he'll never prove
 The curst Fatigue of jealous Love.

To bring him back all Arts she tries,
 And bids his jealous Fury rise ;
 Pleas'd he that Stratagem disdains,
 Vows that no Fair shall give him Pains,
 That o'er a Fop contented reigns.

With Grief distracted, now she burns,
 And to stern Rage her Passion turns ;
 On the whole Sex her Fury bends,
 And the first Blockhead that attends,
 Marries, and jilts, to gain her Ends.

S O N G 201.

THE rolling Years the Joys restore,
 Which happy, happy Britain knew,
 When in a Female Age before
 Beauty the Sword of Justice drew ;
 Nymphs and Fawns, and rural Pow'rs,
 Of chrystal Floods and shady Bow'rs,
 No more shall here preside :
 The flowing Wave, and living Green,
 Owe only to their present Queen
 Their Safety and their Pride.

United Air, and Pleasures bring,
 Of tender Note, and tuneful String,
 All your Arts devoted are
 To move the Innocent and Fair :
 While they receive the pleasing Wound,
 Echo repeats the dying Sound.

S O N G 202.

THE rosy Morn unbarr'd her Gate,
 To let the Day appear,

When

When I, afraid of being too late,
 Stole softly to my Dear.
 Wrapp'd in a pleasing Sleep she lay ;
 Her Veil was loosely spread,
 Which did her tender Limbs betray,
 Nor kept one Beauty hid.

I gently stole an am'rous Kiss,
 Which crimson'd o'er her Face ;
 Nor yet content with such a Bliss,
 Sought a diviner Place :
 Her Eyes then opening like the Day,
 Emit a piercing Beam ;
 She wak'd ; I stole with speed away ;
 She took it for a Dream.

S O N G 203.

THE Sages of old
 In Prophecy told,
 The cause of a Nation's undoing ;
 But our new English Breed
 No Prophecies need,
 For each one here seeks his own Ruin.
 With Grumbling and Jars,
 We promote Civil Wars,
 And preach up false Tenets too many ;
 We snarl, and we bite,
 We rail, and we fight
 For Religion, yet no Man has any.
 Then him let's commend,
 That's true to his Friend,
 And the Church and the Senate would settle ;
 Who delights not in Blood,
 But draws when he shou'd,
 And bravely stands burnt to the Battle.
 Who rails not at Kings,
 Nor politick Things,
 Nor Treason will speak when he's mellow ;
 But takes a full Glas
 To his Country's Success ;
 This, this is an honest, brave Fellow.

S O N G

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S O N G 204.

THE Shepherd Adonis being weary'd with Sport,

He for a Retirement to the Woods did resort ;

He threw by his rook, and he laid himself down ;

He envy'd no Monarch, nor wish'd for a Crown,

He drank of the Burn, and he ate frae the Tree,

Himself he enjoy'd, and frae Troubles was free ;

He wish'd for no Nymph, tho' never sae fair,

Had nae Love or Ambition, and therefore nae Care.

But as he lay thus in an Evening sae clear,

A heavenly sweet Voice founded fast in his Ear ;

Which came frae a shady Green neighbouring Grove,

Where bonny Amynta sat fingering of Love.

He wander'd that Way, and found wha was there ;

He was quite confounded to see her sae fair ;

He stood like a Statue, not a Foot cou'd he move,

Nor knew he what griev'd him ; but he fear'd it was Love.

The Nymph she beheld him with a kind modest Grace,

Seeing something that pleas'd her appear in his Face,

With blushing a little she to him did say,

Oh Shepherd ! what want ye ? how came you this Way ?

His Spirits reviving, he to her reply'd,

I was ne'er sae surpriz'd at the Sight of a Maid ;

Until I beheld thee from Love I was free,

But now I'm tane captive, my Fairest, by thee.

S O N G 205.

THE smiling Morn, the breathing Spring,

Invite the tuneful Birds to sing ;

And while they warble from each Spray,

Love melts the universal Lay.

Let us, Amanda, timely wise,

Like them improve the Hour that flies,

And in soft Raptures waste the Day

Among the Birks of Endermay.

For soon the Winter will appear,

And stormy Blasts conclude the Year ;

At this thy lively Bloom will fade,

As that must blast each verdant Shade :

Our Taste of Pleasure then is o'er ;

The feather'd Songsters love no more ;

† M

And

And when they droop, and we decay,
Adieu the Birks of Endermay.

S O N G 206.

THE Soldier disbanded, and forc'd for to beg,
May talk of his Wars, and his Suff'rings so hard;
But tho' seam'd o'er with Scars, and with never a Leg,
His Wants we neglect, nor his Courage regard;
And the Lads that is poor
Is sent for a Whore,
With Hemp and with Hammer to make her Complaint:
But if you have Money,
All Honours are done ye,
A Coward's a Hero, a Whore is a Saint.

S O N G 207.

THE Spring's a coming
All Nature is blooming,
Each amorous Lover
Does Vigour recover,
The Birds are singing,
And Flowers are springing;
Here's Toys to be raffled for,
Who makes one?
Bliss past Comparisons
At Mr. Harrison's,
Dices are ratt'ling,
Beaus are pratt'ling,
Ladies walking,
And wittily talking;
Madam, the Medley is just begun.

S O N G 208.

THE Stars which gild the vaulted Skies,
And glittering, deck the Shades of Night,
Retire, when Phæbus doth arise,
And spreads his more refulgent Light:
So with my Celia's brighter Eyes,
What Beauty can contend the Prize.
When Philomel begins her Song,
So sweet her Notes, her Voice so clear,
The rest of all the feather'd Throng
No longer please our ravish'd Ear:

So charms my Celia when she sings,
 Or gently strikes the speaking Strings.
 The choicest Plants, and fairest Flowers,
 In Nature's gayest Colours shewn ;
 That paint the Fields, or shady Bowers,
 What are they, when the Rose is blown :
 Yet Celia's Cheeks more Charms disclose,
 Her Lips much sweeter than the Rose.

She is of every Charm possess'd,
 Of ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace ;
 With all Minerva's Wisdom blest,
 And Venus' nicer Shape and Face :
 With Charms like these, sure Heav'n design'd
 The lovely Fair-one shou'd be kind.

S O N G 209.

THE Stone, that all Things turns at Will
 To Gold, the Chymist craves ;
 But Gold, without the Chymist's Skill,
 Turns all Men into Knaves.
 And a cheating they will go, &c.

The Merchant wou'd the Courtier cheat,
 When on his Goods he lays
 Too high a Price--but, faith, he's bit,
 For a Courtier never pays.
 And a cheating, &c.

The Lawyer, with a Face demure,
 Hangs him who steals your Pelf ;
 Because the good Man can endure
 No Robber but himself.
 And a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the Quack and Highwayman,
 What Diff'rence can there be ?
 Tho' this with Pistol, that with Pen,
 Both kill you for a Fee.
 And a cheating, &c.

The Husband cheats his loving Wife,
 And to a Mistress goes ;
 While she at home, to ease her Life,
 Carouses with the Beaus.
 And a cheating, &c.

The Tenant doth the Steward nick,
 (So low this Art we find)
 The Steward doth his Lordship trick,
 My Lord tricks all Mankind.
 And a cheating, &c.

One Sect there are, to whose fair Lot
 No cheating Arts do fall,
 And those are Parsons call'd, God wot,
 And so I cheat you all.
 And a cheating, &c.

S O N G 210:

THE Sun had just withdrawn his Fires,
 And Phœbus shone with milder Ray,
 When Thyrsis to the Grove retires,
 As Love had pointed out the Way.

His trembling Knees the Turf receives,
 His aching Head the Cowslips press;
 His Breast, that Sighs alone relieves,
 At last gave Way to this Address.

O Queen, that guid'st the silent Hours,
 If e'er Endymion sooth'd thy Pain,
 By all thy Joys in Carian Bow'rs,
 Restore me Rosalind again,

To thee my mournful Plaint I send,
 Protectress of the virtuous Mind;
 Do thou thy chaste Assistance lend,
 Venus is lewd, and Cupid blind.

Behold those Cheeks, how pale, how wan!
 That once were grac'd with rosy Pride:
 Dim are my Eyes, their Lustre gone,
 My Lips a purple Hue deride.

To wretched me it nought avails,
 That Phœbus self has strung my Lyre,
 Since Plutus, worthless God prevails,
 And only sordid Wealth can fire.

The Nightingale, that pines with Love,
 With melting Notes does Grief suspend;
 My Verse, nor sweetest Sound can move,
 My Torments she alone can end,

But

But hark ! the Raven's direful Croak,
 Join'd with the Owl's ill-boding Skriek,
 In frightful Consort Fate have spoke ;
 Alas ! my love-sick Heart will break.

Too cruel Nymph, haste, haste away,
 And see your Victim prostrate lie ;
 I faint, I can no longer stay,
 O Rosalind, for thee I die !

S O N G 211.

THE Sun was just setting, the Reaping was done,
 And over the Common I tript it alone ;
 Then, whom shou'd I meet but young Dick of our
 Town,

Who swore ere I went I shou'd have a green Gown ;

He prest me, I stumbl'd ;
 He push'd me, I tumbl'd ;
 He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd ;
 But still he kiss'd on ;

Then rose and went from me, as soon as he'd done.

If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,

May I be worse rumpl'd,
 Worse tumbl'd and jumbl'd,

Wherever, wherever I go.

Before an old Justice I summon'd the Spark,
 And how do you think I was serv'd by his Clerk ?
 He pull'd out his Ink-horn, and ask'd me his Fee,
 You now shall relate the whole Business, quoth he.
 He prest me, &c.

The Justice then came, tho' grave was his Look,
 Seem'd to wish I wou'd kiss him instead of the Book ;
 He whisper'd ; his Clerk then leaving the Place,
 I was had to his Chamber, to open my Case.

He prest me, &c.

I went to our Parson to make my Complaint ;
 He look'd like a Bacchus, but preach'd like a Saint ;
 He said, we should soberly Nature refresh ;
 Then nine times he urg'd me to humble the Flesh.

He prest me, I stumbl'd,
 He push'd me, I tumbl'd,

He kiss'd me, I grumbl'd ;
 But still he kiss'd on ;
 Then rose and went from me, as soon as he'd done.
 If he be not hamper'd for serving me so,
 May I be worse rumpl'd,
 Worse tumbl'd, and jumbld,
 Wherever, wherever I go.

S O N G 212.

THE Sun was now withdrawn,
 The Shepherds home were sped,
 The Moon wide o'er the Lawn
 Her Siver Mantle spread,
 When Damon stay'd behind,
 And saunter'd in the Grove :
 Will ne'er a Nymph be kind,
 And give me Love for Love ?
 Oh ! those were golden Hours,
 When Love, devoid of Cares,
 In all Arcadia's Bow'rs
 Lodg'd Nymphs and Swains by Pairs.
 But now from Wood and Plain
 Flies ev'ry sprightly Lads ;
 No Joys for me remain,
 In Shades, or on the Grass.
 The winged Boy draws near,
 And thus the Swain reproves :
 While Beauty revell'd here,
 My Game lay in the Groves :
 At Court I never fail
 To scatter round my Arrows ;
 Men fall as thick as Hail,
 And Maidens love like Sparrows.
 Then, Swain, if me you need,
 Strait lay your Sheep-hook down ;
 Throw by your oaten Reed,
 And haste away to Town :
 So well I'm known at Court,
 None ask where Cupid dwells,
 But readily resort
 To B——n's or L——ll's.

S O N G 213.

THE Sun was sunk beneath the Hill,
 The western Clouds were lin'd with Gold,
 The Sky was clear, the Winds were still,
 The Flocks were pent within the Fold :
 When from the Silence of the Grove
 Poor Damon thus despair'd of Love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant Rose
 From the bare Rock, or oozy Beach :
 Who from each barren Weed that grows,
 Expects the Grape, or blushing Peach :
 With equal Faith may hope to find
 The Truth of Love in Womankind.

I have no Herds, no fleecy Care,
 No Fields that wave with golden Grain,
 No Pasture green, nor Garden fair,
 A Damsel's venal Heart to gain :
 Then all in vain my Sighs must prove,
 For I, alas ! have nought but Love.

How wretched is the faithful Youth,
 Since Women's Hearts are bought and sold ;
 They ask not Vows of sacred Truth,
 Whene'er they sigh, they sigh for Gold ;
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove,
 But I, alas ! have nought but Love.

To buy the Gems of India's Coast,
 What Wealth, what Treasure can suffice ?
 Not all their Fire can ever boast
 The living Lustre of her Eyes :
 For these the World too cheap would prove,
 But I, alas ! have nought but Love.

O Silvia ! since nor Gems nor Ore
 Can with your brighter Charms compare,
 Consider that I proffer more,

More seldom found, a Heart sincere :
 Let Treasure meaner Beauties move,
 Who pays thy Worth, must pay in Love.

S O N G 214.

THE sweet rosy Morning
 Peeps over the Hills,

With

With Blushes adorning
 The Meadows and Fields;
 While the merry, merry, merry Horn calls,
 Come, come, come away,
 Awake from your Slumber,
 And hail the new Day.

The Stag rous'd before us,
 Away seems to fly,
 And pants to the Chorus
 Of Hounds in full Cry.
 Then follow, follow, follow
 The musical Chase,
 Where Pleasure, and vigorous
 Health you embrace.

The Day's Sports when over,
 Makes Blood circle right,
 And gives the brisk Lover
 Fresh Charms for the Night.
 Then let us, let us enjoy
 All we can while we may,
 Let Love crown the Night,
 As our Sports crown the Day.

S O N G 215.

THE terrible Law,
 When it fastens its Paw
 On a poor Man, it gripes 'till he's undone;
 And what I am doing,
 May turn to my Ruin,
 Though rich as the Lord Mayor of London,
 Therefore I'll be wary,
 What Message I carry,
 Unless we first make a sure Bargain;
 I will be dempnify'd,
 Thoroughly zatisfy'd,
 That ch'am shan't suffer a Varding.

S O N G 216.

THE thirsty Earth drinks up the Rain,
 And drinks, and gapes for Drink again.
 The Plants suck in the Earth, and are
 With constant drinking fresh and fair.

The

The Sea itself, which one would think
 Should have but little need of Drink,
 Drinks ten thousand Rivers up,
 So fill'd, that they o'erflow the Cup.
 The busy Sun (and one should guess,
 By's drunken fiery Face, no less)
 Drinks up the Sea ; and when h'as done,
 The Moon and Stars drink up the Sun ;
 They drink and dance by their own Light,
 They drink and revel all the Night :
 Nothing in Nature's sober sound,
 But an eternal Health goes round.
 Fill up the Bowl then, fill it high,
 Fill all the Glasses there ; for why
 Shou'd ev'ry Creature drink but I ;
 Why, Men of Morals, tell me why ?

S O N G 217.

THE valiant Eugene to Vienna is gone,
 And since denied
 To be supply'd,

All his Troops are undone ;
 For the haughty Vendosme,
 New Recruits being come,
 So proud is grown
 Of two to one,

He Revenge swears to push home :
 And late Losses,
 Disgraces and Crosses,

Will soon retaliate now the General is gone
 Oh ! Leopold, oh ! Baden,
 What Fiend was perswading
 Your Priest-ridden Clan,
 Simply to baulk so rare a Man ?

Tho' Carthage grew proud, when Story once shew'd
 How well the grand
 Blind African

O'er the Alps hew'd out his Road ;
 All the Rocks in his Way
 Were but Puff-paste and Clay,
 To those were seen,
 When great Eugene

Made his rugged Essay ;

Where

Where no Storm nor
 Loud Thunder, this Wonder
 Could ever from his Purpose cause to halt or stay :
 Tho' Watches, Dispatches,
 And lying there frying,
 His Youth did so decay,
 Sable Locks turn'd into grey.

Then Latium give o'er, name Cæsar no more ;
 Nor the Macedon,
 Whose high Renown
 Were so blaz'd on before ;
 But let glorious Eugene,
 That august Man of Men,
 Be sounded high,
 As far as Sky,
 Or the Globe can contain ;
 For a braver,
 Or bolder,
 Good Soldier,

Did never on the bloody Field maintain his Ground ;
 Hell take those remove him ;
 And here's to those love him ;
 Drink, drink, Boys, around,
 And his Foes Pluto confound.

S O N G 218.

THE utmost Grace the Greeks could shew,
 When to the Trojans they grew kind,
 Was with their Arms to let 'em go,
 And leave their lingering Wives behind.
 They beat the Men, and burn the Town,
 Then all the Baggage was their own.

There the kind Deity of Wine
 Kiss'd the soft wanton God of Love ;
 This clapt his Wing, that press'd his Vine,
 And their best Pow'rs united move :
 While each brave Greek embrac'd his Punk,
 Lull'd her asleep, and then grew drunk.

S O N G 219.

THE wakeful Nightingale that takes no Rest,
 While Cupid warms his little Breast ;

All Night how sweetly he complains,
 And makes us fear that Love has Pains :
 No, no, no, no, 'tis no such thing,
 For Love that makes him wakeful, makes him sing.

S O N G 220.

THE wanton God that pierces Hearts,
 Dips in Gall his pointed Darts ;
 But the Nymph disdains to pine,
 Who bathes the Wound with rosy Wine.
 Farewel Lovers, when they're cloy'd ;
 If I'm scorn'd, because enjoy'd :
 Sure the squeamish Fops are free
 To rid me of dull Company.
 They have Charms, whilst mine can please,
 I love them much, but more my Ease ;
 Nor jealous Fears my Love molest,
 Nor faithless Vows shall break my Rest.
 Why should they e'er give me Pain,
 Who to give me Joy disdain ?
 All I hope of mortal Man,
 Is to love me----whilst he can.

S O N G 221.

THE welcome Spring return'd again,
 Hails in the glad'ning Summers Day ;
 Bids Phœbus bright new gild each Plain,
 And gaily spread his smiling Ray.
 While all around the spacious Scene,
 With new blown Buds the Branches crown'd,
 And blooming Meadows rob'd in Green,
 With early rising Sweets abound.
 The tuneful Lark with early Song,
 Bids joyful welcome to the May ;
 While o'er the Plains the fleecy Throng,
 With rural Humour sport and play.
 The feather'd Pairs in lively Notes,
 Around the Groves harmonious sing :
 And thril'd with their Melodious Throats,
 The Woods with joyful Echoes ring.

The

The flooding Streams, the rip'ning Breeze,
 Nor cease to glide, or swiftly flow,
 Nor fragrant Flowers adorn'd the Trees,
 In pictur'd Landskips cease to grow.
 The Lands no more with barren Soil,
 But fruitful Plants are spread anew;
 Nature again now seems to smile,
 And on each Herb new Beauties shew.

S O N G 222.

THE Wheel of Life is turning quickly round,
 And nothing in this World of Certainty is found :
 The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out :
 Good luck ! good luck ! how Things are wheel'd about !
 Some few aloft on Fortune's Wheel do go,
 And as they mount up high, the others tumble low ;
 In this we all agree, that Fate at first did wil,
 That this great Wheel should never once stand still.
 The Courtier turns to gain his private Ends,
 'Till he's so giddy grown, he quite forgets his Friends ;
 Prosperity oft-times deceives the Proud and Vain,
 And wheels so fast, it turns them out again.
 Some turn to this, to that, and ev'ry Way,
 And cheat, and scrape for what can't purchase one poor
 Day ;
 But this is far beneath the generous-hearted Man,
 Who lives, and makes the most of Life he can.
 And thus we're wheel'd about in Life's short Farce,
 'Till we at last are wheel'd off in a rumbling Hearse :
 The Midwife wheels us in, and Death wheels us out :
 Good luck ! good luck ! how Things are wheel'd about.

S O N G 223.

THE Widow can bake, and the Widow can brew,
 The Widow can shape, and the Widow can sew,
 And many brave Things the Widow can do ;
 Then have at the Widow my Laddie.
 With Courage attack her baith early and late,
 To kiss her and clap her ye mauna be blate ;
 Speak well and do better, for that's the best Cate
 To win a young Widow, my Laddie.

The

The Widow she's youthful, and never a Hair
 The war of the wearing, and has a good Skair
 Of every Thing lovely ; she's witty and fair,
 And has a rich Jointure, my Laddie.
 What cou'd ye wish better your Pleasure to crown,
 Than a Widow, the boniest Toast in the Town,
 With naithing, but draw in your Stool, and sit down,
 And sport with the Widow, my Laddie ?
 Then till'er and kill'er with Courtesie dead,
 Thro' stark Love and Kindness be all ye can plead,
 Be heartsome and airy, and hope to succeed
 With a bonny gay Widow, my Laddie.
 Strike Iron while 'tis hot, if ye'd have it to wald,
 For Fortune ay favours the active and bauld,
 But ruins the Wooer that's thowless and cauld,
 Unfit for the Widow, my Laddie.

S O N G 224.

THE World is ever jarring,
 Always pursuing
 Other Men's Ruin,
 Friends with Friends are warring,
 In a false cowardly Way :
 Spurr'd on by Emulations,
 Tongues are engaging,
 Calumny raging,
 Murders Reputations,
 Envy keeps up the Fray.
 Thus with burning Hate,
 Each, returning Hate,
 Wounds, and robs his Friends :
 In civil Life,
 E'en Man and Wife
 Squabble for selfish Ends.

S O N G 225.

THE wounded Deer flies swift away,
 The bearded Arrow in his Side ;
 Still vainly hoping that he may
 Mix'd with the Herd, 'scape unesp'y'd.

† N

But

But oh ! the Moment that they see
 The streaming Blood flow from his Wound,
 They shun him in his Misery,
 And leave him dying on the Ground.
 Thus the poor Nymph, who, sore distress,
 Has gaz'd her Liberty away,
 To all the World becomes a Jest,
 And falls of stand'rous Tongues the Prey.

S O N G 226.

THE Yellow hair'd Laddie sat down on yon Brae,
 Cries, Milk the Ews, Lassy, let nane of them gae ;
 And ay she milked, and ay she sang,
 The Yellow hair'd Laddie shall be my Goodman.
 And ay she milked, &c.

The Weather is cauld, and my Claithing is thin ;
 The Ews are new clipped, they winna bught in :
 They winna bught in tho' I shou'd die,
 O Yellow hair'd Laddie, be kind to me :
 They winna bught in, &c.

The Goodwife cries butt the House, Jenny, come ben,
 The Cheefe is to mak, and the Butter's to kirn.
 Tho' Butter, and Cheese, and a' shou'd sour,
 I'll crack and kiss wi' my Love ae haff Hour ;
 It's ae haff Hour, and we's e'en mak it three,
 For the Yellow hair'd Laddie my Husband shall be.

S O N G 227.

THE Youth whom I, to save would die,
 Surpasses all Desire ;
 Love's fatal Dart, enflames my Heart,
 And sets it all on Fire.

The plaintive Dove, without her Love,
 Thus mourns, like me oppress'd ;
 But when her Mate arrives, tho' late,
 Joy triumphs in her Breast.

S O N G 228.

THEN as it fell out on a Holiday,
 Then as it fell out on a Holiday,
 Then as it fell out on a Holiday ;
 'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,
 'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a,
 'Twas on a Holiday Tide-a.

Sir John he got on his ambling Nag,

Sir John, &c.

To Scotland for to ride-a.

With an hundred and more of his own he swore,

With an hundred, &c.

To guard him on ev'ry Side-a.

No Errant Knight e'er went to fight,

No Errant, &c.

So bold a Desperada ;

Had you seen but his Look, you'd have swore on a Book,

Had you, &c.

He'd have conquer'd a whole Armada.

The Ladies look'd out at their Windows, to see,

The Ladies, &c.

So brave, so warlike a Sight-a,

And they did cry, as he pass'd by,

And they, &c.

Sir John, why will you go fight-a ?

But he, like a hardy Knight, rode on,

But he, &c.

His Heart wou'd not relent-a ;

For, till he came there, what had he to fear ?

For, till, &c.

Or why shou'd he repent-a ?

The King (God save him) had singular Hope

The King, &c.

Of him and all his Troop-a,

And all the Throng, as he march'd along,

And all, &c.

For Joy did halloo and hoop-a.

None lik'd him so well as his Colonel,

None lik'd, &c.

Who took him for John du Barta ;

But when the Scots Army came in Sight,

But when, &c.

The Knight was not so pert-a.

And when there was Shows of Guns and Blows,

And when, &c.

And ev'ry Man must fight-a,
He ran to his Tent, and they ask'd what he meant,
He ran, &c.

He said, He must needs go sh——t-a.
His Colonel sent for him back again,
His Colonel, &c.

To place him in the Van-a,
But Sir John did swear, he wou'd never come there,
But Sir John, &c.

To be kill'd the very first Man-a.
To ease him of Fear, he plac'd him in the Rear;
To ease, &c.

At Miles back half a Score-a,
Sir John he did play a Trip and away,
Sir John, &c.

And ne'er saw the Enemy more-a.

S O N G 229.

THere lately was a Maiden fair,
With ruddy Cheeks and Nut-brown Hair,
Who up to Town did trudge, Sir;
This pretty Maid, whose Name was Kate,
Met here a hard unlucky Fate,
As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little ere it did grow dark,
She needs must walk into the Park,
The Gentry for to see, Sir;
Where soon she met a Footman gay,
That stopp'd her short, and made her stay,
To sit down under Tree, Sir.

This Footman swore he was a Lord,
Which soon made Katy to accord,
And grant him his full Will, Sir;
She kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er,
And open'd all her Country Store,
And let him take his Fill, Sir.

But when she heard one call out, John,
Up rose her Spark, and strait was gone
To trot before the Chair, Sir;
Which made this Damsel all alone
To sigh and sob, and make great Moan,
And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth

Quoth she, if these be London Tricks,
 God send me down amongst my Dicks,
 That live on Dunsmore-Heath, Sir;
 If ever I come here again,
 Or e'er believe one Man in ten,
 May the De'll come stop my Breath, Sir.

S O N G 230.

There liv'd long ago in a Country Place,
 A clever young Lad that lov'd a young Lass;
 She lov'd him again, and (O! wonder to hear!)
 No Offers could move her, she lov'd him so dear.
 The Lord of the Village took it into his Head,
 To tempt her to leave him and come to his Bed:
 He offer'd her Jewels, and Baubles, and Rings,
 But she slighted his Love, and refus'd his gay Things.
 He told her, he'd make her as fine as a Queen,
 Her Gown should be Silk, and her Cap Colberteen.
 But she said Linsey-woolsey and Bone-lace would serve,
 And rather than please him she'd venture to starve.
 He told her, he'd give her a Pad to ride out,
 Or a Coach, if she lik'd it, to visit about.
 She thank'd him, but said, she could very well walk,
 And should she have a Coach, how the Neighbours would
 talk!

He said, for the Neighbours, he'd make it his Care,
 That none, e'en the Parson on Sundays, should dare
 To find Fault with her Conduct, or offer to blame
 Her Manner of Living, or blast her good Name.
 She told him, in short, he must e'en be content,
 For Jewels or Gold should ne'er bribe her Consent:
 Her Heart was another's, and so should remain,
 And she scorn'd to be false for the Lucre of Gain.

S O N G 231.

There was a bonny Blade
 Had marry'd a Country Maid,
 And safely conducted her home, home, home;
 She was neat in ev'ry Part,
 And she pleas'd him to the Heart,
 But ah! alas! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

She was bright as the Day,
 And brisk as the May,
 And as round and as plump as a Plumb, Plumb, Plumb ;
 But still the silly Swain
 Could do nothing but complain,
 Because that his Wife she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
 She could brew, and she could bake,
 She could sew, and she could make,
 She could sweep the House with a Broom, Broom, Broom,
 She could wash, and she could wring,
 She could do any kind of Thing ;
 But ah ! alas ! she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
 To the Doctor then he went,
 For to give himself Content,
 And to cure his Wife of the mum, mum, mum :
 O ! 'tis the easiest Part
 That belongs unto my Art,
 For to make a Woman speak that is dumb, dumb, dumb.
 To the Doctor he her brings,
 And he cuts her chatt'ring Strings,
 And at Liberty he set her Tongue, Tongue, Tongue ;
 Her Tongue began to walk,
 And she began to talk,
 As tho' she had never been dumb, dumb, dumb.
 Her Faculty she tries,
 And she fill'd the House with Noise,
 And she rattl'd in his Ears like a Drum, Drum, Drum.
 She bred a deal of Strife,
 Made him weary of his Life,
 He'd give any Thing again she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
 To the Doctor then he goes,
 And thus he vents his Woes,
 Oh ! Doctor you've me undone, undone, undone ;
 For my Wife she's turn'd a Scold,
 And her Tongue can never hold,
 I'd give any Kind of Thing she was dumb, dumb, dumb.
 When I did undertake
 To make thy Wife to speak,
 It was a Thing easily done, done, done ;

But

But 'tis past the Art of Man,
 Let him do whate'er he can,
 For to make a scolding Wife hold her Tongue, Tongue,
 Tongue.

S O N G 232.

There was a certain Usurer,
 He had a pretty Niece ;
 Was courted by a Barrister,
 Who was her doating Piece.
 Her Uncle, to prevent the same,
 Did all that in him lay ;
 For which he's very much to blame,
 As all good People say.

A Country 'Squire was to wed
 This fair and dainty Dame ;
 But such Contraries in a Bed,
 Wou'd be a monst'rous Shame ;
 To see a Lady bright and gay,
 Of Fortune, and of Charms,
 So shamefully be thrown away,
 Into a Looby's Arms.

The Lovers, thus distracted,
 It set 'em on a Plot ;
 Which lately has been acted.
 And----shall I tell you what ?
 The Gentleman disguis'd himself
 Like to the Country 'Squire,
 Deceiv'd the old mischievous Elf,
 And got his Heart's Desire.

S O N G 233.

There was a jovial Beggar,
 He had a wooden Leg ;
 Lame from his Cradle,
 And forced for to beg.
 And a begging we will go,
 Will go, will go,
 And a begging we will go.
 A Bag for his Oatmeal,
 Another for his Salt ;

And

And a Pair of Crutches,
To show that he can halt.

And a begging, &c.

A Bag for his Wheat,
Another for his Rye ;

A little Bottle by his Side,
To drink when he's a dry.

And a begging, &c.

To Pimblico we'll go,
Where we shall merry be ;

With ev'ry Man a Can in's Hand,
And a Wench upon his Knee.

And a begging, &c.

And when we are disposed
To tumble on the Grass,

We have a long patch'd Coat,
To hide a pretty Lash.

And a begging, &c.

Full seven Years I begged
For my old Master Wild ;

He taught me how to beg,
When I was but a Child.

And a begging, &c.

I begg'd for my Master,
And got him Store of Pelf ;

But Jove now be praised,
I can beg for myself.

And a begging, &c.

In a hollow Tree
I live, and pay no Rent ;

Providence provides for me,
And I am well content.

And a begging, &c.

Of all Occupations
A Beggar is the best ;

For when he's a weary,
He'll lay him down to rest.

And a begging, &c.

I fear no Plots against me,
I live in open Cell :

Then

Then who would be a King,
 When Beggars live so well?
 And a begging, &c.

S O N G 234.

There was an old Woman that had but one Son,
 And he had neither Land nor Fee;
 He took great Pains,
 But got little Gains,
 Yet fain a Landlord he would be.
 With a fadariddle la, fala da riddle la, fala la fa la la re.
 And as he was going Home,
 He met his old Mother upon the Highway;
 O Mother, quoth he,
 Your Blessing grant me,
 Thus the Son to the Mother did say.
 With a fa, &c.

I ha' begg'd Butter-milk all this long Day,
 But I hope I shan't be a Beggar long;
 For I've more Wit come into this Pate,
 Than e'er I had when I was young.
 With a fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it sell,
 A Penny for it I shall have, you shall see;
 With that Penny I will buy me some Eggs,
 And I shall have seven for my Penny.
 With a fa, &c.

And those seven Eggs I'll set under a Hen,
 Perhaps seven Cocks they may chance for to be;
 And when those seven Cocks are seven Capons,
 There will be seven Half-Crowns for me.
 With a fa, &c.

But as he was going Home,
 Accounting up of his Riches all;
 His Foot it stumbled against a Stone,
 Down came Butter-milk, Pitcher and all.
 With a fa, &c.

C H O R U S.

His Pitcher was broke, and his Eggs were dispatch'd;
 This 'tis to count Chickens before they are hatch'd.
 With a fa, &c. S O N

S O N G 235.

THere was a Swain full fair,
 Was tripping it over the Grass;
 And there he spy'd with her Nut-brown Hair,
 A pretty tight Country Lass:
 Fair Damsel, says he,
 With an Air brisk and free,
 Come let us each other know.
 She blush'd in his Face,
 And reply'd with a Grace,
 Pray forbear, Sir; No, no, no, no, &c.
 The Lad being bolder grown,
 Endeavour'd to steal a Kiss.
 She cry'd, pish----let me alone,
 But held up her Nose for the Bliss:
 And when he begun,
 She would never have done,
 But unto his Lips she did grow;
 Near smother'd to Death,
 As soon as she'd Breath,
 She stammer'd out, No, no, no, no, &c.
 Come, come, says he, pretty Maid,
 Let's walk to yon private Grove;
 Cupid always delights in the Shade,
 There I'll read thee a Lesson of Love:
 She mends her Pace,
 And hastes to the Place;
 But if her Lecture you'd know,
 Let a bashful young Muse
 Plead the Maiden's Excuse,
 And answer you, No, no, no, no, &c.

S O N G 236.

THere was a Wife won'd in a Glen,
 And she had Daughters nine or ten,
 That sought the House baith butt and benn,
 To find their Mam a Snifhing.
 The auld Wife beyont the Fire,
 The auld Wife aniest the Fire,
 The auld Wife aboon the Fire,
 She died for Lack of Snifhing.

Her

Her Mill into some Hole had fawn:
 What reck's, quoth she, let it be gawn,
 For I maun ha'e a young Geudman
 Shall furnish me with Snifhing.
 The auld Wife, &c.

Her eldest Dotcher said right bauld,
 Fy, Mother, mind that now ye're auld,
 And if ye with a Yonker wald,
 He'll waste away your Snifhing.
 The auld Wife, &c.

The youngest Dochter ga'e a Shout,
 O Mother dear! your Teeth's a' out,
 Besides haff blind, you ha'e the Gout,
 Your Mill can haud nae Snifhing.
 The auld Wife, &c.

Ye lied, ye Limmers, cried auld Mump,
 For I ha'e baith a Tooth and Stump,
 And will nae langer live in dump,
 By wanting of my Snifhing.
 The auld Wife, &c.

Thole ye, says Peg, that pawky Slut,
 Mother, if you can crack a Nut,
 Then we will a' consent to it,
 That you shall have a Snifhing.
 The auld Wife, &c.

The auld ane did agree to that,
 And they a Pistol Bullet gat;
 She powerfullv began to crack,
 To won herself a Snifhing.
 The auld Wife, &c.

Braw Sport it was to see her chow't,
 And 'tween her Gums sae squeeze and row't,
 While frae her Jaws the Slaver flow't;
 And ay she curs'd poor Stumpy.
 The auld Wife, &c.

At last she ga'e a desperate Squeez,
 Which brak the lang Tooth by the Neez,
 And syne poor Stumpy was at Ease,
 But the tint Hopes of Snifhing.
 The auld Wife, &c.

She

She of the Task began to tite,
 And frae her Dochters did retire,
 Syne lean'd her down ayont the Fire,
 And died for lack of Snifhing.
 The auld Wife, &c.

Ye auld Wives notice well this Truth,
 Astoon as ye're past Mark of Mouth,
 Ne'er do what's only fit for Youth,
 And leave aff Thoughts of Snifhing :
 Else like this Wife beyont the Fire,
 Y'er Bairns against you will conspire ;
 Nor will ye get, unless ye hire,
 A young Man with your Snifhing.

Note. Snifhing in its li eral Meaning is Snuff made of Tobacco ; but in this Song it means sometimes Contentment, a Husband, Love, Money, &c.

S O N G 237.

There were three Lads in our Town,
 Slow Men of London !
 They courted a Widow was bonny and brown,
 And yet they left her undone.
 They went to work without their Tools,
 Slow Men of London !
 The Widow she sent them away like Fools,
 Because they left her undone.
 They often tasted this Widow's Chear,
 Slow Men of London !
 But yet the Widow was never the near,
 For still they left her undone.
 Blow ye Winds, and come down Rain,
 Slow Men of London !
 They never shall woo this Widow again,
 Because they left her undone.

S O N G 238.

They that never had the Use
 Of the Grape's surprizing Juice,
 To the first delicious Cup
 All their Reason render up ;
 Neither do, nor care to know,
 Whether it be best or no.

So, they that are to Love inclin'd,
 Sway'd by Chance, not Choice, or Art;
 To the first that's fair, or kind,
 Make a Present of their Heart :
 'Tis not she that first we love,
 But whom dying we approve.
 To Man that was in th' Ev'ning made,
 Stars gave the first Delight ;
 Admiring in the gloomy Shade,
 Those little Drops of Light.

Then, at Aurora, whose fair Hand
 Remov'd them from the Skies,
 He gazing tow'rd the East did stand,
 She entertain'd his Eyes.
 But when the bright Sun did appear,
 All those he 'gan despise ;
 His Wonder was determin'd there,
 And could no higher rise:
 He neither might, nor wish'd to know
 A more refulgent Light ;
 For that (as mine your Beauties now)
 Employ'd his utmost Sight.

S O N G 239.

THIS great World is a Trouble,
 Where all must their Fortunes bear ;
 Make the most of the Bubble,
 You'll have but Neighbours Fare.
 Let not Jealousy tease ye,
 Think of nought but to please ye
 What's past, 'tis but in vain
 For Mortals to wish again.
 When dull Cares do attack ye,
 Drinking will those Clouds repel;
 Four good Bottles will make ye,
 Happy, they seldom fail.
 If a Fifth should be wanted,
 Ask the Gods 'twill be granted
 Thus, with ease, you'll obtain
 A Remedy for all your Pain.

THis is no mine ain House,
 I ken by the Rigging o't;
 Since with my Love I've changed Vows,
 I dinna like the Bigging o't.
 For now that I'm young Robie's Bride,
 And Mistress of his Fire-side,
 Mine ain House I'll like to guide,
 And please me with the Trigging o't.
 Then farewel to my Father's House,
 I gang where Love invites me;
 The strictest Duty this allows,
 When Love with Honour meets me;
 When Hymen moulds us into ane,
 My Robie's nearer than my Kin,
 And to refuse him were a Sin,
 Sae lang's he kindly treats me.
 When I'm in mine ain House,
 True Love shall be at hand ay,
 To make me still a prudent Spouse,
 And let my Man command ay;
 Avoiding ilka Cause of Strife,
 The common Pest of married Life,
 That makes ane wearied of his Wife,
 And breaks the kindly Band ay.

S O N G 241.

THink when to Pleasure
 The Powers do invite you
 Time on the Wing is fleeting away,
 And as the bright Season
 Of Youth does delight you,
 Crown the dear Moments
 With Mirth while you may;
 As Time approaches by kind Advances,
 With truly grateful
 And free open Fancies,
 Of Songs and brisk Dances,
 I treat him to stay.

His golden Treasure
 Then prudently measure,

Let innocent Pastime
 And Virtue delight you,
 Virtue and Innocence always are gay;
 Those who inherit
 Such Sweetness of Spirit,
 Live, live, live, live.

S O N G 242.

P H I L E M O N.

TH O' Baucis and I, are both ancient and poor,
 We never yet drove the Distress from our Door,
 But still of our Little, a Little can spare,
 To those who, like us, Life's Infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good Friends, let us go in together,
 A Cup of good Liquor will keep out the Weather,
 Our Hearts they are great, tho' our Means are but small,
 You're heartily welcome, and that's best of all.

B A U C I S.

You're welcome at our humble Board to partake,
 Of a Jugg of good Ale, and a good Barley-Cake;
 A good rousing Fire, as high as your Nose,
 And cleanly warm Bed, your old Limbs to repose.

B O T H.

We know no Ambition, we have no Estate,
 Nor Porter, to worry the Poor from our Gate;
 We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go,
 It were not amiss, if the Rich would do so.

S O N G 243.

TH O' Beauty, like the Rose
 That smiles on Polwarth Green,
 In various Colours shows,
 As 'tis by Fancy seen;
 Yet all his different Glories lie
 United in thy Face,
 And Virtue, like the Sun on high,
 Gives Rays to ev'ry Grace.

So charming is her Air,
 So smooth, so calm her Mind,
 That to some Angel's Care
 Each Motion seems assign'd:

† O 2

But

But yet so chearful, sprightly gay,
The joyful Moments fly,
As if for Wings they stole the Ray
She darteth from her Eye.

Kind am'rous Cupids, while
With tuneful Voice she sings,
Perfume her Breath and Smile,
And wave their balmy Wings :
But as the tender Blushes rise,
Soft Innocence doth warm,
The Soul in blissful Extasies
Dissolveth in the Charm.

S O N G 244.

TH O' bootless I must needs complain,

My Fate is so extream ;
I lov'd, and was belov'd again,
Yet all was but a Dream :

For as that Love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone ;

I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be she ne'er so fair,
Shall any more beguile

My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
Nor tempt me with a Smile :

I'll never think Affection feign'd,
That is so fairly shown ;

I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should now the little God conspire,
Again t'entrap my Mind ;

And strive to set my Heart on Fire,
Alas ! the Boy's too blind :

For such I'll never venture Smiles,

Nor hazard Mirth for none :

Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles,
I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is so burnt out,

The Diamond's Light abides ;

The Fire her Glory hurls about,

The Woman her Virtues hides :

That

That Spark, (if any should be mine)
 That else shews like to none;
 For if to ev'ry Eye she shine,
 I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman should deceive my Thought,
 With Colours not in Grain;
 Nor put a Love so slightly wrought
 Into my Hands again:
 I'll pay no more so dear for Wit,
 I'll love upon my own;
 Nor shall Affection trouble it,
 I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll set my Heart at rest,
 My loving Labour's lost;
 I'll be no more so rarely blest,
 To be so strangely crost:
 The Love-lost Turtle so doth die,
 The Phoenix is but One;
 They seek no Mates, no more will I,
 I'd rather lie alone.

S O N G 245.

THO' cruel you seem to my Pain,
 And hate me because I am true;
 Yet, Phillis, you love a false Swain,
 Who has other Nymphs in his View:
 Enjoyment's a Trifle to him,
 To me what a Heav'n it would be;
 To him but a Woman you seem,
 But ah! you're an Angel to me.
 Those Lips which he touches in haste,
 To them I for ever could grow,
 Still clinging around that dear Waist,
 Which he spans as beside him you go;
 That Arm, like a Lilly so white,
 Which over his Shoulders you lay,
 My Bosom would warm it all Night,
 My Lips they would press it all Day.
 Were I like a Monarch to reign,
 The Graces my Subjects to be,
 I'd leave them, and fly to the Plain,
 To dwell in a Cottage with thee;

But if I must feel thy Disdain,
 If Tears cannot Cruelty drown,
 O! let me not live in this Pain,
 But give me my Death in a Frown.

S O N G 246.

THO' Danger alarm me,
 Their Force I'll oppose :
 'Tis Cupid will arm me
 To combat our Foes :
 Inspir'd by my Charmer,
 Their Rage I'll defy,
 Her Virtue's my Armour,
 I'll conquer, or die.

S O N G 247.

THO' Darkness still attends me,
 It aids internal Sight ;
 And from such Scenes defends me,
 As blush to see the Night.
 No Villain's Smile deceives me,
 No gilded Fop offends ;
 No weeping Object grieves me,
 Kind Darkness me befriends.
 Henceforth no useless Wailings,
 I find no Reason why ;
 Mankind to their own Failings
 Are all as blind as I.
 Who painted Vice desires,
 Is blind, whate'er he thinks ;
 Who Virtue not admires,
 Is either blind, or winks.

S O N G 248.

THO' envious old Age seems in part to impair me,
 And makes me the Sport of the Wanton and Gay,
 Brisk Wine shall recruit, as Life's Winter shall wear me,
 And I still have a Heart to do what I may.
 Then, Venus, bestow me some Damsel of Beauty,
 As Bacchus shall lend me a cherishing Glass ;
 Silenus, tho' old, shall to both do his Duty ;

And first clasp the Bottle, and then clasp the Lafs ;

The Bottle, the Lafs,

The Lafs and the Bottle,

And first clasp the Bottle, and then clasp the Lafs.

S O N G 249.

THO' Flavia to my warm Desire

You mean no kind Return,

Yet still with undiminis'd Fire

You wish to see me burn.

Averse my Anguish to remove,

You think it wond'rous right,

That I love on, for ever love,

And you for ever flight.

But you and I shall ne'er agree,

So, gentle Nymph, adieu ;

Since you no Pleasure have for me,

I'll have no Pain for you.

S O N G 250.

J O N N Y,

THO' for seven Years and mair, Honour thou'd
reave me

To Fields where Cannons rair, thou need na grieve thee :

For deep in my Spirits thy Sweets are indented ;

And Love shall preserve ay what Love has imprinted.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,

Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

O Jonny ! I'm jealous whene'er ye discover

My Sentiments yielding, ye'll turn a loose Rover ;

And nought i' the Warld wad vex my Heart fairer,

If you prove unconstant, and fancy ane fairer.

Grieve me, grieve me, oh it wad grieve me !

A' the lang Night and Day, if you deceive me.

J O N N Y.

My Nelly, let never sic Fancies oppress ye,

For, while my Blood's warm, I'll kindly carefs ye :

Your blooming fast Beauties first beeted Love's Fire,

Your Virtue and Wit make it ay flame the higher.

Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee,

Gang the Warld as it will, Dearest, believe me.

N E L L Y.

N E L L Y.

Then, Jonny, I frankly this Minute allow ye
 To think me your Mistress, for Love gars me trow ye:
 And gin ye prove fause, to ye'r sell be it said then,
 Ye'll win but sma' Honour to wrang a kind Maiden.
 Reave me, reave me, Heavens! it wad reave me
 Of my Rest Night and Day, if ye deceive me.

J O N N Y.

Bid Iceshogles hammer red Gauds on the Studdy,
 And fair Simmer Mornings nae mair appear ruddy:
 Bid Britons think ae gate, and when they obey ye,
 But never till that Time, believe I'll betray ye.
 Leave thee, leave thee, I'll never leave thee;
 The Starns shall gang Withershins e'er I deceive thee.

S O N G 251.

TH O' Fortune and Love may be Deities still,

To those they oblige by their Power;
 For my Part, they ever have us'd me so ill,

They cannot expect I'll adore:
 Hereafter a Temple to Friendship I'll raise,
 And dedicate there all the rest of my Days,

To the Goddess accepted my Vows,
 To the Goddess accepted my Vows.

Thou perfectest Image of all Things divine,
 Bright Center of endless Desires,
 May the Glory be yours, and the Service be mine,
 When I light at your Altars the Fires.

I offer a Heart has Devotion so pure,
 It would for your Service all Torments endure,
 Might you but have all Things you wish,
 Might you, &c.

But yet the Goddess of Fools to despise,
 I find I'm too much in her Power;
 She makes me go where 'tis in vain to be wise,
 In Absence of her I adore:

If Love then undoes me before I get back,
 I still with Resignment receive the Attack,
 Or languish away in Despair,
 Or languish, &c.

S O N G

S O N G 252.

TH O' I'm a Man in ev'ry Part,
 And much inclin'd to Change;
 Yet I must stop my wand'ring Heart,
 When it desires to range.
 I must indeed my Cælia love,
 Altho' I have enjoy'd;
 And make that Bliss still pleasant prove,
 With which I have been cloy'd.
 I must that fair one justice do,
 I must still constant be:
 For 'twere unkind to be untrue,
 While she is true to me.
 Then, Cupid, I must teach you how
 To make me still her Slave:
 That Food to make me relish now,
 Which once a Surfeit gave.
 You must, to play this Game at first,
 Some Jealousy contrive;
 That she may vow I am the worst,
 And falsest Man alive.
 Let her in Anger persevere,
 Be jealous as before;
 'Till I begin to huff, and swear
 I'll never see her more.
 Then let her use a little Art,
 And lay aside her Frown;
 Let her some am'rous Glances dart,
 To bring my Passion down.
 Thus whilst I am again on Fire,
 Make me renew my Pain;
 Make her consent to my Desire,
 And me still hug my Chain.

S O N G 253.

TH O' Jockey su'd me long, he met Disdain,
 His tender Sighs and Tears were spent in vain:
 Give o'er, said I, give o'er
 Your silly fond Amour,
 I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er more comply;

At last he forc'd a Kiss,
Which I took not amiss,
And since I've known the Bliss,
I'll ne'er deny.

My Jockey he had lik a Man-like Face,
And often did appear to me with muckle Grace,
Tho' I cry'd, Jockey fie,
Your Suit I must deny,
I'll ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er yield, not I.
With that he was amaz'd,
He kiss'd my Hand and gaz'd,
Which so much Passion rais'd,
I did comply.

When Jockey saw me yield, he me embrac'd,
And clasp'd his folded Arms about my Waist:
My Dear, said he, to you
I'll ever be true,
And ne'er, ne'er, ne'er, ne'er you deceive:
But will for ever love you,
And prize none above you,
From you I'll ne'er remove,
You may believe.

Then when you court a Lass that's coy,
Who hears your Love, yet seems to shun its Joy,
If you press her to do so,
Never mind her no, no, no,
But trust her Eyes:
For Coyness gives Denial,
When she wishes for the Trial;
Tho' she swears you shan't come nigh all,
I am sure she lies.

S O N G 254

THO' late I was a Nun most pure,
I now am alter'd quite-a;
A Cloyster I'll no more endure,
Nor say my Pray'r s'ch Night-a:
In warmer Work the Hours I'll spend,
Nor to a Priest give Ear-a;
Tho' to Religion some pretend,
A young Gallant is dear-a.

My Clothes were once of Linnen clean,
But now they're Silk most gay-a ;
For since the courtly Dames I've seen,
I'll be as fine as they-a ;
Old Father Girards I'll despise,
Nor to their Rules incline-a ;
I'll love but those, who say, my Eyes
The rising Sun out-shine-a.
To Church, alas ! I'll never go,
Nor at Confession kneel-a ;
But at the Play I'll hear some Beau
His tender Passion tell-a.
Since Maids such Pleasures here partake,
Who would be then confin'd-a ;
I do not doubt but Time will make
Each Vestal of my Mind-a.

S O N G 255.

THO' over all Mankind besides,
My conquering Beauty, conquering
Beauty, my conquering Beauty reign ;
My conquering Beauty reign ;
From him I love, from him I love, when I meet Disdain.
A killing Damp, a killing Damp comes o'er my Pride :
I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,
I'm fair and young in vain.
I'm fair and young, I'm fair and young,
I'm fair and young in vain.
No, no, no, let him wander where he will,
Let him wander, let him wander,
Let him wander, let him wander where he will,
I shall have Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty,
Youth and Beauty,
I shall have Youth and Beauty, Youth and Beauty still ;
I shall have Beauty that can charm a Jove,
Can charm a Jove, and no Fault,
No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no Fault,
no, no, no Fault,
But constant Love ;
From my Arms then let him fly, fly, fly,

From

C U P I D.

THou Bane to my Empire, thou Spring of Contest,
 Thou Source of all Discord, thou Period to Rest ;
 Instruct me what Wretches in Bondage can see,
 That the Aim of their Life is still pointed to thee.

H Y M E N.

Instruct me, thou little impertinent God,
 From whence all thy Subjects have taken the Mode
 To grow fond of a Change, to whatever it be ?
 And I'll tell thee why those would be bound who are free.

C H O R U S.

For Change, we're for Change, to whatever it be,
 We are neither contented with Freedom, nor Thee.

Constancy's an empty Sound,
 Heaven, and Earth, and all go round,
 All the Works of Nature move,
 And the Joys of Life and Love
 Are in Variety.

C U P I D.

Were Love the Reward of a pains-taking Life ;
 Had a Husband the Art to be fond of his Wife ;
 Were Virtue so plenty a Wife could afford
 These very hard Times to be true to her Lord ;
 Some specious Account might be given of those
 Who are ty'd by the Tail ; to be led by the Nose.

But since 'tis the Fate of a Man and his Wife,
 To consume all their Days in Contention and Strife :
 Since whatever the Bounty of Heav'n may create her,
 He's morally sure he shall heartily hate her,
 I think 'twere much wiser to ramble at large,
 And the Volleys of Love on the Herd to discharge.

H Y M E N.

Some Colour of Reason thy Counsel might bear,
 Could a Man have no more than his Wife to his Share :
 Or were I a Monarch so cruelly just,
 To oblige a poor Wife to be true to her Trust :
 But I have not pretended, for many Years past,
 By marrying of People to make 'em grow chaste.

I therefore advise thee to let me go on,
 Thou'lt find I'm the Strength and Support of thy Throne ;
 For hadst thou but Eyes, thou wouldst quickly perceive it,
 How smooth the Dart
 Slips into the Heart
 Of a Woman's that's wed,
 Whilst the shivering Maid
 Stands trembling and wishing, but dare not receive it.

Chorus. For Change, &c.

S O N G 259.

THou little blind Deceiver, go,
 And tell thy beauteous-Mother,
 A strong Resentment I will shew,
 Since she does love another.

Altho' her Face and Shape's divine,
 Yet I can still withstand her :
 I'll make the sporting Youth repine,
 And shew him I'm* Commander.

And if true Love has no Effect,
 On that delightful Treasure,
 The Pow'r I have I'll not neglect,
 But seize her at my Pleasure.

S O N G 260.

THou rising Sun, whose gladsome Ray
 Invites my Fair to rural Play,
 Dispel the Mist, and clear the Skies,
 And bring my Orra to my Eyes.

O were I sure my Dear to view,
 I'd climb the Pine-Tree's topmost Bough,
 Aloft in Air that quivering plays,
 And round and round for ever gaze.

My Orra Moor, where art thou laid ?
 What Woods conceal my sleeping Maid ?
 Up by the Roots, enrag'd I'll tear
 The Trees that hide my promis'd Fair.

Oh ! cou'd I ride on Clouds and Skies,
 Or on the Raven's Pinion's rise ;
 Ye Storks, ye Swans, a Moment stay,
 And waft a Lover on his Way.

My Bliss, too long, my Bride denies,
 Apace the waisting Summer flies ;
 Or yet the wintry Blasts I fear,
 Not Storms, or Nights shall keep me here.
 What may for Strength with Steel compare ?
 Oh ! Love has Fetters stronger far ;
 By Bolts of Steel are Limbs confin'd,
 But cruel Love enchains the Mind.
 No longer then perplex thy Breast,
 When Thoughts torment, the first are best,
 'Tis mad to go, 'tis Death to stay,
 Away to Orra, haste away.

S O N G 261.

THoughtful Nights, and restless Waking,
 Oh, the Pains that we endure !
 Broken Faith, unkind forsaking,
 Ever doubting, never sure.
 Hopes deceiving, vain Endeavours,
 What a Race has Love to run !
 False Proteſting, fleeting Favours,
 Ev'ry, ev'ry Way undone.
 Still complaining, and defending,
 Both to love, yet not agree ;
 Fears tormenting, Paſſion rending,
 Oh ! the Pangs of Jealouſy !
 From ſuch painful Ways of living,
 Ah ! how ſweet could Love be free !
 Still preſenting, ſtill receiving,
 Fierce immortal Ecſtaſy.

S O N G 262.

THree Children ſliding on the Ice,
 All on a Summer's Day ;
 It ſo fell out they all fell in,
 The reſt they ran away.
 But had theſe Children been at Church,
 Or ſliding on dry Ground,
 I durſt to wage a hundred Mark
 They had not then been drown'd.

† P 2

You

You Parents that have Children dear,
 And eke you that have none,
 If you would have them safe abroad,
 Pray keep them safe at home.

S O N G 263.

THree merry Lads met at the Rose,
 To speak in the Praises of the Nose:
 The Nose that stands in the middle Place,
 Sets out the Beauty of the Face:
 The Nose with which we have begun,
 Will serve to make our Verses run:

Invention often barren grows,
 Yet still there's Matter in the Nose.

The Nose his End's so high a Prize,
 That Men prefer't before their Eyes;
 And no Man takes him for his Friend,
 That boldly takes his Nose by th' End:
 The Nose that like Eurypus flows,
 The Sea that did the wise Man pose.

Invention often, &c.

The Nose is of as many Kinds,
 As Mariners can reckon Winds;
 The long, the short, the Nose display'd,
 The great Nose which did fright the Maid;
 The Nose thro' which the Brotherhood
 Do parly for their Sisters Good.

Invention often, &c.

The Flat, the Sharp, the Roman Snout,
 The Hawk's Nose circled round about:
 The crooked Nose that stands awry;
 The Ruby Nose of Scarlet Dye:
 The Brazen Nose, without a Face,
 That doth the learned College grace.

Invention often, &c.

The long Nose when the Teeth appear,
 Shews what's o'Clock, if Day be clear;
 The broad Nose stands in Buckler's Place,
 And takes the Blows from all the Face:
 The Nose being plain without a Ridge,
 Will serve sometimes to make a Bridge.

Invention often, &c.

The short Nose is the Lover's Bliss,
 Because it hinders not a Kiss ;
 The tooting Nose, O monst'rous Thing !
 That's he that did the Bottle bring :
 And he that brought the Bottle hither,
 Will drink (O monst'rous !) out of Measure.

Invention often, &c.

The fiery Nose in Lanthorn's stead,
 May light his Master home to Bed ;
 And whosoe'er this Treasure owes,
 Grows poor in Purse, tho' rich in Nose :
 The Brazen Nose that's o'er the Gate,
 Maintains full many a Latin Pate.

Invention often, &c.

If any Nose take this in Snuff,
 And think it is more than enough ;
 We answer them, we did not fear,
 Nor think such Noses had been here :
 But if there be, we need not care,
 A Nose of Wax our Statutes are,
 Invention now is barren grown,
 The Matter's out, the Nose is blown.

S O N G 264.

THree Nymphs contended for my Heart,
 With different Charms and Grace ;
 The first sold Puddings, Pies and Tarts,
 The second Pins and Lace ;
 The third employ'd herself to cry
 The News three times a Week,
 Besides each Night 'twas her Delight
 To cry, Hot bak'd Ox-cheek.

Look, Gods, from your celestial Bow'rs,
 And guide me to the best ;
 And may my Faculties and Pow'rs
 Of Heart and Mind be blest.
 Whilst thus I cry'd, the Gods reply'd,
 Thy Fate can't be revers'd ;
 The Nymph we've chosen for thy Bride
 Sifts Cinders from the Dust.

S O N G 265.

Thrice happy Lizzy, blooming Maid,
 By no false Arts of Life betray'd,
 Bless'd Tenant of the rural Scene,
 Whose Joys unmix'd with pining Care,
 Which prey upon the modish Fair,
 When Evening comes, with artless Smile,
 Does all her pleasing Toils beguile,
 With tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green.

Clarinda fair, in Jewels dress'd,
 The Pride of Theatres confess'd,
 Still shines with irresistible Mien:
 Tho' Musick, Actions, Words conspire
 To wake her Soul to soft Desire;
 Delight like this will quickly cloy,
 And Lizzy take more perfect Joy
 In tripping, &c.

When Lindamira, in the Dance,
 In sprightly Air does swift advance,
 And graceful moves like Beauty's Queen;
 Tho' Crowds of Beaux admiring gaze,
 Nor sick'ning Prudes refuse her Praise,
 The flatter'd Belle's not half so blest,
 And Lizzy's of more Joy possess'd,
 In tripping, &c.

When Coquettilla Cards invite,
 To while away the social Night,
 And banish far corroding Spleen;
 Tho' Chance, indulgent to her Will,
 Conveys, each circling Deal, Spadille;
 The Sweets of Gain are less refin'd,
 And softer Transports sooth the Mind
 Of Lizzy, when she trips the Green.

Hail blissful Life which Lizzy leads!
 'Midst bubbling Springs and painted Meads,
 Just Emblem of the golden Mean;
 A Life with fairest Virtue grac'd,
 Whose ebbing Moments sweetly waste;
 Made doubly joyous, chearful, gay,
 When Lizzy crowns th' indulgent Day,
 With tripping o'er th' enamell'd Green. S O N G

S O N G 266.

THro' all the Conditions of Life,
 We each of us plunder each other;
 The Husband he plunders his Wife,
 The Sister she plunders her Brother,
 The Guardian he plunders his Ward,
 The Lawyer his Client the same;
 The Thief plunders all, 'till a Cord
 Puts an End to his Rapine and Shame.

S O N G 267.

THro' all the Employments of Life
 Each Neighbour abuses his Brother;
 Whore and Rogue they call Husband and Wife:
 All Professions be-rogue one another.
 The Priest calls the Lawyer a Cheat,
 The Lawyer be-knaves the Divine;
 And the Statesman, because he's so great,
 Thinks his Trade as honest as mine.

S O N G 268.

THursday in the Morn the nineteenth of May,
 Recorded for ever the famous Ninety-two;
 Brave Russel did discern by Dawn of Day,
 The lofty Sails of France advancing now:
 All Hands aloft, aloft, let English Valour shine,
 Let fly a Culverin, the Signal for the Line;
 Let every Hand supply his Gun,
 Follow me, and you'll see
 That the Battle will be soon begun.
 Tourville on the Main triumphant rowl'd,
 To meet the gallant Russel in Combat on the Deep;
 He led a noble Train of Heroes bold,
 To sink the English Admiral at his Feet.
 Now every valiant Mind to Victory doth aspire,
 The bloody Fight's begun, the Sea itself on Fire;
 And mighty Fate stood looking on,
 Whilst a Flood all of Blood,
 Fill'd the Scuppers of the Rising Sun.
 Sulphur, Smoke and Fire, disturbing the Air,
 With Thunder and Wonder affright the Gallick Shore;
 Their regulated Bands stood trembling near,
 To see the lofty Streamers now no more: At

At Six a Clock the Red the smiling Victors led,
 To give a second Blow, the fatal Overthrow ;
 Now Death and Horror equal reign,
 Now they cry, Run or die,
 British Colours ride the vanquish'd Main.

See they fly amaz'd thro' Rocks and Sands,
 One Danger they grasp at to shun the greater Fate ;
 In vain they cry for Aid to weeping Lands,
 The Nymphs and Sea-Gods mourn their lost Estate ;
 For evermore adieu, thou dazling Rising Sun,
 From thy untimely End thy Master's Fate begun ;
 Enough, thou mighty God of War !
 Now we sing, bless the King,
 Let us drink to every English Tar.

S O N G 269.

THus all our Lives long we're frolick and gay,
 And instead of Court Revels we merrily play
 At Trap, and Kertles, and Barley-break run,
 At Cuff, and at Stool-ball ; and when we have done
 These innocent Sports, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lads we give a green Gown.
 We teach our little Dogs to set and to carry,
 The Partridge, Hare, the Pheasant our Quarry,
 The nimble Squirrels with Cudgel we chase,
 And the little pretty Lark betray with a Glas :
 And when we have done, we laugh and lie down,
 And to each pretty Lads we give a green Gown.
 About the May-pole we dance all around,
 And with Garlands of Pinks and Roses are crown'd ;
 Our little kind Tribute we merrily pay
 Unto the gay Lad, and bright Lady o'th' May :
 And when we have done, &c.

With our delicate Nymphs we kiss and we toy,
 What others but dream of, we daily enjoy ;
 With our Sweet-hearts we dally so long, till we find
 Their pretty Eyes say their Hearts are grown kind :
 And when we have done, &c.

S O N G 270.

THus Damon knock'd at Celia's Door,
 The Sign was so :

She

She answered, No,
No, no, no.

Again he sigh'd, again he pray'd ;
No, Damon, no, I am afraid ;
Consider, Damon, I'm a Maid ;

Consider,
No ;

I'm a Maid,
No, &c.

At last, his Sighs and Tears made way :
She rose, and softly turn'd the Key :
Come in, said she, but do not stay ;

I may conclude
You will be rude,

But if you are, you may.

S O N G 271.

THus I stand like a Turk with his Doxies all round,
From all Sides their Glances his Passion confound ;
For Black, Brown, and Fair, his Inconstancy burns,
And different Beauties subdue him by Turns ;
Each calls to her Charms, to provoke his Desires ;
Tho' willing to all, but with one he retires :
Then think of this Maxim, and put off all Sorrow,
The Wretched to Day may be happy To-morrow.

S O N G 272.

THus Kitty, beautiful and young,
And wild as Colt untam'd,
Bespoke the Fair from whom she sprung,
With little Rage inflam'd.
Inflam'd with Rage at sad Restraint,
Which wise Mamma ordain'd ;
And sorely vex'd to play the Saint,
Whilst Wit and Beauty reign'd.
Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd
With Abigails forsaken ?
Kitty's for other things design'd,
Or I am much mistaken.
Must Lady Jenny frisk about,
And visit with her Cousins ?
At Balls must she make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by dozens ?

What

What has she better, pray, than I?

What hidden Charms to boast,
That all Mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a Toast?

Dearest Mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my Earl, as well as she,
Or know the Reason why.

I'll soon with Jenny's Pride quit score,
Make all her Lovers fall:
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before,
She, I was loos'd at all.

Fondness prevail'd, Mamma gave away;
Kitty, at Heart's Desire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And set the World on fire.

S O N G 273.

THus mighty Eastern Kings, and some
Of Abr'am's Race, and Monarchs good,
Of Ægypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome,
True Architecture understood.
No Wonder then if Masons join
To celebrate those Mason Kings,
With solemn Note, and flowing Wine,
Whilst ev'ry Brother jointly sings.

C H O R U S.

Who can unfold the Royal Art,
Or sing its Secrets in a Song?
They're safely kept in Masons Heart,
And to the ancient Lodge belong.

S O N G 274.

THyrsis, inconstant, apt to rove,
Seated in a shady Grove,
Thus besought the God of Love:

Son of Venus, powerful Boy,
Author of our Grief and Joy,
Hear an ardent Lover's Pray'r,
And bring me my Clarinda here.

Cupid his Petition heard:
Fair Clarinda soon appear'd;
Youth

Youth and Beauty round her shining,
 Youth and Innocence combining,
 With gen'rous Fires inflam'd his Breast,
 While thus the Swain their Power confest :

Lovely Nymph, no more I'll range;
 Thyrsis, now, no more will change;
 All that may give Delight I see,
 All thy beauteous Sex in thee :
 Love, join'd with Virtue chaste and true,
 Will always make Clarinda new.

S O N G 275.

Tibby has a Store of Charms,
 Her genty Shape our Fancy warms;
 How strangely can her sma' white Arms-
 Fetter the Lad who looks but at her ?
 Frae 'er Ankle to her slender Waist,
 These Sweets conceal'd invite to dawt her;
 Her rosy Cheek, and rising Breast,
 Gar ane's Mouth gush bowt fu' o' Water.

Nelly's gawfy, fast and gay,
 Fresh as the lucken Flowers in May;
 Ilk ane that sees her, cries, Ah hey
 She's bonny ! O I wonder at her.
 The Dimples of her Chin and Cheek,
 And Limbs sae plump, invite to dawt her;
 Her Lips sae sweet, and Skin sae sleek,
 Gar mony Mouths beside mine water.

Now strike my Finger in a Bore,
 My Wyfson with the Maiden Shore,
 Gin I can tell whilk I am for,
 When these twa Stars appear thegither,
 O Love ! why dost thou gi'e thy Fires
 Sae large, while we're oblig'd to neither :
 Our spacious Souls immense Desires,
 And ay be in a hankerin Swither.

Tibby's Shape and Airs are fine,
 And Nelly's Beauties are divine :
 But since they canna baith be mine,
 Ye Gods, give ear to my Petition :

Provide

Provide a good Lad for the tane,
 But let it be with this Provision,
 I get the other to my lane,
 In Prospect plano and Fruition.

S O N G 276.

'TIS I have seven braw new Gowns,
 And ither seven better to maks,
 And yet for a' my new Gowns,
 My Wooer has turn'd his Back.
 Besides I have seven Milk-ky,
 And Sandy he has but three;
 And yet for a' my good Ky,
 The Laddie winna h'e me.
 My Dady's a Delver of Dikes,
 My Mither can eard and spin,
 And I am a fine fodgel Lafs,
 And the Siller comes linkin in:
 The Siller comes linkin in,
 And it is fou fair to see,
 And fifty times wow! O wow!
 What ails the Lad at me?
 Whenever our Baty does bark,
 Then fast to the Door I rin,
 To see gin any young Spark
 Will light and venture but in;
 But never a ane will come in,
 Tho' mony a ane gaes by,
 Syne far ben the House I rin;
 And a weary Wight am I.
 When I was at my first Prayers,
 I pray'd but anes i' the Year,
 I wish'd for a handsome young Lad,
 And a Lad with muckle Gear.
 When I was at my niest Prayers,
 I pray'd but now and than,
 I fash'd na my Head about Gear,
 If I got a handsome young Man.
 Now when I'm at my last Prayers,
 I pray on baith Night and Day,
 And O! if a Beggar wad come,
 With that same Beggar I'd gae.

And

And O! and what'll come o'me?

And O! what'll I do?

That sic a braw Lassie as I

Shou'd die for a Wooer I trow.

S O N G 277.

'TIS Masonry unites Mankind,

To gen'rous Actions forms the Soul;

In friendly Converse all conjoin'd,

One Spirit animates the Whole.

Where'er aspiring Domes arise,

Whatever sacred Altars stand,

Those Altars blaze unto the Skies,

Those Domes proclaim the Mason's Hand.

As Passion rough the Soul disguise,

Till Science cultivates the Mind;

So the rude Stone unshapen lyes,

Till by the Mason's Art refin'd.

Tho' still our chief Concern and Care

Be to deserve a Brother's Name:

Yet ever mindful of the Fair,

Their kindest Influence we claim.

Let Wretches at our Manhood rail;

But they who once our Order prove,

Will own, that we who build so well,

With equal Energy can love.

Sing, Brethren, then, the Craft divine

(Best Band of social Joy and Mirth)

With choral Sound, and chearful Wine,

Proclaim its Virtues o'er the Earth!

S O N G 278.

'TIS Money that seduces all Mankind,

For that we tempt the Seas, and brave the Wind;

In City, Court, and Country, that is the general Cry;

There's none but will be sold, if you can buy.

The Parson sells you Prayers, the Lawyer sells you Lies,

The Doctor sells you Death; he's a Fool that buys:

The pretty Lady sells her magick Ring,

The Statesman sells his Country, and his King.

† Q

S O N G

S O N G 279.

'TIS my Glory to adore ye,
 You're so charming, O my Dearest!
 Why shou'd I of Fate complain?
 Tho' I'm not the happiest Swain,
 Still, still I'm the sincerest.
 Evermore I'll adore thee, O my Dearest!
 How tormenting is the Passion,
 When our Hopes are all in vain,
 Thus to gaze on one so fair,
 Makes amends for all my Care,
 Still, still, I'm the sincerest.
 Evermore I'll adore thee, O my Fairest!

S O N G 280.

'TIS not a Kiss, or gentle Squeeze,
 A Compliment or smiling Eye,
 That can my anxious Bosom ease,
 Or quell the Flame that soars so high:
 Each welcome Favour, giving Hope,
 Dear Cælia, swell'd my Joys at first;
 But stinted is but like a Drop
 That's given to one that dies with Thirst.
 Fool'd Tantalus, in Days of old,
 Had greatest Torments for his Sin;
 Doom'd not to taste, yet still behold
 The Fruit was bobbing at his Chin:
 Such luscious Plumbs and Grapes I view,
 Whilst all by me are highly priz'd;
 Can you a Guest, invited too,
 Think fit they should be tantaliz'd?
 Who let's his Friend but only sip
 His Wine, is niggard of his Store;
 So tho' I taste your rosy Lip,
 'Tis nothing, if you grant no more.
 With Fragments some the Stomach please,
 And small Repast the Humour fits:
 But Love's a Lord of noble Race,
 And cannot dine on Scraps and Bits,

(171)
S O N G 281.

'TIS not your Beauty can engage
 My wary Heart ;
 The Sun, in all his Pride, and Rage,
 Has not that Art :
 And yet he shines as bright as you,
 If Brightness could our Souls subdue.
 'Tis not the pretty Things you say,
 Nor those you write,
 Which can make Thyrsis' Heart your Prey :
 For that Delight,
 The Graces of a well-taught Mind,
 In some of our own Sex we find.
 No, Flavia ; 'tis your Love I fear ;
 Love's surest Darts,
 Those which do seldom fail him, are
 Headed with Hearts :
 Their very Shadows make us yield ;
 Dissemble well, and win the Field.

S O N G 282.

'TIS not your Wealth, my Dear,
 Nor Wit, nor Shape, nor Air,
 Nor Beauty past compare,
 Makes me a Lover :
 Your sweet complying Mind,
 Your Pride in being kind,
 Without the teasing Way
 Of pish, nay fie, nay pray,
 Has brought me over.

S O N G 283.

'TIS now since I sat down before
 That foolish Fort a Heart,
 (Time strangely spent) a Year and more,
 And still I did my Part :
 Made my Approaches, from her Hand
 Unto her Lip did rise ;
 And did already understand
 The Language of her Eyes.
 Proceeded on with no less Art,
 My Tongue was Engineer ;

I thought to undermine the Heart
 By whisp'ring in the Ear,
 When this did nothing, I brought down
 Great Cannon Oaths, and shot
 A thousand thousand to the Town,
 And still it yielded not.
 I then resolv'd to starve the Place,
 By cutting off all Kisses,
 Praising and gazing on her Face,
 And all such little Blissess.
 To draw her out, and from her Strength,
 I drew all Batteries in,
 And brought myself to lie at length,
 As if no Siege had been.
 When I had done what Man could do,
 And thought the Place mine own,
 The Enemy lay quiet too,
 And smil'd at all was done.
 I sent to know from whence, and where,
 These Hopes, and this Relief:
 A Spy inform'd, Honour was there,
 And did command in Chief.
 March, march, (quoth I,) the Word straight give,
 Let's lose no Time, but leave her:
 That Giant upon Air will live,
 And hold it out for ever.
 To such a Place our Camp remove,
 As will no Siege abide;
 I hate a Fool, that starves her Love,
 Only to feed her Pride.

S O N G 284.

'TIS thee I love,
 I'll constant prove;
 You are the Charmer of my Heart;
 Dearest, believe me,
 I'll ne'er deceive thee,
 From Chloe bright I ne'er can part.
 Be kind as fair,
 Oh! be not severe,

But

But shew Compassion on your Swain ;
 You'll ne'er repent it,
 No ne'er relent it,
 Dear Creature, dear Creature, now ease my Pain.

S O N G 285.

'TIS Wine makes us love, and Love makes us drink,
 And each does the other improve ;
 All Mortals must know, who feel or can think,
 No Pleasure's like Drinking and Love :
 Then join 'em, my Boys, make the Blessings divine,
 For Men must be Gods, when they've Women and Wine,
 Then bring us of both, and double each Joy,
 I hate to be languid and cold ;
 I'll think myself Jove, while these I enjoy,
 Nor own myself mortal till old.
 Cho. Then join 'em, &c.

When old I am grow, and toying is past,
 In Wine I must place all my Joy ;
 And tho' I'm unfit for Love to the last,
 Yet still I can drink till I die.
 Cho. Then join 'em, &c.

S O N G 286.

'TIS Woman that seduces all Mankind,
 By her we first were taught the wheedling Arts ;
 Her very Eyes can cheat ; when most she's kind,
 She tricks us of our Money with our Hearts.
 For her, like Wolves by Night, we roam for Prey,
 And practise ev'ry Fraud to bribe her Charms ;
 For Suits of Love, like Law, are won by Pay,
 And Beauty must be fee'd into our Arms.

S O N G 287.

TO you who live at home at Ease,
 And revel in Delight ;
 We Mariners that sail the Seas,
 Befriended by a gentle Breeze,
 To you we thus indite.
 Let all your Perturbations die,
 Your private Feuds allay ;
 Let ev'ry Animosity
 For ever in Oblivion lie,
 Now we are gone to Sea,

† Q 3

When

When forked Light'ning flies amain,
 And Thunder splits our Mast,
 Think then what Dangers we sustain,
 Compell'd by you to cross the Main,
 For human Frailties past.

I hope to see my Dear once more,
 Tho' I my Voy'ge pursue ;
 Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,
 To waft me from Britannia's Shore,
 I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the War's Alarms,
 Nor poison'd Indian Dart ;
 But while engag'd in hostile Arms,
 I'll be inspir'd by Molly's Charms ;
 With whom I leave my Heart.

When having suffer'd an Exile,
 And favour'd by the Wind,
 Enrich'd with Carolina's Spoil,
 And coasting for my native Isle,
 Perhaps she'll then prove kind.

S O N G 288.

Tobacco's but an Indian Weed,
 Grows green at Morn, cut down at Eve ;
 It shews our Decay, we are but Clay :
 Think on this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so Lily-white,
 Wherein so many take Delight,
 Is broke with a Touch : Man's Life is such :
 Think on this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Pipe that is so foul within,
 Shews how Man's Soul is stain'd with Sin,
 It does require to be purg'd with Fire.
 Think on this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Ashes that are left behind,
 Do serve to put us all in Mind,
 That unto Dust we must return.
 Think on this when you smoak Tobacco.

The Smoke that does so high ascend,
 Shews that Man's Life must have an End ;

The Vapour's gone, Man's Life is done.
Think on this when you smook Tobacco.

S O N G 289.

T OBY Swill

Has ne'er his Fill,

Tho' he drinks from Night to Day ;

But soon as e'er

The Reck'ning's call'd,

Then Toby sneaks away.

Toby laughs,

And puns and quaffs,

Until a Bill is call'd ;

That strikes him dumb,

He's then hum-drum,

And all his Mirth is pall'd.

Pay but his Shot,

'Tis all forgot,

And he again is gay :

He'll stand in Rub

Of a whole Club,

To drink, and not to pay.

S O N G 290.

T O all you Ladies now at Land

We Men at Sea indite ;

But first would have you understand

How hard it is to write ;

The Muses now, and Neptune too

We must implore to write to you,

With a fal, la, la, la.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind,

And fill our empty Brain,

Yet if rough Neptune rouze the Wind,

To wave the azure Main,

Our Paper, Pen, and Ink, and we

Roul up and down our Ships at Sea.

Then if we write not by each Post,

Think not we are unkind,

Nor yet conclude our Ships are lost

By Dutchmen, or by Wind ;

Our Tears we'll send a speedier Way,

The Tide shall bring them twice a Day.

The

The King, with Wonder and Surprise,
 Will swear the Seas grow bold,
 Because the Tides will higher rise,
 Than e'er they did of old;
 But let him know, it is our Tears
 Bring Floods of Grief to Whitehall Stairs.
 Shou'd foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal Story;
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a Foe,
 And quit their Fort at Goree;
 For what Resistance can they find
 From Men who've left their Hearts behind?
 Let Wind and Weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind;
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No Sorrow we shall find;
 'Tis then no matter how things go,
 Or who's our Friend, or who's our Foe.
 To pass our tedious Hours away,
 We throw a merry Main;
 Or else at serious Ombre play:
 But why should we in vain
 Each other's Ruin thus pursue?
 We were undone when we left you!
 But now our Fears tempestuous grow,
 And cast our Hopes away,
 Whilst you regardless of our Woe,
 Sit careless at a Play;
 Perhaps permit some happier Man
 To kiss your Hand, or flirt your Fan.
 When any mournful Tune you hear,
 That dies in ev'ry Note,
 As if it sigh'd with each Man's Care,
 For being so remote;
 Think then how often Love we've made
 To you, when all those Tunes were play'd.
 In Justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our Distress,
 When we for Hopes of Honour lose
 Our certain Happiness;

All those Designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your Love.

And now we've told you all our Loves,

And likewise all our Fears ;

In hopes this Declaration moves

Some Pity for our Tears ;

Let's hear of no Inconstancy,

We have too much of that at Sea.

S O N G 291.

TO all ye Ladies now at Bath,

And eke, ye Beaus, to you,

With aching Heart, and wat'ry Eyes,

I bid my last Adieu.

Farewel, ye Nymphs, who Water sip,

Hot reeking from the Pumps,

While Music lends her friendly Aid,

To chear you from the Dumps.

Farewel, ye Nymphs, who prating stand,

And criticize the Fair,

Yourselves the Joke of Men of Sense,

Who hate a Coxcomb's Air.

Farewel to Deard's, and all her Toys,

Which glitter in the Shop,

Deluding Traps to Girls and Boys,

The Warehouse of the Fop.

Lindsay's and Hayes's both farewell,

Where in the specious Hall,

With bounding Steps and sprightly Air,

I've led up many a Ball.

Where Somerville, of courteous Mien,

Was Partner in the Dance,

With swimming Haws, and Brownlow blithe,

And Britton, Pink of France.

Poor Nash, farewell ; may Fortune's Smile

Thy dropping Soul revive ;

My Heart is full, I can no more ———

Joan, bid the Coachman drive.

S O N G

S O N G 292.

TO charming Cælia's Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feasted ;
No God such Transports ever knew,
Nor Mortal ever tasted.

Lost in the sweet tumultuous Joy,
And pleas'd beyond expressing ;
How can your Slave, my Fair, said I,
Reward so great a Blessing ?

The whole Creation's Wealth survey ;
Thro' both the Indies wander ;
Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
And fighting Monarchs squander.

The richest Spoils of Earth and Air ;
The rifled Ocean's Treasure :
'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far
To purchase so much Pleasure.

She blushing cry'd—My Life, my Dear,
Since Cælia thus you fancy,
Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
A Rundlet of right Nantzy.

S O N G 293.

TO Friend, and to Foe,
And to all that I know,
That to Marriage-State do prepare ;
Remember your Days,
In their several Ways,
Are Trouble, with Sorrow and Care,
For he that doth look
In the marry'd Man's Book,
And reads but the Items all over,
Shall find them to come
At length to a Sum,
Shall empty Purse, Pocket, and Coffer.
In the Pastimes of Love,
When their Labour doth prove,
And the Kinchen beginneth to kick ;
For this, and for that,
And I know not for what,
The Woman must have, or be sick.

There's

There's Item fat down,
 For a loose-body'd Gown,
 In her longing you must not deceive her :
 For a Bodkin, a Ring,
 And the other fine Thing,
 For a Cornet and Lace to be braver.
 Deliver'd and well,
 Who is it can tell ?
 But while the Child lies at the Nipple,
 There's Item for Wine,
 'Mongst Gossips so fine,
 And Sugar to sweeten their Tipple.
 There's Item, I hope,
 For Starch, and for Soap,
 There's Item for Fire and Candle ;
 For better, for worse,
 There's Item for Nurse,
 The Baby to dress, and to dandle.
 When swaddled in Lap,
 There's Item for Pap,
 And Item for Pot, Pan, and Ladle ;
 A Coral with Bells,
 Which Custom compels,
 And Item, a Crown for a Cradle,
 With twenty odd Knacks,
 Which the Little one lacks ;
 And thus doth thy Pleasure betray thee :
 Yet this is the Sport
 In Country and Court,
 Then let not the Charges dismay thee.

S O N G 294.

TO heal the Wound a Bee had made
 Upon my Kitty's Face,
 Honey upon her Cheek she laid,
 And bid me kiss the Place.
 Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the Wound
 Imbib'd both Sweet and Smart ;
 The Honey on my Lips I found,
 The Sting within my Heart.

S O N G

TO his poor Cell a Satyr led
 A Traveller with Cold half dead,
 And with great Kindness treated.
 A Fire Nose-high he made him strait,
 Shew'd him his Elbow-chair of State,
 And near the Chimney seated.

His tingling Hands the Stranger blows :
 At which the Satyr wond'ring rose,
 And bluntly ask'd the Reason.
 Sir, quoth the Man, I mean no Harm,
 I only do't my Hands to warm,
 In this cold frosty Season.

The Satyr gave him from the Pot
 A Mess of Porridge piping hot :
 The Man blow'd o'er his Gruel.
 What's that for, Friend? the Satyr cry'd.
 To cool my Broth, his Guest reply'd,
 And Truth, Sir, is a Jewel.

How, quoth the Host then, is it so?
 And can you Contradictions blow?
 Turn out and leave my Cottage.
 This honest Mansion ne'er shall hold
 Such Rascals as blow hot and cold;
 The De'il must find you Pottage.

TO Horse, brave Boys of Newmarket, to Horse,
 You'll lose the Match by longer delaying;
 The Gelding just now was led over the Course,
 I think the Devil's in you for staying:
 Run, and endeavour all to bubble the Sporters,
 Betts may recover all lost at the Groom-Porters;
 Follow, follow, follow, follow, come down to the Ditch,
 Take the Odds, and then you'll be rich.
 For I'll have the brown Bay, if the blue Bonnet ride,
 And hold a thousand Pounds of his Side, Sir;
 Dragon would scow'r it, but Dragon grows old;
 He cannot endure it, he cannot, he wonnot now run it,
 As lately he could:
 Age, Age, does hinder his Speed, Sir.

Now, now, now they come on, and see,
 See the Horse lead the Way still;
 Three Lengths before at the turning the Lands,
 Five hundred Pounds upon the brown Bay still;
 Pox on the Devil, I fear we have lost,
 For the Dog, the blue Bonnet, has run it,
 A Plague light upon it,
 The wrong Side the Post;
 Odfzounds, was ever such Fortune!

S O N G 297.

TO hug yourself in perfect Ease,
 What would you wish for more than these?
 A healthy, clean, paternal Seat,
 Well shaded from the Summer's Heat.

A little Parlour Stove to hold
 A constant Fire from Winter's Cold,
 Where you may sit, and think, and sing,
 Far off from Court, God bless the King!

Safe from the Harpies of the Law,
 From Party-Rage, and Great-Man's Paw;
 Have few choice Friends of your own Cast;
 A Wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet cautious Mind,
 Where guilty Cares no Entrance find;
 Nor Miser's Fears, nor Envy's Spight,
 To break the Sabbath of the Night.

Plain Equipage, and temp'rate Meals,
 Few Taylors, and no Doctor's Bills;
 Content to take, as Heav'n shall please,
 A longer or a shorter Lease.

S O N G 298.

TO keep my gentle Bessy,
 What Labour would seem hard?
 Each toilsome Task how easy!

Her Love the sweet Reward.
 The Bee thus uncomplaining
 Esteems no Toil severe,
 The sweet Reward obtaining,
 Of Honey all the Year.

S O N G 299.

TO little or no Purpose I spent many Days,
 In ranging the Park, th' Exchange, and the Plays ;
 For ne'er in my Rambles, till now, did I prove,
 So lucky to meet with the Man I could love.
 Oh ! how I am pleased when I think on this Man,
 That I find I must love, let me do what I can.
 That I find, &c.

How long I shall love him, I can no more tell,
 Than had I a Fever, when I should be well.
 My Passion shall kill me, before I will show it :
 And yet I would give all the World he did know it.
 But oh ! how I sigh, when I think, should he woo me,
 I cannot deny what, I know, would undo me.

S O N G 300.

TO love and to languish,
 To sigh and complain,
 How killing's the Anguish,
 How tormenting the Pain !

Suing,
 Pursuing,
 Flying,
 Denying,

O the Curse of Disdain,
 How tormenting the Pain !

To love, &c.

S O N G 301.

TO love, is to be doom'd on Earth to feel,
 What after Death the Tortur'd meet in Hell :
 The Vulture dipping in Prometheus' Side
 His bloody Beak, with his torn Liver dy'd,
 Is Love : The Stone that labours up the Hill,
 Mocking the Lab'rer's Toil, returning still,
 Is Love : Those Streams where Tantalus is curst
 To sit, and never drink, with endless Thirst ;
 Those loaden Boughs that with their Burthen bend
 To court his Taste, and yet escape his Hand !
 All this is Love, that to dissembled Joys
 Invites vain Men, with real Grief destroys.

S O N G 302.

W. TO me you made a thousand Vows,
A thousand tender Things you've said;

I gave you all that Love allows,

The Pleasures of the nuptial Bed:

But now my Eyes have lost their Charms,

Or you abate in your Desire;

You wish another in your Arms,

And burn with an unhallow'd Fire.

H. That, charming Celia, I admire

I must with Pleasure own is true;

But had I ten times the Desire,

How would the Passion injure you?

W. Love is a sacred Tree of Life,

That up to Heav'n its Branches rears;

But Admiration's but the Leaf,

Enjoyment is the Fruit it bears.

H. Thus, while you raise a vain Dispute,

Your Passion but itself deceives;

While you yourself have all the Fruit,

Why need you envy me the Leaves?

Both. Away then all Fondness, I find 'tis in vain

For Wives, when neglected, to sigh and complain;

We raise the loose Wishes we strive to restrain.

'Tis a Folly to whine, to languish and grieve,

Let us rather endeavour ourselves to decieve;

What we wish to be true, Love bids us believe.

Time, Reason, or Change, at last will relieve;

'Tis a Folly to whine, to languish and grieve.

S O N G 303.

TO meet her Mars, the Queen of Love

Comes here adorn'd with all her Charms;

The Warrior best the Fair can move,

And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms:

The Warrior best the Fair can move,

And crowns his Toils in Beauty's Arms.

S O N G 304.

TO Sylvia's Charms a Captive made,

I fought the wanton Cupid's Aid,

† R 2

Beggin

Begging he'd try some pow'rful Dart,
 To soften her relentless Heart.
 But all in vain ; for, in her Eyes
 All his Artill'ry planted lies.
 His Darts can only from her fly :
 I'm fated to despair and die.
 And yet 'twas but this small Request,
 Which granted, would have made me blest.
 Oh ! let my Flames melt her into Desire,
 Or else her Coldness quite put out my Fire.

S O N G 305.

TO the Brook, and the Willow, that heard him
 complain,

Ah willow ! willow !

[These Words to be sung between each Line.]

Poor Collin went weeping, and told them his Pain ;
 Sweet Stream, he cry'd, sadly I'll teach thee to flow,
 And the Waters shall rise to the Brink with my Woe :
 All restless and painful, my Cælia now lies,
 And counts the sad Moments of Time as it flies ;
 To the Nymph, my Heart's Love, ye soft Slumbers
 repair,
 Spread your downy Wings o'er her, and make her
 your Care ;

Let me be left restless, my Eyes never close,
 So the Sleep that I lose give my Dear-one Repose ;
 Dear Stream ! if you chance by her Pillow to creep,
 Perhaps your soft Murmurs may lull her to Sleep :
 But if I am doom'd to be wretched indeed,
 And the Loss of my Charmer the Fates have decreed,
 Believe me, thou fair one, thou dear one believe,
 Few Sighs to thy Loss, and few Tears will I give ;
 One Fate to thy Collin and thee shall betide ;
 And soon lay thy Shepherd cold down by thy Side :
 Then glide, gentle Brook, and to lose thyself haste,
 Bear this to my Willow ; this Verse is my last.

Ah Willow ! Willow ! ah Willow ! Willow !

S O N G 306.

TO the God of Wine
 My Song and my Design
 With a grateful Spirit will I raise,

*Tis

'Tis my Heart's Delight
To give him ev'ry Night,
And to carrol merrily his Praise.

Monarch Bacchus, gay and young ;

Free to save us,

And relieve us,

When the World goes wrong.

Sound his Name,

Raise it high,

Sing his Fame

To the Sky,

Till the wise World join in our Song.

Shou'd a Mortal dare

His merry Subjects sneer,

Let him dread the Fate decreed.

A new Law well weigh'd

The drinking Court has made,

And to Justice thus they'll proceed.

Set the Rebel to the Bar,

That the Traitor,

Bound in Fetter,

May his Sentence hear.

Let the Rogue,

In a String,

Like a Dog,

Take a Swing,

Or be drown'd in Rot-gut Small-beer.

S O N G 307.

TO thee, O gentle Sleep, alone

Is owing all our Peace ;

By thee our Joys are heighten'd shown,

By thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph whose Hand, by Fraud or Force,

Some Tyrant has possess'd ;

By thee obtaining a Divorce,

In her own Choice is blest.

Oh! stay, Arpasia bids thee stay,

The sadly weeping Fair

Conjures thee not to lose in Day

The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing Form she sought,

That Motion chas'd her Sleep ;

+ R 2

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(186)

Thus by ourselves are oftneft wrought
The Griefs for which we weep.

S O N G 308.

TOM and Will were Shepherd Swains,
That liv'd and lov'd together,
When fair Pastora cross'd their Plains,
Alas! why came she thither?
For tho' they fed two sev'ral Flocks,
They felt but one Desire;
Pastora's Eyes, and Amber Locks,
Set both their Hearts on fire.

Tom came of a genteel Race,
By Father and by Mother:

Will was noble, but alas!

He was a younger Brother.

Tom was forlorn, Will was sad,

No Huntsman nor no Fowler;

Tom was held the properer Lad,

But Will the better Bowler.

Tom was young, but something bold,

It seem'd no Imperfection;

Will was grey, but yet not old,

And browner of Complexion:

The scorching Flames their Breasts did bear,

They could no longer smother;

For tho' they knew they Rivals were,

They still lov'd one another.

Tom would drink her Health, and swear

His very Ghost should haunt her.

Will would take her by the Ear,

And with his Voice inchant her.

Tom always kept within her Sight,

And ne'er forgot his Duty:

But Will was witty, and could write

Sweet Sonnets on her Beauty.

Pastora was a lovely Lass,

And of a gentle Nature,

Divinely good and fair she was,

And kind to ev'ry Creature:

Of Favours she was provident,
 But yet not over sparing ;
 She gave no loose Encouragement,
 Yet kept Men from despairing.
 Which of these two she loved most,
 Or whether she lov'd either,
 'Tis thought they'll find it to their Cost,
 That she indeed lov'd neither :
 So charming and so sweet was she,
 So pleasing of Behaviour,
 That Tom thought he, and Will thought he,
 Was chiefest in her Favour.

Thus did she handle Tom and Will,
 Who both did doat upon her ;
 For graciously she us'd them still,
 Yet still preserv'd her Honour.
 She dealt her Favours equally ;
 They both were well contented,
 And kept them still from Jealousy,
 Not easily prevented.

Till tattling Fame had made Report
 Of fair Pastora's Beauty ;
 Pastora's sent for to the Court,
 There to perform her Duty.
 Unto the Court Pastora's gone,
 There were no Court without her ;
 The Queen amongst her Train had none
 Was half so fair about her.

Tom hang'd his Dog, and cast away
 His Shepherd's Hook and Wallet.
 Will broke his Pipe, and curs'd the Day
 That e'er he made a Ballad.
 Their Nine-pins and their Bowls they break,
 Their Sports were turn'd to Tears ;
 'Tis Time for me an End to make,
 Let them go shake their Ears.

S O N G 309.

TOO long, thou Tyrant, Love,
 I've borne Belinda's unrelenting Scorn,
 Who boasts her guarded Breast.
 Oh! level now thy keenest Dart,

That,

That, in her cold obdurate Heart
Thy Pow'r may be confess'd.

Thy Pray'r's too just to be deny'd,
Behold, 'tis done, the God reply'd;

The Shaft has pierc'd her home:
Thy Pain now feeling in her own,
She sighing cries, in piteous Moan,
Come, Philander, come.

S O N G 310.

TOO plain, dear Youth, these tell-tale Eyes
My Heart your own declare;
But, for Heav'n's sake, let it suffice,
You reign triumphant there.

Forbear your utmost Pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your Sway;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I shou'd obey.

But cou'd your Arts successful prove,
Wou'd you a Maid undo,
Whose greatest Failing is her Love,
And that her Love for you?

Say, wou'd you use that very Pow'r
You from her Fondness claim,
To ruin in one fatal Hour
A Life of spotless Fame?

Ah! cease, my Dear, to do an Ill,
Because perhaps you may;
But rather try your utmost Skill
To save me, than betray.

Be you yourself my Virtue's Guard,
Defend, and not pursue,
Since 'tis a Task for me too hard
To strive with Love and you.

S O N G 311.

TRade's awry, and so am I,
As well as some Folks that are greater;
But by the Peace we at present enjoy,
I hope to be richer and straighter.
Brib'ry must be laid aside,
To some body's Mortification,

He that is guilty, Oh ! let him be try'd,
And expos'd for a Rogue to the Nation.

I'm that little Fellow

Call'd Punchinello,

Much Beauty I carry about me ;

I am witty, and pretty,

And come to delight you,

You cannot be merry without me ;

My Cap is made like a Sugar-loaf,

And round my Collar I wear a Ruff ;

I'd strip and shew you my Shapes in Buff,

But fear the Ladies would flout me ;

My rising Back and distorted Breast,

Whene'er I shew them, become a Jest,

And as for what is below my Waist,

No Lady ever need doubt me.

Æsop was a monst'rous Slave,

And waited at Xanthus' Table ;

Yet he was always a comical Knave,

And an excellent Dab at a Fable :

So when I presume to show

My Shapes, I am just such another ;

By my sweet Looks and good Humours I know,

You must take me for him, or his Brother.

The fair and the comely

May think me but homely,

Because I am tawny and crooked,

But he that by Nature

Is taller and straighter

May happen to prove a Blockhead :

But I, fair Ladies, am full as wise

As he that tickles your Ears with Lyes,

And thinks he pleases your charming Eyes

With a Rat-tail-Wig and a Cockade ;

I mean the Bully that never fought,

Yet dresses himself in a Scarlet Coat,

Without a Commission, not worth a Groat,

But struts with an empty Pocket.

S O N G 312.

Transform'd in Female Shape, both old and lame,

The God Vertumnus to Pomona came ;

Not

Not as when the Goddess saw all his Charms display'd,
But disguis'd, he thus address'd the list'ning Maid.

Lovely Goddess so divine,
Guardian of this fruitful Tree,
A while thy darling Joys decline,
And lend an Ear to Love and me :
Blooming Beauties should be kind,
And taste of Pleasure while they may ;
For Death is sure, and Love is blind,
And Passion cools at Life's Decay.

While he appear'd thus odious in her Eyes,
The Goddess did his Strains despise ;
But when transform'd by Pow'r divine,
Vertumnus did with blooming Beauty shine,
Then sat Pomona all amaz'd,
While on her youthful Swain she fondly gaz'd.

Successful happy Charmer,
'Tis you alone can warm her
Who never lov'd before :
Be bless'd as I can make you,
I never will forsake you,
But love you more and more.

S O N G 313.

TRansported with Pleasure,
I gaze on my Treasure,
And ravish my Sight ;
While she gaily smiling,
My Anguish beguiling,
Augments my Delight.

How blest is the Lover
Whose Torments are over,
His Fears and his Pains :
When Beauty relenting
Repays with consenting
Her Scorn and Disdain.

S O N G 314.

TROY had a Breed of brave stout Men ;
Yet Greece made shift to rout her,
'Cause each Man drank as much as Ten,
And thence grew ten times stouter :

Thro' Hector was a Trojan true
 As ever pist 'gainst Wall, Sir,
 A---chilles bang'd him black and blue,
 For he drank more than all, Sir.

Let Bacchus be our God of War,
 We shall fear nothing then, Boys ;
 We'll drink all dead, and lay 'em to Bed,
 And if they wake not conquered,
 We'll drink 'em dead again, Boys :
 Nor were the Grecians only fam'd
 For Drinking and for Fighting :
 For he that drank, and wa'n't asham'd,
 Was ne'er asham'd o's Writing.

He that will be a Soldier then,
 Or Wit, must drink good Liquor ;
 It makes base Cowards fight like Men,
 And roving Thoughts fly quicker :
 Let Bacchus be both God of War,
 And God of Wit, and then, Boys,
 We'll drink and fight, and drink and write,
 And if the Sun set with his Light,
 We'll drink him up again, Boys.

S O N G 315.

TWas at the silent midnight Hour,
 When all were fast asleep :
 In glided Marg'ret's grimly Ghost,
 And stood at William's Feet.

Her Face was like an April Morn,
 Clad in a wint'ry Cloud ;
 And Clay-cold was her Lilly Hand,
 That held her sable Shroud.

So shall the fairest Face appear,
 When Youth and Years are flown :
 Such is the Robe that Kings must wear,
 When Death has 'rest their Crown.

Her Bloom was like the springing Flow'r,
 That sips the silver Dew ;
 The Rose was budded in her Cheek,
 Just op'ning to the View.

But

But Love had, like the Canker-worm,
 Consum'd her early Prime :
 The Rose grew pale, and left her Cheek :
 She dy'd before her Time.

Awake, she cry'd, thy True-love calls,
 Come from her midnight Grave :
 Now let thy Pity hear the Maid,
 Thy Love refus'd to save.

This is the dumb and dreary Hour,
 When injur'd Ghosts complain ;
 Now yawning Graves give up their Dead,
 To haunt the faithless Man.

Bethink thee, William, of thy Fault,
 Thy Pledge, and broken Oath ;
 And give me back my maiden Vow,
 And give me back my Troth.

Why did you promise Love to me,
 And not that promise keep ?
 Why did you swear my Eyes were bright,
 Yet leave those Eyes to weep ?

How could you say my Face was fair,
 And yet that Face forsake ?
 How could you win my Virgin Heart,
 Yet leave that Heart to break ?

Why did you say my Lips were sweet,
 And made the Scarlet pale ?
 And why did I, young witless Maid,
 Believe the flatt'ring Tale ?

That Face, alas ! no more is fair,
 Those Lips no longer red ;
 Dark are my Eyes, now clos'd in Death,
 And ev'ry Charm is fled.

The hungry Worm my Sister is,
 This Winding-sheet I wear ;
 And cold and dreary lasts our Night,
 'Till that last Morn appear.

But hark ! the Cock has warn'd me hence !
 A long and last Adieu !
 Come see, false Man, how low she cries,
 That dy'd for Love of you.

The Lark sung loud, the Morning smil'd,
 And rais'd her glitt'ring Head :
 Pale William quak'd in ev'ry Limb,
 And raving left his Bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal Place,
 Where Marg'ret's Body lay ;
 And stretch'd him on the green Grass Turf,
 That wrapt her breathless Clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's Name,
 And thrice he wept full sore ;
 Then laid his Cheek to the cold Grave,
 And Word spake never more.

S O N G 316.

'TWas cold, and young Roger had Leave from the
 'Squire

To cleave some dry Blocks to recruit his Wife's Fire ;
 When, at every Blow, from his Stomach there broke
 A Hem, or a Hah, near as loud as the Stroke.

His Wife standing by, and demanding the Reason,
 Quoth Hodge, these Emissions in labouring ease one :
 For while Voice and Members at once thus employ'd are,
 I drive the Wedge further, and make the Slit wider.

Attentive Joan heard, and was silent 'till Night,
 When Roger performing the conjugal Rite,
 In the midst of the rapturous, amorous Game,
 She pinch'd him, and pull'd him, and bid him cry Hem.

Hodge knew what she meant, but unable to give
 A Comfort so long as his Spouse could receive :
 He cry'd, My Dear Jewel, I can Hem no more in ;
 There's Odds you must know between cleaving and boring.

S O N G 317.

'TWas Fancy first made Celia fair,
 'Twas Fancy gave her Shape and Air ;
 It robb'd the Sun, stript ev'ry Star
 Of Beauties, to bestow on her ;
 And when it had the Goddess made,
 Down it fell, and worshipped,
 Creator first, and then a Creature ;
 Narcissus, and a Pail of Water.

† S

S O N G

S O N G 318.

'T Was forth in a Morning, a Morning of May,
A Soldier and his Mistress were walking astray;
And low down by yon Meadow Brow,
I heard a Lads cry, My Apron now !

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother,
Or had I ta'en Counsel of Sister or Brother !
But I was a young Thing, and easy to wooe,
And my Belly bears up my Apron now.

Thy Apron, Deary, I must confess,
Is something the shorter, tho' naithing the less;
I only was wi' ye a Night or two,
And yet you cry out, My Apron now !

S O N G 319.

'T Was in the Land of Cyder,
At a Place call'd Brampton-Bryon,
Such a Prank was play'd
Twixt a Man and Maid,
That all the Saints cry'd fie on.

For gentle John and Susan
Were oft at Recreation ;

To tell the Truth,
This vig'rous Youth
Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.

Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,
Brisk John was at her Crupper ;

He got in her Geers
Five times before Pray'rs,
And six times after Supper.

John being well provided,
So closely did solace her,

That Susan's Waist,
So slackly lac'd,

Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace,

But when the Knight perceived
That Susan had been finning,

And that his Lads,
For Want of Grace,

Lov'd Kissing more than Spinning ;

To cleanse the House from Scandal,
 And filthy Fornication ;
 Of all such Crimes
 To shew the Times

His utter Detestation :

He took both Bed and Bolster,
 Nay, Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows ;
 With Johnny's Frock,
 And Susan's Smock,
 And burnt them in the Kiln-house.

And every vile Utensil
 On which they had been wicked ;
 As Chairs, Joint-stools,
 Old Trunks, Close-stools,
 And eke the three-legg'd Cricket.

But had each Thing defiled
 Been burnt at Brampton-Bryon,
 We all must grant
 The Knight would want
 Himself a Bed to lie on.

S O N G 320.

'TWas on a River's verdant Side,
 About the Close of Day,
 A dying Swan with Musick try'd
 To chase her Cares away.

And tho' she ne'er had strain'd her Throat,
 Or tun'd her Voice before,
 Death, ravish'd with so sweet a Note,
 A while the Stroke forbore.

Farewel, she cry'd, ye silver Streams,
 Ye purling Waves adieu,
 Where Phœbus us'd to dart his Beams,
 And bless both me and you.

Farewel, ye tender whistling Reeds,
 Soft Scenes of happy Love ;
 Farewel, ye bright enamell'd Meads,
 Where I was wont to rove.

With you I must no more converse ;
 Look, yonder setting Sun
 Waits, while I these last Notes rehearse,
 And then he must be gone.

† S 2

Mourn not, my kind and constant Mate,

We'll meet again below :

It is the kind Decree of Fate,

And I with Pleasure go.

While thus she sung, upon a Tree

Within th' adjacent Wood,

To hear her mournful Melody

A Stork attentive stood.

From whence thus to the Swan she spoke :

What means this Song of Joy ?

Is it, fond Fool, so kind a Stroke

That does thy Life destroy ?

Turn back, deluding Bird, and try

To keep thy fleeting Breath :

It is a dismal Thing to die,

And Pleasure ends in Death.

Bafe Stork, the Swan reply'd, give o'er,

Thy Arguments are vain ;

If after Death we are no more,

Yet we are free from Pain.

But there are soft Elysian Shades,

And Bow'rs of kind Repose,

Where never any Storm invades,

Nor Tempest ever blows.

There in cool Streams, and shady Woods,

I'll sport the Time away ;

Or, swimming down the Chrystal Floods,

Among young Halcyons play.

Then pr'ythee cease, or tell me why

I have such Cause to grieve,

Since 'tis a Happiness to die,

And it's a Pain to live.

S O N G 321.

'TWas Summer, and the Day was fair,

Resolv'd a while to fly from Care,

Beguiling Thought, forgetting Sorrow,

I wander'd o'er the Braes of Yarrow ;

Till then despising Beauty's Power,

I kept my Heart, my own secure :

But

But Cupid's Art did there deceive me,
And Mary's Charms do now enslave me.

Will cruel Love no Bribe receive ?
No Ransom take for Mary's Slave ?
Her Frowns of Rest and Hope deprive me,
Her lovely Smiles, like Light, revive me :
No Bondage may with mine compare,
Since first I saw this charming Fair :
This beauteous Flower, this Rose of Yarrow,
In Nature's Gardens has no Marrow.

Had I of Heav'n but one Request,
I'd ask to lye in Mary's Breast ;
There would I live or die with Pleasure,
Nor spare this World one Moment's Leisure ;
Despising Kings and all that's Great,
I'd smile at Courts and Courtiers Fate :
My Joy complete in such a Marrow,
I'd dwell with her, and live on Yarrow.

But tho' such Blis I ne'er should gain,
Contented still I'll wear my Chain,
In hopes my faithful Heart may move her ;
For leaving Life I'll always love her.
What Doubts distract a Lover's Mind ?
That Breast, all Softness, must prove kind ;
And she shall yet become my Marrow,
The lovely beauteous Rose of Yarrow.

S O N G 322.

'Twas when the Seas were roaring
With hollow Blasts of Wind,
A Damsel lay deploring,
All on a Rock reclin'd ;
Wide o'er the foaming Billows
She cast a wishful Look ;
Her Head was crown'd with Willows,
That trembled o'er the Brook.

Twelve Months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious Days ;
Why didst thou, vent'rous Lover,
Why didst thou trust the Seas ?

† S 3

Cease,

Cease, cease then, cruel Ocean,
And let my Lover rest :

Ah ! what's thy troubled Motion
To that within my Breast ?

The Merchant robb'd of Treasure,
Views Tempests in Despair ;

But what's the Loss of Treasure,
To losing of my Dear ;

Shou'd you some Coast be laid on,
Where Gold and Di'monds grow,

You'd find a richer Maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that Nature
Hath nothing made in vain ?

Why then beneath the Water
Do hideous Rocks remain ?

No Eyes those Rocks discover,
That lurk beneath the Deep,

To wreck the wand'ring Lover,
And leave the Maid to weep.

All melancholly lying,

Thus wail'd she for her Dear,
Repaid each Blast with Sighing,

Each Billow with a Tear,

When o'er the wide Waves stooping,

His floating Corps she spy'd ;

Then, like a Lilly drooping,

She bow'd her Head, and dy'd.

S O N G 323.

'TWas when the Sheep was Shearing,
And under the Barley-Mow ;

Dick gave to Doll a Faring,

As she had milk'd her Cow ;

Quoth he, I fain wou'd wed thee ;

And tho' I cannot wooe,

I've Hey Piff, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a Boy ;

Sing, shall I come, shall I come kiss thee now,

Sing, ah ! shall I come kiss thee now ?

I long, Sweet-heart, to bed thee,

And merrily buckle to,

With

With a Hey Pish, Hey Cock, Hey, and hey for a Boy ;
 Sing, shall I come kifs thee now,
 Sing, ah ! shall I come, shall I come kifs thee now ?
 Doll seem'd not to regard him,
 As if she did not care ;
 Yet simper'd when she heard him,
 Like any Miller's Mare :
 And cunningly to prove him,
 And value her Maidenhead,
 Cry'd fie, nay pish, nay fie, and prithee stand by,
 For I am too young to wed.
 She said, she ne'er could love him ;
 Nor any Man close in Bed ;
 Then fie, pish, fie, nay pish, nay prithee stand by,
 For I am too young to wed.
 Like one that's struck with Thunder,
 Stood Dickie to hear her talk ;
 All Hopes to get her under,
 This sad Resolve did baulk :
 At last he swore, grown bolder,
 He'd hire some common Shrew ;
 For hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy ;
 Sing, shall I come kifs thee now ?
 In loving Arms would fold her,
 Ere sneak, and cring, and cry ;
 With hey pish, hey fie, hey for a Boy ;
 Sing, shall I come kifs thee now ?
 Convinc'd of her coy Folly,
 And stubborn Female Will ;
 Poor Doll grew melancholy,
 The Grist went by her Mill :
 I hope, she cry'd, you're wiser
 Then credit what I have said ;
 Tho' I do cry, nae fie, and pish, and prithee stand by,
 That I am too young to wed ;
 Bring you the Church Adviser,
 And dress up the Bridal Bed ;
 Then try, tho' I cry, fie, and pish, and prithee stand by,
 If I am too young to wed.

S O N G

'T Was when the Sun began to shine,
A Nymph as Phœbus Self divine,

A Nymph as Phœbus Self divine,

Sat singing in a Shade :

And while the Moments slid along,

This was the Burden of her Song,

She would not die a Maid.

A Shepherd heard her tuneful Tale,

And strait appear'd ; the Nymph grew pale,

When he appear'd the Nymph grew pale,

He flew in to her Aid :

He caught the fair one in his Arms,

He gaz'd, and swore by all her Charms,

He gaz'd, and swore by all her Charms,

She should not die a Maid.

She rudely push'd the Swain away,

While with her Eyes she bid him stay ;

While with her Eyes she bid him stay ;

Those Eyes her Heart betray'd.

The Shepherd all her Scorn defies,

He sees it written in her Eyes,

He sees it written in her Eyes,

She will not die a Maid.

In vain she sighs, and sobs, and cries,

And strives unwillingly to rise,

The Shepherd to upbraid.

That was, alas ! the fatal Plain,

And he the happy, happy Swain ;

Then since he was the happy Swain,

How could she die a Maid ?

The Shepherd weary of Delays,

Upon a Bank his Goddess lays,

Upon a Bank his Goddess lays ;

And there her Charms display'd :

And when she felt Love's pleasing Dart,

I'm glad, said she, with all my Heart,

I shall not die a Maid.

Thus clasp'd within the fair one's Arms,

He rifled all her Store of Charms,

He rifled all her Store of Charms,

As some have boldly said :
 But this I humbly do conceive,
 And this I hope you will believe,
 She did not die a Maid.

S O N G. 325.

'TWas within a Furlong of Edinborough Town,
 In the rosy time of Year, when the Grass was down,
 Bonny Jocky blith and gay,
 Said to Jenny, making Hay,
 Let us sit a little, Dear, and prattle,
 'Tis a sultry Day :
 He long had courted the black-brown Maid,
 But Jocky was a Wag, and wou'd ne'er consent to wed ;
 Which made her pish and phoo,
 And cry, it ne'er shall do,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.
 He told her, Marriage was grown a mere Joke,
 And that none wedded now, but the scoundrel Folk ;
 Yet, my Dear, thou should'st prevail,
 But I know not what I ail,
 I shall dream of Clogs, and silly Dogs,
 With Bottles at their Tail.
 But I'll give thee Gloves, and a Bon-grace to wear,
 And a pretty filly Foal, to ride out and take the Air,
 If thou ne'er wilt pish and phoo,
 And cry, it ne'er shall do,
 I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.
 That you will give me Trinkets, said she, I believe,
 But ah ! what in return must your poor Jenny give ?
 When my Maiden Treasure's gone,
 I must gang to London Town,
 And roar and rant, and patch and paint,
 And kifs for half a Crown ;
 Each drunken Bully oblige for Pay,
 And earn a hated Living, an odious, fulsome way :
 No, no, it ne'er shall do,
 For a Wife I'll be to you,
 Or I cannot, cannot, cannot, wonnot, wonnot buckle to.

S O N G

TWO Gods of great Honour, Bacchus and Apollo,
 The one fam'd in Musick, the other in Wine,
 In Heaven were raving, disputing, and braving,
 Whose Theme was the noblest, and Trade most divine :
 Your Musick, says Bacchus, would stun us and rack us,
 Did Claret not soften the Discords you make :
 Songs are not inviting, nor Verses delighting,
 Till Poets of my great Influence partake.
 I'm young, plump, and jolly, free from Melancholy :
 Who ever grew fat by the Sound of a String ?
 Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often contribute,
 To purchase a Bottle before they do swing.
 In Love I am noted, by Old and Young courted ;
 A Girl, when inspir'd by me, is soon won ;
 So great are the Motions of one of my Potions,
 The Muses, tho' Maids, I could whore ev'ry one.
 When Mortals are fretted, perplex'd, or indebted,
 To me, as a Father, for Succour they cry ;
 In their sad Condition, I hear their Petition,
 A Bottle revives the oppress'd Votary.
 Then leave off your Tooting, your Fiddling and Fluting,
 Aside lay your Harp, and bow down to the Flask ;
 My Joys they are riper than Songs from a Piper,
 What Musick is sweeter than sounding a Cask ?
 Says Phœbus, This Fellow is drunk sure, or mellow,
 To prize Musick less than Wine and October,
 Since those who love Drinking, are void of all Thinking,
 And want so much Sense as to keep themselves sober.
 Thus while they were wrangling, disputing and jangling,
 Came buxom bright Venus to end the Dispute :
 Say she, Now to ease ye, Mars best of all pleas'd me,
 When arm'd with a Bottle, and charm'd with a Flute.
 Your Musick has charm'd me, your Wine has alarm'd
 me,
 When I have seem'd coy and hard to be won ;
 When both have been moving, I could no help loving,
 And Wine has compleated what Musick begun.

The

The Gods, struck with Wonder, declar'd by Jove's
Thunder,

They'd mutually join in supplying Love's Flame ;
So each, in his Function, mov'd on in Conjunction,
To melt with soft Pleasure the amorous Dame.

S O N G 327.

TWO Gossips they merrily met

At Nine in the Morning full soon ;
And they were resolv'd for a Whet,
To keep their sweet Voices in Tune.

Away to the Tavern they went ;

' Here Joan I vow and protest,
' That I have a Crown yet unspent,
' Come let's have a Cup of the best.

' And I have another perhaps,

' A Piece of the very same Sort ;
' Why should we sit thrumming of Caps,
' Come, Drawer, and fill us a Quart !

' And let it be Liquor of Life,

' Canary, or sparkling Wine !
' For I am a buxom young Wife,
' And I love to go gallant and fine.

The Drawer as blythe as a Bird

Came skipping with Cap in his Hand,
' Dear Ladies, I give you my Word,
' The best shall be at your Command ;

A Quart of Canary he drew,

Joan fill'd up a Glass and begun,
' Here Gossip's a Bumper to you,
' I'll pledge you, Girl, were it a Tun !

' And, pray Gossip, did'nt you hear

' The common Report of the 'Town ?

' A 'Squire of five hundred a Year

' Is marry'd to Doll of the Crown :

' A draggle-tale Slut, on my Word,
' Her Clothes hanging ragged and foul ;

' In troth he would fain have a Bird,
' That would give a Groat for an Owl.

' And she had a Sister last Year,

' Whose Name they call'd galloping Peg,

' She'd

- ' She'd take up a Straw with her Ear,
 ' I warrant her right as my Leg!
 ' A Brewer he got her with Child,
 ' But e'en let them brew as they bake;
 ' I knew she was wanton and wild,
 ' But I'll neither meddle nor make.
 ' Nor I, Gossip Joan, by my troth,
 ' Tho' nevertheless I've been told,
 ' She stole seven Yards of Broad-cloth,
 ' A Ring and a Locket of Gold;
 ' A Smock and a new Pair of Shoes,
 ' A Flourishing Madam was she;
 ' But Margery told me the News,
 ' And it ne'er shall go further for me.
 ' We were at a Gossiping Club,
 ' Where we had a cheruping Cup,
 ' Of good humming Liquor, strong Bub!
 ' Your Husband's Name there it was up,
 ' For bearing a powerful Sway,
 ' All Neighbours his Valour have seen;
 ' For he is C--kold they say,
 ' A Constable, Gossip, I mean.
 ' Dear Gossip, a Slip of the Tongue
 ' No Harm was intended in Mind;
 ' Chance Words they will mingle among
 ' Our others, we commonly find:
 ' I hope you won't take it amiss,
 ' No, no, that were Folly in us;
 ' And if we perhaps get a Kiss,
 ' Pray what are our Husbands the worse?

S O N G 328.

Vain, Belinda, are your Wiles,
 Vain are all your artful Smiles,
 While, like a Bully, you invite,
 And then decline th' approaching Fight.
 Various are the little Arts
 Which you use to conquer Hearts:
 By empty Threats he would affright,
 And you by empty Hopes invite.

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Cowards may by him be brav'd,
 Fops may be by you enslav'd:
 Then, would he vanquish, or you bind,
 He must be brave, and you be kind.

S O N G 329.

VAliant's Jockie's march'd away,
 To fight the Foe with brave Mackay;
 Leaving me, poor Soul, forlorn,
 To curse the Hour when I was born;
 But, I've sworn I'll follow too,
 And dearest Jockie's Fate pursue:
 Near him be to guard his precious Life,
 Never Scot had such a loyal Wife:

Sword I'll wear,
 I'll cut my Hair,
 Tan my Cheeks, that once were thought so fair;
 In Soldier's Weed,
 To him I'll speed,

Never sic a Trooper cross'd the Tweed.
 Trumpet sound to Victory,
 I'll kill (myself) the next Dundee;
 Love, and Fate, and Rage, do all agree,
 To do some glorious Deed by me:
 Great Bellona, take my Part,
 Fame and Glory, charm my Heart;
 That for Love, and bonny Scotland's Good,
 Some brave Action may deserve my Blood.

Nought shall appear
 Of Female Fear,
 Fighting by his Side I love so dear;
 All the North shall own,
 There ne'er was known
 Such a sprightly Lass, this thousand Year.

S O N G 330.

VEnus, take my votive Glass,
 Since I am not what I was;
 What from this Day I shall be,
 Venus, let me never see.

S O N G 331.

View my Eyes, my lovely Charmer,
 Constancy has now the Day;

† T

Tell

Tell me not my Heart was warmer,
 When it us'd to go astray.
 Love in Youth does fiercely blaze,
 But so strong it never stays.
 If I follow'd every Creature,
 Sure the Fault may be forgiven,
 'Tis the Frailty of our Nature,
 Who can change the Will of Heaven?
 Tho' the Object might be new,
 Yet to Love I still was true.
 Cupid, Guardian of my Heart,
 Let it loose to range a while;
 In each Eye it found a Dart,
 And engag'd by every Smile.
 Thus it was for you design'd,
 Form'd by Practice to his Mind.
 Cupid, to me ever kind,
 Kept the purest of the Fire;
 Dross consum'd my Heart refin'd,
 Made it flame with soft Desire.
 Such a Flame as will be true,
 Such the Gods reserv'd for you.

S O N G 332.

Virgins are like the fair Flower in its Lustre,
 Which in the Garden enamels the Ground;
 Near it the Bees in Play flutter and cluster,
 And gaudy Butterflies frolick around.
 But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no longer alluring,
 To Covent-Garden 'tis sent, (as yet sweet)
 There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
 Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under Feet,

S O N G 333.

Virgins so fair, at length may it prove
 Your Destiny to be in Love;
 Pray grant me such a Fate!
 May Prudence always be my Guide,
 With a little, little Decency and Pride,
 My Actions to regulate.
 When first in Love I do commence,
 May it be with a Man of Sense,

And

And learned Education ;
 May all his Courtship be to me
 Neither too formal nor too free,
 But wisely show his Passion.

May his Estate agree with mine,
 That it may look like no Design

To bring us both to Sorrow :
 Grant me this that I have said,
 And willingly I'd live a Maid
 No longer than to Morrow.

When we are wed, may we agree
 And neither of us angry be,

But live free from all Sorrow ;
 If one be cross, may the other say,
 My Dear, we wont, fall out to Day,
 Whate'er we do to Morrow.

S O N G 334.

UPbraid me not, capricious Fair,

With drinking to Excess ;
 I should not want to drown Despair,
 Were your Indiff'rence less.

Love me, my Dear, and you shall find,
 When that Excuse is gone,
 That all my Bliss, when Chloe's kind,
 Is fix'd on her alone.

The God of Wine the Victory
 To Beauty yields with Joy ;
 For Bacchus only drinks like me,
 When Ariadne's coy.

S O N G 335.

UPon Clarinda's panting Breast

The happy Strephon lay,
 With Love and Beauty jointly prest
 To pass the Time away.

Fresh Raptures of transporting Love
 Struck all his Senses dumb ;
 He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,
 Nor all the Joys to come.

As Bees around the Garden rove,
 To fetch their Treasures home,

So Strephon trac'd the Fields of Love,
 To fill her Honey-Comb :
 Her ruby Lips he kiss'd and prest,
 From whence all Joys derive ;
 Then humming round her snowy Breast,
 Strait crept into her Hive.

S O N G 336.

UPon a fair Morning for soft Recreation,
 I heard a fair Lady was making her Moan,
 With Sighing and Sobing, and sad Lamentation,
 Saying, My Black-bird most royal is flown.
 My Thoughts they deceive me,
 Reflection does grieve me,
 And I am o'erburthen'd with sad Misery ;
 Yet if Death should blind me,
 As true Love inclines me,
 My Black-bird I'll seek out, wherever he be.
 Once in fair England my Black-bird did flourish,
 He was the chief Flower that in it did spring ;
 Prime Ladies of Honour his Person did nourish,
 Because he was the true Son of a King :
 But since that false Fortune,
 Which still is uncertain,
 Has caused this Parting between him and me,
 His Name I'll advance
 In Spain and in France,
 And seek out my Black-bird wherever he be.
 The Birds of the Forest all met together,
 The Turtle has chosen to dwell with the Dove ;
 And I am resolv'd in foul or fair Weather,
 Once in the Spring to seek out my Love.
 He's all my Heart's Treasure,
 My Joy and my Pleasure ;
 And justly (my Love) my Heart follows thee,
 Who art constant and kind,
 And courageous of Mind :
 All Bliss on my Black-bird wherever he be !
 In England my Black-bird and I were together,
 Where he was still noble, and generous of Heart,

Ah !

Ah ! woe to the Time that first he went thither,
 Alas ! he was forc'd soon thence to depart.
 In Scotland he's deem'd,
 And highly esteem'd ;
 In England he seemeth a Stranger to be ;
 Yet his Fame shall remain
 In France and in Spain ;
 All Blis to my Black-bird, wherever he be !
 What if the Fowler my Black-bird has taken,
 Then sighing and sobbing will be all my Tune ;
 But if he is safe, I'll not be forsaken,
 And hope yet to see him in May or in June.
 For him thro' the Fire,
 Thro' Mud, and thro' Mire,
 I'll go ; for I love him to such a Degree,
 Who is constant and kind,
 And noble of Mind,
 Deserving of Blessings wherever he be.
 It is not the Ocean can fright me with Danger,
 Nor tho' like a Pilgrim I wander forlorn ;
 I may meet with Friendship of one is a Stranger,
 More than of one that in Britain is born.
 I pray Heaven so spacious,
 To Britain be gracious,
 Tho' some there be odious to both him and me,
 Yet Joy and Renown,
 And Lawrels shall crown
 My Black-bird with Honour wherever he be.

S O N G 337.

VULcan, contrive me such a Cup,
 As Nestor us'd of old ;
 Shew all thy Skill to trim it up,
 Damask it round with Gold.
 Make it so large, that fill'd with Sack
 Up to the swelling Brim,
 Vast Toasts, on the delicious Lake,
 Like Ships at Sea, may swim.
 Engrave not Battle on his Cheek,
 With War I've nought to do ;

I'm none of those that took Maefricht,
Nor Yarmouth Leaguer knew.

Let it no Name of Planets tell,
Fix'd Stars or Constellations ;
For I am no Sir Sidrophel,
Nor none of his Relations.

But carve thereon a spreading Vine ;
Then add two lovely Boys ;
Their Limbs in am'rous Folds intwine,
The Type of future Joys.

Cupid and Bacchus my Saints are,
May Drink and Love still reign ;
With Wine I wash away my Care,
And then to Love again.

S O N G 338.

W Aft me, some soft and cooling Breeze,
To Windfor's shady, kind Retreat,
Where sylvan Scenes, wide-spreading Trees,
Repel the raging Dog-star's Heat :

Where tufted Grass, and mossy Beds,
Afford a rural calm Repose ;

Where Woodbines hang their dewy Heads,
And fragrant Sweets around disclose.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast by,
Along the smiling Valley plays ;
His grassy Surface cheers the Eye,
And thro' the flow'ry Meadows strays.

His fertile Banks, with Herbage green,
His Vales with smiling Plenty swell ;
Where'er his purer Stream is seen,
The Gods of Health and Pleasure dwell.

Let me thy clear, thy yielding Wave
With naked Arm once more divide ;
In thee my glowing Bosom lave,
And stem the gently-rolling Tide.

Lay me with Damask Roses crown'd
Beneath some Osier's dusky Shade ;
Where Water Lilies paint the Ground,
And bubbling Springs refresh the Glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
 With azure Mantle lightly drest ;
 Ye Nymphs, bind up her filken Hair,
 Ye Zephyrs, fan her panting Breast.
 O haste away, fair Maid, and bring
 The Muse, the kindly Friend to Love ;
 To thee alone the Muse shall sing,
 And warble thro' the vocal Grove.

S O N G 339.

WAnton Cupid, cease to hover
 Thus around the smiling Fair ;
 You exclude a faithful Lover
 With your too officious Care.
 Whisp'ring Breezes, haste, begone
 To some remoter silent Grove,
 And leave Alexis here alone
 To tell a thousand Tales of Love.
 How I'm charm'd with ev'ry Feature,
 That adorns her lovely Face !
 How she's ev'ry Thing that Nature
 Can e'er give with ev'ry Grace.
 If she listens to my Story,
 And for me hath equal Love ;
 I'll not envy human Glory,
 But be blest as those above.

S O N G 340.

WArn'd, and made wise by others Flame,
 I fled from whence such Mischiefs came ;
 Shunning the Sex that kills at Sight,
 I sought my Safety in my Flight.
 But ah ! in vain from Fate we fly,
 For first, or last, as all must die ;
 So 'tis as much decreed above,
 That first, or last, we all must love.
 My Heart which stood so long the Shock
 Of Winds and Waves, like some firm Rock,
 By one bright Spark from Myra thrown,
 Is into Flame, like Powder, blown.

S O N G 341.

WAS ever Nymph like Rosamond,
 So fair, so faithful, and so fond ?
 Adorn'd with ev'ry Charm and Grace ;
 I'm all Desire,
 My Heart's on Fire,
 And leaps and springs to her Embrace.

S O N G 342.

WAS it a Dream, or did I hear
 The Goddess, at whose Feet I lie,
 With most transporting Words declare,
 She would not have her Lover die ?
 If a kind Thought my Life to save,
 Can gain Admittance to your Breast,
 Improve it for your faithful Slave,
 And make me more than Angels blest.
 You cannot think, nor can I speak,
 What Agonies in Doubt arise ;
 Unless you mean my Heart to break,
 Show me more Favour in your Eyes.
 Under Suspence I cannot live,
 In Pity let me know my Fate :
 If Love for Love you will not give,
 Be kind, and kill me with your Hate.

S O N G 343.

WE all to conqu'ring Beauty bow,
 Its pleasing Pow'r admire ;
 But I ne'er knew a Face 'till now,
 That like yours could inspire.
 Now I may say, I met with one
 Amazes all Mankind ;
 And, like Men gazing on the Sun,
 With too much Light am blind.
 Soft as the tender moving Sighs,
 When longing Lovers meet ;
 Like the divining Prophets wife,
 And like blown Roses sweet :
 Modest, yet Gay ; Reserv'd, yet Free ;
 Each happy Night a Bride ;
 A Mien like awful Majesty,
 And yet no Spark of Pride,

The Patriarch to gain a Wife,
 Chaste, beautiful and young :
 Serv'd fourteen Years a painful Life,
 And never thought 'em long.
 Ah ! were you to reward such Cares,
 And Life so long could stay ;
 Not fourteen, but four hundred Years
 Would seem but as one Day.

S O N G 344.

W^Ealth breeds Care, Love, Hope and Fear ;
 What makes Love our Business here ?

While Bacchus merry does appear,
 Fight on and fear no Sinking ;
 Charge it briskly to the Brim,
 'Till the flying Top-sails swim,
 We owe the great Discovery to him
 Of this new World of Drinking.

Grave Cabals that States refine
 Mingle their Debates with Wine ;
 Ceres and the God o'th' Vine
 Make every great Commander.
 Let sober Sots Small-beer subdue,
 The Wise and Valiant Wine does woe ;
 The Stagyrte had the Honour to
 Be drunk with Alexander.

Stand to your Arms, and now advance
 A Health to the English King of France ;
 On to the next a bon Esperance,
 By Bacchus and Apollo.
 Thus in State I lead the Van,
 Fall in your Place by your right-hand Man ;
 Beat Drum ! now March ! Dub-a-dub, ran dan,
 He's a Whig that will not follow.

S O N G 345.

W^Elcome, welcome, Brother Debtor,
 To this poor, but merry Place,
 Where no Bailiff, Dunn, nor Setter,
 Dare to shew his frightful Face ;

But,

But, kind Sir, as you're a Stranger,
 Down your Garnish you must lay,
 Or your Coat will be in Danger,
 You must either strip or pay.
 Ne'er repine at your Confinement
 From your Children or your Wife;
 Wisdom lies in true Resignment,
 Thro' the various Scenes of Life.
 Scorn to shew the least Resentment,
 Tho' beneath the Frowns of Fate;
 Knaves and Beggars find Contentment,
 Fears and Cares attend the Great.

Tho' our Creditors are spiteful,
 And restrain our Bodies here,
 Use will make a Goal delightful,
 Since there's nothing else to fear.
 Ev'ry Island's but a Prison,
 Strongly guarded by the Sea;
 Kings and Princes, for that Reason,
 Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made Alexander
 Weep at his unfriendly Fate?
 'Twas because he could not wander
 Beyond the World's strong Prison Gate,
 For the World is also bounded,
 By the Heav'ns and Stars above;
 Why should we then be confounded,
 Since there's nothing free but Love?

S O N G 346.

Well I agree, ye're sure of me;
 Next to my Father gae,
 Make him content to give Consent,
 He'll hardly say you nay:
 For you have what he wad be at,
 And will commend you well,
 Since Parents auld think Love grows cauld,
 Where Bairns want Milk and Meal,
 Shou'd he deny, I care na by,
 He'd contradict in vain;
 Tho' a' my Kin had said and sworn,
 But thee I will have nane.

Then

Then never range, or learn to change,
 Like those in high Degree :
 And if you prove faithful in Love,
 You'll find nae Fault in me.

S O N G 347.

WE'll drink, and we'll never have done, Boys,
 Put the Glas then around with the Sun, Boys ;
 Let Apollo's Example invite us,
 For he's drunk ev'ry Night,
 That makes him so bright,
 That he's able next Morning to light us.

Drinking's a Christian Diversion,
 Unknown to the Turk and the Persian ;

Let Mahometan Fools
 Live by heathenish Rules,
 And dream o'er their Tea-pots and Coffee ;
 While the brave Britons sing,
 And drink Healths to their King,
 And a Fig for the Sultan and Sophy.

S O N G 348.

WE're gaily yet, and we're gaily yet,
 And we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet,
 Then sit ye a while and tippie a bit,
 For we's not very fow, but we're gaily yet.
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

There was a Lad, and they cau'd him Dickey,
 He gae me a Kiss, and I bit his Lippy,
 Then under my Apron he shew'd me a Trick,
 And we's no very fow, but we're gaily yet.
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

There were three Lads, and they were clad,
 There were three Lassies, and them they had,
 Three Trees in the Orchard are newly sprung,
 And we's a' git geer enough, we're but young.
 And we're gaily yet, &c.

Then up went Ailey Ailey, up went Ailey now,
 Then up with Ailey, quo Crumma, we's a get roaring fow.
 And one was kiss'd in the Barn, another was kiss'd on the
 Green,
 And t'other behind the Pease Stack, 'till the Mow flew
 up to her Ey'en. Then up went Ailey, &c.

(210)
Now fie John Thompson run,
Gin ever ye run in your Life,
De'el get ye, but hye my dear Jack,
There's a Mon got to Bed with your Wife.

Then up went Ailey, &c.

Then away John Thompson ran,
And agad, he ran with Speed :
But before he had run his length,
The false Loon had done the Deed.

Then up went Ailey, &c.

S O N G 349.

WEEP all ye Nymphs, your Floods unbind,
For Strephon's now no more ;
Your Tresses spread before the Wind,
And leave the hated Shore :
See, see, upon the craggy Rocks
Each Goddess stript appears ;
They beat their Breasts, and rend their Locks,
And swell the Sea with Tears.

The God of Love, that fatal Hour,
When this your Youth was born,
Had sworn by Styx to shew his Pow'r,
He'd kill a Man e'er Morn ;
For Strephon's Breast he aim'd his Dart,
And watch'd him as he came ;
He ery'd, and shot him thro' the Heart,
Thy Blood shall quench my Flame.

On Stella's Lap he laid his Head,
And looking in her Eyes ;
He cry'd, Remember when I'm dead,
That I deserv'd the Prize :
Then down his Tears like Rivers ran ;
He sigh'd, You love 'tis true ;
You love perhaps a better Man,
But ah ! he loves not you.

S O N G 350.

J E N N Y.

WERE I assur'd you'd constant prove,
You should nae mair complain ;
The easy Maid beset with Love,
Few Words will quickly gain ;

For

For I must own, now since you're free,
 This too fond Heart of mine
 Has long, a Back-sole true to thee,
 Wish'd to be pair'd with thine.

R O G E R.

I'm happy now, ah! let my Head
 Upon thy Breast recline;
 The Pleasure strikes me near-hand dead:
 Is Jenny then so kind?---
 O let me bris thee to my Heart!
 And round my Arms entwine:
 Delightful Thought; we'll never part!
 Come press thy Mouth to mine.

S O N G 351.

WERE I laid on Greenland's Coast,
 And in my Arms embrac'd my Lass,
 Warm amidst eternal Frost,
 Too soon the half Year's Night would pass.
 Were I sold on Indian Soil,
 Soon as the burning Day was clos'd,
 I would mock the sultry Toil,
 When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd;
 I would love you all the Day,
 Ev'ry Night we'd kiss and play,
 If with me you'd fondly stray
 Over the Hills and far away.

S O N G 352.

WERE I to chuse the greatest Bliss
 That e'er in Love was known,
 'Twould be the highest of my Wish,
 T' enjoy her Heart alone!
 Kings might possess their Kingdoms free,
 And Crowns unenvy'd wear,
 They should no Rival have of me
 Might I reign Monarch there.
 Hear, Cynthia, hear the gentle Air
 But whisper out my Love,
 And prove but half so kind as fair,
 My Sorrow you'll remove.

† U

Cynthia

Cynthia, Oh ! let us happy be,
 Unite our Hearts in Love,
 I'd change not such Felicity
 For all the Joys above.

S O N G 353.

W^Hat a frail Thing is Beauty, says Baron Le Cras,
 Perceiving his Mistress had one Eye of Glass ;
 And scarcely had he spoke it,
 When she more confus'd, as more angry she grew,
 By a negligent Rage prov'd the Maxim too true :
 She dropt her Eye and broke it.

S O N G 354.

W^Hat a Pother of late
 Have they kept in the State,
 About setting our Consciences free ?
 A Bottle has more
 Dispensations in Store
 Than the King and the State can decree.
 When my Head's full of Wine,
 I o'erflow with Design,
 And know no penal Laws that can curb me ;
 Whate'er I advise
 Seems good in my Eyes,
 And Religion ne'er dares to disturb me.
 No saucy Remorse
 Intrudes in my Course,
 Nor impertinent Notions of Evil ;
 So there's Claret in Store,
 In Peace I've my Whore,
 And in Peace I jog on to the Devil.

S O N G 355.

W^Hat a Racket is here
 About Six Men of War !
 About Honour and Nonsense retriev'd !
 About Glory and Guns
 Brought away from the Dons,
 And our Factors from Prison reliev'd ?
 To attack Porto-Bell,
 Be so good as to tell,
 Did I your mad Valour importune ?

To

To desert your poor Wife,
 Risk your Limbs and your Life,
 Zounds! was this for a Man of your Fortune?

Then the Town left unplunder'd,
 And the Dollars all squander'd,
 What romantick ridiculous Farce!

You're a Puppy, a Spartan,
 Whom a wife Man would fart on;
 But 'twas Virtue, you say---Kiss my A--.

You seek nought but the Good
 Of your Country---Odsblood!
 How I laugh at these Rhodomontades!

There's not one, but whose Price
 I could name in a Trice,
 Among all these fine Patriot Blades,

Then again we are told
 That Trelawney the bold
 Would equip you, if Soldiers he had,

To attempt Carthagene;
 Why, e'en conquer all Spain:
 By the Lord, you are both raving mad!

'Twas mere Malice to me
 Made you venture to Sea,
 To confound all my Measures outright:

'Twas to prove me a Lyar,
 That you made your damn'd Fire;
 And you storm'd Porto Bell out of Spight.

How did Spain's Gracious Queen
 Doat on me and Don Keen!
 I was priz'd by the Cardinal too:

At Versailles and th' Escorial!
 They are now in a Fury all:
 And for this I'm beholden to you.

You have now gain'd your Point,
 My whole Scheme's out of Joint;
 No Convention Reprieve can obtain:

And my wise Brother H---ce
 Will now pass for a poor Ass
 Over England, France, Holland and Spain.

S O N G 356.

WHat art thou, Love! whence are those Charms!
That thus thou bear'st an universal Rule?

For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,
The King turns Slave, the wise Man Fool.

In vain we chase thee from the Field,
And with cool Thoughts resist thy Yoke;
Next Tide of Blood, alas! we yield,
And all those high Resolves are broke.

In vain our Nature we accuse,
And doat because she says we must:
This for a Brute were an Excuse,
Whose very Soul and Life is Lust.

To get our Likeness, what is that?
Our Likeness is but Misery:
Why should I toil to propagate
Another Thing as vile as I?

From Hands divine our Spirit came,
And God that made us did inspire
Something more noble in our Frame,
Above the Dregs of earthly Fire.

S O N G 357.

WHatauteous Scenes enchant my Sight!
How closely yonder Vine

Does round that Elm's supporting Height,
Her wanton Ringlets twine!

That Elm, no more a barren Shade,
But with her Clusters crown'd:

Or that fair Vine without his Aid,
Had crept along the Ground.

Let this, my fair One, move thy Heart,
Connubial Joys to prove;
Yet mark what Age and Care impart,
Nor thoughtless rush on Love:
Know thy own Bliss and Joy to hear,
Vertumnus loves thy Charms;
The youthful God who rules the Year,
Shall keep thy Groves from Harms.

While some with short-liv'd Passion glow,
 His Love remains the same,
 On him alone thy Heart bestow,
 And crown his constant Flame;
 So shall no Frost's untimely Power,
 Deform the blooming Spring;
 So shall thy Trees, from Blasts secure,
 Their wanton Tributes bring.

S O N G 358.

What Beauties does Flora disclose?

How sweet are her Smiles upon Tweed?

Yet Mary's, still-sweeter than those,

Both Nature and Fancy exceed.

Nor Daisie, nor sweet blushing Rose,

Nor all the gay Flow'rs of the Field,

Nor Tweed gliding gently thro' those,

Such Beauty and Pleasure does yield.

The Warblers are heard in the Grove,

The Linnet, the Lark, and the Thrush,

The Black-bird, and sweet cooing Dove,

With Musick enchant ev'ry Bush.

Come, let us go forth to the Mead,

Let us see how the Primroses spring;

We'll lodge in some Village on Tweed,

And love where the feather'd Folks sing.

How does my Love pass the long Day?

Does Mary not tend a few Sheep?

Do they never carelessly stray,

While happily she lies asleep?

Tweed's Murmurs should lull her to Rest;

Kind Nature indulging my Bliss,

To relieve the soft Pains of my Breast,

I'd steal an ambrosial Kiss.

'Tis she does the Virgins excel,

No Beauty with her can compare;

Love's Graces around her do dwell,

She's fairest, where Thousands are fair.

Say, Charmer, where do thy Flocks stray?

Oh! tell me at Noon where they feed;

Shall I seek them at sweet-winding Tay,

Or the pleasanter Banks of the Tweed,

S O N G 359.

WHat Beauty is, let Strephon tell :
 Who oft has try'd it, knows it well.
 Not all the Wonders of a Face,
 Where Nature triumphs in each Grace ;
 Not snowy Breasts, thro' which is seen
 The purple Blood that boils within ;
 Not Lips, when Wit with Ease beguiles,
 Whilst playesome Cupids dance in Smiles ;
 Not Youth, not Shape, not Air, not Eyes ;
 She only charms me who complies.

S O N G 360.

WHat can assuage the Pain Man feels,
 When busy Cares disturb his Breast ;
 And modest Sense his Want conceals,
 With thousand Thoughts that bar his Rest ?
 Can Wine one gloomy Thought remove ;
 Can Titles, Wealth, or Mirth give Ease ?
 Can Women's Charms, or Thoughts of Love
 Recal his Soul, or Mind to Peace ?
 No, no, they're trifling Pleasures all,
 The Rich enjoy them but a Day ;
 Within their Breast they deign to call,
 Ne'er rest, but vanish soon away.
 Content alone can make us sing,
 When wanton Fortune is unkind ;
 That sets a Wretch above a King,
 And quiets ev'ry ruffled Mind.

S O N G 361.

WHat care I for Affairs of State ?
 Or who is rich, or who is great ?
 How far abroad th' Ambitious roam,
 To bring or Gold or Silver home ?
 What is't to me, if France or Spain
 Consent to Peace, or War maintain ?
 I pay my Taxes, Peace or War,
 And wish all well at Gibraltar ;
 But mind a Cardinal no more
 Than any other scarlet Whore :

Grant me, ye Pow'rs, but Health and Rest,
And let who will the World contest.

Near some smooth Stream, oh, let me keep
My Liberty and feed my Sheep;
A shady Walk well lin'd with Trees,
A Garden, with a Range of Bees;
An Orchard which good Apples bears,
Where Spring along green Mantle wears.
Where Winters never are severe;
Good Barley-Land to make good Beer;
With Entertainment for a Friend,
To spend in Peace my latter End,
In honest Ease and home-spun Grey;
And let the Evening crown the Day.

S O N G 362.

What Cato advises
Most certainly wise is,
Not always to labour, but sometimes to play;
To mingle sweet Pleasure
With Search after Treasure,
Indulging at Night for the Toils of the Day.
And while the dull Miser
Esteems himself wiser,
His Bags to increase, he his Health will decay;
Our Souls we enlighten,
Our Fancies we brighten,
And pass the long Evenings in Pleasure away.
All chearful and hearty,
We set aside Party,
With some tender Fair each bright Bumper is crown'd;
Thus Bacchus invites us,
Thus Venus delights us,
While Care in an Ocean of Claret is drown'd.
See here's our Physician,
We know no Ambition,
For where there's good Wine and good Company found,
Thus happy together,
In spite of all Weather,
Tis Sunshine and Summer with us the Year round.

S O N G 363.

WHAT Creature's that with his short Hairs,
 His little Band, and huge long Ears,
 That this new Faith hath founded ?
 The Saints themselves were never such,
 The Prelates ne'er rul'd half so much.
 O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
 And counts their Calling reprobate,
 'Cause by the Pope propounded ;
 And think a zealous Cobler better
 Than Usher learn'd in ev'ry Letter ?
 O such, &c.

What's he that doth High-Treason say,
 As often as his Yea and Nay,
 And wish the King confounded ;
 And dares maintain that Mr. Pim
 Is fitter for the Crown than him ?
 O such, &c.

What's he, that if he chance to hear
 A little Piece of Common-Prayer,
 Doth think his Conscience wounded ;
 Will go five Miles to preach and pray,
 And meet a Sister by the Way ?
 O such, &c.

What's he that met a holy Sister,
 And in a Hay-cock gently kiss'd her ?
 O then his Zeal abounded ;
 'Twas underneath a shady Willow,
 Her Bible serv'd her for a Pillow,
 And there he got a Round-head.

S O N G 364.

WHAT dire Misfortune hath beset
 Each quiv'ring Beau and tuneful Belle ?
 Soft Farinelli's killing Note,
 For Spain has caught him by the Throat.
 Far, far away he's forc'd to stay,
 Killing, thrilling,
 Thrilling, killing:

Ruin'd, lost, and quite undone,
Charming Farinelli's gone.

Our Tears had scarcely ceas'd to flow,
That Senefino needs wou'd go,
When strait a heavier Loss we know,
Dear Farinelli's kidnapt too.

Farinelli, Senefino,
Senefino, Farinelli,

Ruin'd, lost, and quite undone,
Both the Warblers, both are flown.

O cruel Spain! will nought suffice,
Will nought redeem the lovely Prize?
Take all our Ships, take all our Men,
So we enjoy but him again.

O send him straight, our Nobles wait!

O send him quick, we all are sick!

Ruin'd! Lords and Commons all,
From St. James's to Guildhall.

S O N G 365.

WHAT Life can compare with the jolly Town-Rake's,
When in his full Swing of all Pleasure he takes?

At Noon he gets up for a Whet and to dine,
And wings the swift Hours with Mirth, Musick, and
Wine;

Then jogs to the Play-house and chats with the
Masques,

And thence to the Rose, where he takes his three Flasks.

There great as a Cæsar he revels when drunk,
And scours all he meets as he reels, as he reels to his
Punk,

And finds the dear Girl in his Arms when he wakes;
What Life can compare to the jolly Town-Rake's, the
jolly Town-Rake's.

He like the Great Turk has his favourite She,
But the Town's his Seraglio, and still he lives free;
Sometimes she's a Lady; but as he must range,
Black Betty, or Oyster Moll serve for a Change:
As he varies his Sports his whole Life is a Feast,
He thinks him that is sobriest is most like a Beast:

At

At Houses of Pleasure, breaks Windows and Doors,
Kicks Bullies and Collies, then lies with their Whores:
Rare Work for the Surgeon and Midwife he makes;
What Life can compare with the jolly Town Rake's?

Thus in Covent-Garden he makes his Campaigns,
And no Coffee-House haunts but to settle his Brains;
He laughs at dry Mortals, and never does think,
Unless 'tis to get the best Wenches and Drink;
He dwells in a Tavern, and lives e'ery where,
And improving his Hour, lives an Age in a Year:
For 'as Life is uncertain, he loves to make haste,
And thus he lives longest, because he lives fast:
Then leaps in the Dark, and his Exit he makes;
What Death can compare with the jolly Town Rake's?

S O N G 366.

WHAT Man in his Wits had not rather be poor,
Than for Lucre his Freedom to give?
Ever busy the Means of his Life to secure,
And so ever neglecting to live.

Inviron'd from Morning to Night in a Croud,
Not a Moment unbent, or alone;
Constrain'd to be abject, tho' never so proud,
And at ev'ry one's Call but his own.

Still repining, and longing for Quiet each Hour,
Yet studiously flying it still;
With the Means of enjoying his Wish in his Power,
But accurst with his wanting the Will.

For a Year must be past, or a Day must be come,
Before he has Leisure to rest:
He must add to his Store this or that pretty Sum,
And then he'll have Time to be blest.

But his Gains more bewitching the more they increase,
Only swell the Desire of his Eye:
Such a Wretch let mine Enemy live, if he please,
But let not mine Enemy die.

S O N G 367.

WHAT means this Niceness now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove?
Such Distance may consist with State,
But never will with Love.

'Tis

'Tis either Cunning or Disdain

That does such Ways allow ;

The first is base, the last is vain ;

May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,

You over-act your Part ;

And if it be to have me gone,

You need not half that Art :

For if you chance a Look to cast,

That seems to be a Frown,

I'll give you all the Love that's past,

The rest shall be my own.

S O N G 368.

What Numbers shall the Muse repeat ?

What Verse be found to praise my Annie ?

On her ten thousand Graces wait,

Each Swain admires, and owns she's bonny,

Since first she trod the happy Plain,

She set each youthful Heart on Fire :

Each Nymph does to her Swain complain,

That Annie kindles new Desire.

This lovely darling dearest Care,

This new Delight, this charming Annie,

Like Summer's Dawn, she's fresh and fair,

When Flora's fragrant Breezes fan ye.

All Day the am'rous Youths convene,

Joyous they sport and play before her ;

All Night, when she no more is seen,

In blissful Dreams they still adore her.

Among the Crowd Amyntor came,

He look'd, he lov'd, he bow'd to Annie ;

His rising Sighs express'd his Flame :

His Words were few, his Wishes many.

With Smiles the lovely Maid reply'd,

Kind Shepherd, why should I deceive ye ?

Alas! your Love must be deny'd,

This destin'd Breast can ne'er relieve ye.

Young Damon came with Cupid's Art,

His Wiles, his Smiles, his Charms beguiling,

He

He stole away my Virgin Heart ;
 Cease, poor Amyntor, cease bewailing,
 Some brighter Beauty you may find,
 On yonder Plain the Nymphs are many :
 Then chuse some Heart that's unconfin'd,
 And leave to Damon his own Annie.

S O N G 369.

W^Hat ! put off with one Denial ?
 And not make a second Trial !
 You might see my Eyes consenting,
 All about me was relenting :
 Women, oblig'd to dwell in Forms,
 Forgive the Youth who boldly storms.
 Lovers, when you sigh and languish,
 When you tell us of your Anguish ;
 To the Nymph you'll be more pleasing,
 When those Sorrows you are easing :
 We love to try how far Men dart,
 And never with the Foe should spare.

S O N G 370.

W^Hat Rapture does possess the Soul,
 When Music charms the Ear ?
 It can the Flames of Love controul ;
 Then who need Cupid fear ?
 And let the Deity of Wine,
 His utmost Art employ,
 Apollo is the God divine,
 That gives us truest Joy.
 Orpheus tun'd his Lyre so well,
 The Harmony was such,
 That all the furious Fiends of Hell,
 Him had no Power to touch :
 Such heav'nly Notes, and melting Strains,
 From every String did flow,
 They eas'd the great tormenting Pains
 Of tortur'd Souls below.
 If on this transitory Ball,
 There is a Form of Bliss ;
 Or what we Happiness may call,
 In Music's Charms it is :

It fills our Souls with Ecstasy,
While our glad Thoughts do rove
To the celestial Seats on high,
The Place of Joy and Love.

S O N G 371.

What shall I do to shew how much I love her ?

How many Millions of Sighs can suffice ?

That which wins other Hearts can never move her ;

Those common Methods of Love she'll despise :

I will love more than e'er lov'd before me,

Gaze on her all the Day, melt all the Night ;

'Till for her own Sake, at last she'll implore me

To love her less, to preserve our Delight.

Since Gods themselves cannot ever be loving,

Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys.

I wish my Love could be always improving,

Tho' eager Love more than Sorrow destroys.

In fair Aurelia's Arms leave me expiring,

To be embalm'd by the Sweets of her Breath ;

To the last Moment I'll still be desiring ;

Never had Heroe so glorious a Death.

S O N G 372.

What, tho' I am a Country Lass,

A lofty Mind I bear-a,

And think myself as good as those

Who gay Apparell wear-a.

What tho' my Clothes are home-spun Grey,

My Skin it is as soft-a,

As those that in their Cypress Veils

Carry their Heads aloft-a.

What, tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,

It is what must be done-a :

A Garland of the sweetest Flow'rs

Shall shade me from the Sun-a.

And when I see they feeding be,

Where Grass and Flow'rs do spring-a,

Beside a purling Crystal Stream

I'll set me down and sing-a.

My Leathern-Bottle, stuf't with Sage,

Is Drink that's very thin-a :

† X

No

No Wine did e'er my Brains engage,
 Or tempt me for to fin-a.
 My Country Curds, and wooden Spoon,
 Methinks are very fine-a ;
 When on a shady Bank at Noon,
 I set me down and dine-a.

What tho' my Portion won't allow
 Of Bags of shining Gold-a ;
 A Farmer's Daughter now a-days,
 Like Swine is bought and sold-a.
 My Body's fair, I'll keep it sound,
 And an honest Mind within-a ;
 But for an hundred thousand Pound
 I value't not a Pin-a.

No Jewels wear I in my Ears,
 Or Pearls about my Neck-a ;
 No costly Rings do I e'er use,
 My Fingers for to deck-a.
 But for the Man who e'er he be,
 Whom I shall chance to wed-a ;
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,
 I mean my Maiden-head-a.

S O N G 373.

W^Hat, tho' I am a London Dame,
 And lofty Looks I bear-a ?
 I carry sure as good a Name,
 As those who Ruffet wear-a.
 What, tho' my Cloaths are rich Brocades,
 My Skin it is more white-a,
 Than any of the Country Maids,
 That in the Fields delight-a.
 What, tho' I to Assemblies go,
 And at the Opera shine-a ?
 It is a Thing all Girls must do,
 That will be Ladies fine-a.
 And while I hear Faustina sing
 Before the King and Queen-a,
 My Eyes they are upon the Wing,
 To see if I am seen-a.

My Pekoe and Imperial Tea,
 Are brought me in the Morn-a ;
 At Noon, Champagne and rich Tokay
 My Tables do adorn-a,
 The Ev'ning then does me invite
 To play at dear Quadrille-a :
 And sure in this there's more Delight
 Then in a purling Rill-a.
 Then since my Fortune does allow,
 I'll live just as I please-a ;
 I'll never milk my Father's Cow,
 Nor press his coming Cheese-a ;
 But take my Swing both Night and Day,
 I'm sure it is no Sin-a ;
 And as for what the Grave-ones say,
 I value not a Pin-a.

S O N G 374.

W^Hat tho' they call me Country Liss,
 I read it plainly in my Glafs,
 That for a Duchess I might pass,
 Oh ! could I see the Day !
 Would Fortune but attend my Call,
 At Park, at Play, at Ring, at Ball,
 I'd brave the proudest of them all,
 With a Stand by ! — Clear the Way !
 Surrounded by a Croud of Beaus,
 With smart Toupees, and powder'd Cloaths,
 At Rivals I'll turn up my Nose,
 Oh ! could I see the Day !
 I'll dart such Glances from these Eyes,
 Shall make some Nobleman my Prize,
 And then, Oh ! how I'll tyrannize !
 With a Stand by ! — Clear the Way !

O then for Grandeur and Delight,
 For Equipage and Di'monds bright,
 And Flambeaus that outshine the Light ;
 Oh ! could I see the Day !
 Thus ever easy, ever gay,
 Quadrille shall wear the Night away,
 And Pleasure crown the growing Day !
 With a Stand by ! — Clear the Way !

S O N G 375.

WHat Torment, ye Pow'rs, I sustain ?
 How my Bosom is tortur'd with Care ?
 In Pity relieve my soft Pain,
 Or give me more Courage to bear ;
 Let me swim in an Ocean of Bliss,
 Or sink in a Torrent of Grief :
 An Heaven of Delight they possess,
 Who from Hell of Despair have Relief.

S O N G 376.

WHat Woman cou'd do, I have try'd to be free ;
 Yet do what I can,
 I find I love him, and tho' he flies me,
 Still, still he's the Man.
 They tell me, at once, he to twenty will swear ;
 When Vows are so sweet, who the Falshood can fear ;
 So, when you have said all you can,
 Still, — still he's the Man.
 I caught him once making Love to a Maid,
 When to him I ran,
 He turn'd, and he kiss'd me ; then who cou'd upbraid
 So civil a Man ?
 The next Day I found to a third he was kind,
 I rated him soundly, he swore I was blind ;
 So let me do what I can,
 Still, — still he's the Man.
 All the World bids me beware of his Art ;
 I do what I can ;
 But he has taken such hold of my Heart,
 I doubt he's the Man !
 So sweet are his Kisses, his Looks are so kind,
 He may have his Faults, but if none I can find,
 Who can do more than they can ;
 He, — still is the Man.

S O N G 377.

WHat's Beauty ? Bright Favonia, tell :
 The Mistress of it knows it well.
 'Tis not Colour, 'tis not Feature,
 Easy Fashion, nor good Nature :

Good Teeth, and Hair, a smiling Grace,
 Can't give Perfection to a Face :
 Not yielding Lips, or wishing Eyes :
 But she is handsome who denies.

S O N G 378.

What's the spring-breathing Violet and Rose,
 What's the Summer, with all his gay Train,
 Or the Plenty of Autumn to those,
 Who have barter'd their Freedom for Gain ?

Then let Love of our King's legal Right
 To our Love of our Country succeed,
 And let Friendship and Honour unite,
 And flourish on both Sides the Tweed.
 No Sweetness the Senses can chear,
 That Corruption and Bribery bind ;
 No Brightness the Gloom ever clear :
 For Honour's the Sun of the Mind,
 Then let Love, &c.

Let Virtue distinguish the Brave,
 Place Riches in lower Degree,
 Think him poorest, who dares be a Slave,
 And him rich who dares to be free.
 Then let Love, &c.

Let us think how our Ancestors rose,
 Let us think how our Ancestors fell ;
 'Tis the Rights they defended ; 'tis those,
 They bought with their Blood, that we sell.
 Then let Love, &c.

S O N G 379.

What's the Worth of Health or Living,
 If we stint ourselves of Bliss ?

Grief is but a self-deceiving,
 Chusing may-be for what is.
 Dos'd all Night, and daily weeping,
 Zealots think to Heav'n to climb ;
 Thus with Canting and with Sleeping,
 The poor Sots lose all their Time.
 Give me Love, and give me Wine too,
 For Life's Care to make Amends ;

Wit and Poetry divine too,
 And a charming Female Friend :
 In a moral honest Station,
 To my Grave in Peace I'll go ;
 Let the Bug Predestination
 Fright the Fools no better know.

S O N G 380.

WHEN a Lady like me condescends to agree
 To let such a Jackanapes taste her,
 With what Zeal and Care should he worship the Fair,
 Who gives him — what's Meat for his Master.
 His Actions should still
 Attend on her Will,

Hear, Sirrah, and take it for Warning,
 To her he should be
 Each Night on his Knee,
 And so he should be on each Morning.

S O N G 381.

WHEN a Lover's Sighs his Mistress gain,
 What Joys his Soul possess ?
 The Mem'ry of his former Pain
 Augments his Happiness :
 T'enjoy the Fair then strait he flies,
 No Danger can the Youth surprize,
 With a fal, la, la, la, la, &c.
 Till in her Arms he dies.

S O N G 382.

WHEN absent from the Nymph I love,
 I'd fain shake off the Chains I wear ;
 But whilst I strive these to remove,
 More Fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.
 My captiv'd Fancy Day and Night
 Fairer and fairer represents
 Belinda form'd for dear Delight,
 But cruel Cause of my Complaints,
 All Day I wander thro' the Groves,
 And sighing hear from ev'ry Tree
 The happy Birds chirping their Loves,
 Happy, compar'd with lonely me.
 When gentle Sleep, with balmy Wings,
 To Rest fans ev'ry weary'd Wight,

A thou-

A thousand Fears my Fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the Night.
 Sleep flies, while, like the Goddess fair,
 And all the Graces in her Train,
 With melting Smiles and killing Air,
 Appears the Cause of all my Pain.
 A-while my Mind delighted flies
 O'er all her Sweet's with thrilling Joy,
 Whilst Want of Worth makes Doubts arise,
 That all my trembling Hopes destroy.
 Thus while my Thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er Transport and Desire ;
 My Pulse beats high, my Cheeks appear
 All Roses, and mine Eyes all Fire.
 When to myself I turn my View,
 My Veins grow chill, my Cheeks look wan ;
 Thus whilst my Fears my Pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a Man.

S O N G 383.

When all our Eyes are drawing Straws,
 And every one sits mute ;
 If a Man would open all their Mouths,
 Heigh Ho's the Way to do't.
 Sure if polite Behaviour should
 With Ease and Nature flow ;
 What can be Nature more than this,
 With Ease to cry Heigh Ho ?
 Then let us give our Mouths the Way,
 You can't avoid the Plot :
 Gaping (as Lark with Looking-Glass)
 Is by its Likeness caught.
 The Mouth, we know, is Wisdom's Shop ;
 Then we may justly say
 Of those, who keep it always shut,
 She's broke and run away.
 But how engaging 'tis to gape !
 Since every one allows,
 That they must entertaining be,
 Whose Mouths keep open House :
 Many Disputes of this, — and that,
 In Talking may be found ;

But

But with one Voice we all agree ;
When once Heigh Ho goes round.

'Tis gaping hinders many a Man
From speaking Words in spite ;
For tho' he shews his Teeth, they are
Too far apart to bite.

'Tis this helps Conversation out,
And when 'tis at a stand,
To every Mouth that open is,
'Tis Gaping lends a Hand.

'Twas nobly wish'd, one's Thoughts with Ease,
And Readiness to shew :

But what we mean, before we speak,
B'our Gaping you may know.

But I'd not for Preferment gape,
As many Fools may do :

For 'tis too much to stretch at once
One's Jaws and Conscience too.

But when we are with honest Men,

'Tis Gaping gives us Ease ;
For who can keep his Mouth shut up,
In such bad Times as these ?

Then let us take the Liberty,
Which no one can deny ;

And tho' we open all our Mouths,
Informers we'll defy.

S O N G 384.

WHen Aurelia first became
The Mistress of his Heart,
So mild and gentle was her Reign,
Thyrsis, in hers, had part.

Reserves and Care he laid aside,
And gave his Love the Reins ;
The headlong Course he now must 'bide,
No other Way remains.

At first her Cruelty he fear'd ;
But that being overcome,
A Second for a while appear'd,
And he thought all his own.

He call'd himself a happier Man
 Than ever lov'd before ;
 Her Favours still his Hopes out-ran,
 What Mortal can have more ?
 Love smil'd at first, then, looking grave,
 Said, Thyrsis, leave to boast ;
 More Joy than all her Kindness gave,
 Her Fickleness will cost.
 He spoke, and from that fatal Time
 All Thyrsis did or said
 Appear'd unwelcome, or a Crime,
 To the ungrateful Maid.
 Then he, despairing of her Heart,
 Wou'd fain have had his own :
 Love answer'd, such a Nymph could part
 With nothing she had won.

S O N G 385.

W H E N Aurelia first I courted,
 She had Youth and Beauty too ;
 Killing Pleasures when she sported,
 All her Charms were ever new :
 Subtle Time hath now deceiv'd her,
 Which her Glories did uphold ;
 All her Arts can ne'er reprieve her,
 Poor Aurelia's growing old.
 Those airy Spirits which invited,
 Are retir'd, and move no more ;
 And those Eyes are now benighted,
 Which were Comets heretofore :
 Want of those abate her Merit,
 Yet I've Passion for her Name ;
 Only kind and amorous Spirits
 Kindle and maintain a Flame.

S O N G 386.

W H E N betimes on the Morn to the Fields we repair,
 We range where the Chase may be seated ;
 At the Sound of the Horn, all Disturbance and Care
 Flies away from the Din as defeated.

Then

Then Jouler did roar, hearing Tolier before,
 Brave Music make Sweet-lips and Mally,
 At the Sound of the Noise the Hunters rejoice,
 And the Squat makes the Ratches to rally.

Then casting about, we find her anew,
 And we raise then a Haloo to chear them;
 The Echoes around from the Mountains resound,
 Rejoicing all Hearts that do hear them.

And when she turns weak, and her Life's at the Stake,
 We take care to make her a Seizure;
 And soon as we kill, we recover at our Will,
 And home we return at our leisure.

And when we come home, our kind loving Dames
 With the best of good Chear can provide us:
 Good Liquors abound, and Healths they go round,
 Till nothing that's bad can betide us.

Then we rise in a Ring, we dance and we sing,
 Having enough of our own none to borrow:
 Can the Court of a King yield a pleasanter Thing?
 We're the same just to Day as to morrow.

S O N G 387.

WHen at my Nymph's devoted Feet,
 Love bids me all my Woes repeat,
 Love bids me all my Woes repeat;
 Obedient I the God obey,
 I sigh, I weep, complain, and pray:
 In vain I sigh, in vain implore,
 The teasing Fair still cries Encore,
 The teasing Fair still cries Encore.
 Oh! Paphian Queen, propitious prove,
 Incline her Heart to me and Love;
 Then when encircled in her Arms,
 Panting I'll rifle all her Charms;
 May she in melting Sounds implore,
 And cry, dear Strephon, Oh! Encore.

S O N G 388.

When Beauty blazes heavenly bright,
 The Muse can no more cease to sing,
 Than can the Lark, with rising Light,
 Her Notes neglect with drooping Wing.

The

The Morning shines, harmonious Birds mount high;
The dawning Beauty smiles, and Poets fly.

Young Annie's budding Graces claim

Th' inspired Thought, and softest Lays,
And kindle in the Breast a Flame,

Which must be vented in her Praise.

Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you seen
E'er one so like an Angel tread the Green.

Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts;

When she appears, take the Alarm:

Love on her Beauty points his Darts,

And wings an Arrow from each Charm.

Around her Eyes and Smiles the Graces sport,
And to her snowy Neck and Breast resort.

But vain must every Caution prove,

When such enchanting Sweetness shines;

The wounded Swain must yield to Love,

And wonder, tho' he hopeless pines.

Such Flames the foppish Butterfly shou'd shun;

The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,

Her lovely Features are compleat;

Whilst Heav'n indulgent makes her share

With Angels all that's wise and sweet.

These Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,

Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior Kind.

Whether she love the rural Scenes,

Or sparkle in the airy Town;

O! happy he her Favour gains,

Unhappy! if she on him frown.

The Muse unwilling quits the lovely Theme,

Adieu she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

S O N G 389.

When blest with Belinda, what Bliss did abound?

All Nature look'd lovely, and smiling around;

The Fields, Trees, and Hedges, look'd chearful and gay,

And I look'd as brisk and as chearful as they;

But now she is gone, what a Change do I find?

All Nature looks languid, uncouth, and unkind;

The Fields, Trees, and Hedges, that charm'd me before,

Are like me forsaken, and please now no more.

We often have sat by the Side of a Spring,
 Where while I pip'd to her, Belinda would sing;
 The Woods they would echo the Notes of the Fair,
 And the Trees kiss'd each other, because she was there;
 But now she is gone, how I pass the dull Day,
 My Pipe I've forsaken, nor know how to play:
 To the Woods when I wander and breathe forth my Pain,
 The Woods all upbraid me, and blab it again.
 Fly swiftly ye Minutes, run faster ye Hours,
 And favour my Wishes, omnipotent Powers!
 Old Time be good humour'd, and hie thee away;
 When Belinda's return'd, you may rest a whole Day.
 To behold my Belinda, O! what would I give!
 To be thus without her, what Torture to live?
 Ye Gods! if ye e'er took Compassion to save,
 Send back my Belinda, or take back her Slave,

S O N G 390.

WHen bright Aurelia tript the Plain,
 How chearful then was seen

The Looks of ev'ry jolly Swain,
 That strove Aurelia's Heart to gain,
 With Gambols on the Green?

Their Sports were innocent and gay,
 Mixt with a manly Air;
 They'd sing and dance, and pipe and play,
 Each strove to please some different way
 This dear enchanting Fair.

Th' ambitious Strife she did admire,
 And equally approve,
 'Till Phaon's tuneful Voice and Lyre
 With softest Music did inspire
 Her Soul to gen'rous Love.

Their wonted Sport the rest declin'd,
 Their Arts prov'd all in vain;
 Aurelia's constant now they find,
 The more they languish and repine,
 The more she loves the Swain.

S O N G 391.

WHen Britain first at Heaven's command.
 Arose from out the azure Main,

This was the Charter of the Land,
 And guardian Angels sung this Strain.
 Rule Britannia, rule the Waves,
 Britons never will be Slaves.
 The Nations not so blest as thee,
 Must in their turns to Tyrants fall,
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The Dread and Envy of them all.
 Rule, &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign Stroke
 As the loud Blast that tears the Skies,
 Serves but to root thy native Oak.

Rule, &c.

The haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame.
 All their Attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy generous Flame,
 And work their Woe, and thy Renown.

Rule, &c.

To thee belongs the rural Reign,
 Thy Cities shall with Commerce shine,
 All thine shall be the subject Main,
 And every Shore it circles, thine.

Rule, &c.

The Muses still with Freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair,
 Blest Isle, with matchless Beauty crown'd,
 And manly Hearts to guard the Fair.

Rule, &c.

S O N G 392.

WHEN Celadon first from his Cottage did stray,
 To court his dear Jugg on a Hillock of Hay;
 What awkward Confusion oppress'd the poor Swain,
 When thus he deliver'd his Passion in Pain!

Oh! Joy of my Heart, and Delight of my Eyes,
 Sweet Jugg, 'tis for thee faithful Celadon dies;
 My Pipe I've forsaken, tho' reckon'd so sweet,
 And sleeping and waking, thy Name I repeat.

When Swains to an Ale-house by Force do me lugg,
 Instead of a Pitcher, I call for a Jugg:

† Y

And

And sure you can't chide at repeating your Name,
 When the Nightingale every Night does the same.
 Sweet Jugg he a hundred Times o'er does repeat,
 Which makes People say that his Voice is so sweet.
 Oh ! why can you laugh at my sorrowful Tale ?
 Too well I'm assur'd that my Words won't prevail.
 For Roger, the Thatcher, possesses thy Breast,
 As he at the last Harveſt-Supper confeſt :
 I own it, ſays Jugg, he has gotten my Heart,
 His long curling Hair is ſo pretty and ſmart.
 His Eyes are ſo black, and his Cheeks are ſo red,
 They prevail more with me than all you have ſaid :
 Tho' you court me, and kiſs me, and do what you can,
 'Twill ſignify nothing, for Roger's the Man.

S O N G 393.

WHen charming Chloe gently walks,
 Or ſweetly ſmiles, or gaily talks ;
 No Goddeſs can with her compare,
 So ſweet her Look, ſo ſoft her Air.
 In whom ſo many Charms are plac'd,
 Is with a Mind as nobly grac'd :
 With ſparkling Wit, and ſolid Senſe,
 And ſoft perſuaſive Eloquence.
 In framing her divinely fair,
 Nature employ'd her utmoſt Care,
 That we in Chloe's Form ſhould find
 A Venus with Minerva's Mind.

S O N G 394.

WHen charming Sylvia firſt I ſaw,
 The Nymph was nicely coy,
 Her rigid Virtue forc'd an Awe,
 And Awe procur'd me Joy.
 Delighted with her lovely Look,
 My Heart receiv'd the Snare,
 A Warmth I from her Coldneſs took,
 And long'd to claſp the Fair.
 With ſoft Perſuaſions I purſu'd,
 With Words I made her yield,
 The Victor was at length ſubdu'd,
 Nor could maintain the Field.

All melted in the burning Bliss,
 We both dissolving lay,
 Exchang'd our Souls in ev'ry Kiss,
 And spent in Love the Day.

Thus Sylvia did indulge my Mind,
 And fill'd my fond Desire,
 Her frozen Coldness she resign'd,
 And what was Ice is Fire.

S O N G 395.

WHEN Chloe fair begins her Song,
 In Raptures motionless I gaze ;
 Thus cou'd I stand, thus all Day long
 Lost in a giddy, sweet Amaze.

So when th'enchanting Syrens sing,
 Th' allured Mariner is wreck'd :
 Thus whirling Gulphs Attention bring,
 And overwhelm what they attract.

Those very Sounds, that sweetly flow,
 That soft, that lovely tender Breath,
 Do Pity, Joy, Compassion show ;
 And who cou'd e'er believe it ? Death !

S O N G 396.

WHEN Chloe was by Damon seen,
 What Heart cou'd be unmov'd ?
 She look'd so like the Cyprian Queen,
 He gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.
 He lov'd, alas ! but lov'd in vain,
 And, full of Grief and Care,
 He knew he never cou'd obtain
 The lovely charming Fair.

Chloe deserv'd a better Swain ;
 He not so fair a Bride ;
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
 He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd.

Take pity then, thou lovely Maid ;
 For Chloe's Case is thine ;
 I dare not ask, so much I dread ;
 Must Damon's Fate be mine ?

† Y 2

S O N G

When Chloe we ply,
 We swear we shall die,
 Her Eyes do our Hearts so enthrall;
 But 'tis for her Pelf,
 And not for herself:
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 The Maidens are coy,
 They'll pish, and they'll fie!
 And swear if you're rude they will call:
 But whisper so low,
 By which you may know,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 My Dear, the Wives cry,
 If ever you die,
 To marry again I ne'er shall;
 But less than a Year
 Will make it appear,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.
 In Matters of State,
 And Party Debate,
 For Church and for Justice we brawl:
 But if you'll attend,
 You'll find in the End,
 'Tis all Artifice, Artifice all.

When Chloe's Picture was to Chloe shown,
 Adorn'd with Charms and Beauty not her own;
 Where Hogarth, pitying Nature, kindly made
 Such Lips, such Eyes, as Chloe never had.
 Ye Gods, she cries, in Extasy of Heart,
 How near can Nature be express'd by Art!
 Well, it is wond'rous like!--Nay, let me die,
 The very pouting Lip---the killing Eye.
 Blunt and severe as Manly in the Play,
 Downright replies---Like! Madam, do you say?
 The Picture bears this Likeness, it is true,
 The Canvass painted is, and so ate you.

When Cupid from his Mother fled,
 He changing his Shape,

Thus made his Escape,
His Mother thought him dead.

Some did him a Kindness,
And cur'd him of Blindness,
And thus disguis'd like me,
The little God could see.

He enters into Hearts of Men,
And there does spy
(Just so do I)

That Falshood lurks within ;
That Sighing and Dying
Is Swearing and Lying ;

All this, disguis'd like me,
The little God could see.

S O N G 400.

WHen Cynthia saw Bathsheba's Charms
In wanton Colours dress'd,
Those Lips, those killing Eyes, those Arms,
I dare not name the rest !

The blushing, envious, angry Maid,
Observ'd with various Passions tost,

To ev'ry vulgar Eye betray'd

The Beauties she alone could boast.

A fatal Weapon forth she drew,

To check the curious Painter's Pride,

To veil those Charms she only knew,

Those Beauties only she could hide.

'Tis well, enamour'd Damon cry'd,

E'en let the paultry Copy fall,

By you the Loss is well supply'd,

In you we find th' Original.

S O N G 401.

WHen Daphne first her Shepherd saw,
A sudden Trembling seiz'd her ;

Honour her wond'ring Looks did awe :

She durst not view what pleas'd her.

When at her Feet he sighing lay,

She found her Heart complying ;

Yet wou'd not to her Love give way,

To save her Swain from dying.

The little God stood laughing by,
 To see her dext'rous feigning ;
 He bid the blushing Fair comply,
 The Shepherd leave complaining.

S O N G 402.

S U M M E R.

When Dazies py'd, and Violets blue,
 And Cuckow-buds of yellow Hue,
 And Lady-Smocks all Silver white,
 Do paint the Meadows with Delight ;
 The Cuckow then, on ev'ry Tree,
 Mocks married Men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckow ! Cuckow ! O Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a married Ear.

When Shepherds pipe on Oaten Straws,
 And merry Larks are Plowmens Clocks ;
 When Turtles tread, and Rooks and Daws,
 And Maidens bleach their Summer Smocks :
 The Cuckow then on ev'ry Tree
 Mocks married Men, for thus sings he :
 Cuckow ! Cuckow ! O Word of Fear,
 Unpleasing to a married Ear.

W I N T E R.

When Ificles hang by the Wall,
 And Dick the Shepherd blows his Nail ;
 And Tom bears Logs into the Hall,
 And Milk comes frozen home in Pail :
 When Blood is nipt, and Ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring Owl ;
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry, merry
 Note,

While greasy Joan doth keel the Pot.

When all aloud the Wind doth blow,
 And Coughing drowns the Parson's Saw ;
 And Birds sit brooding in the Snow,
 And Marian's Nose looks red and raw :
 Then roasted Crabs hiss in the Bowl,
 And nightly sings the staring Owl ;
 Tu-whit-tu-whoo, a merry, merry Note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the Pot.

S O N G

S O N G 403.

WHen Delia on the Plain appears,
 Aw'd by a thousand tender Fears,
 I would approach, but dare not move ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd Ear
 No other Voice but her's can bear,
 No other Wit but her's approve ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

If she some other Swain commend,
 Tho' I was once his fondest Friend,
 That Instant, Enemy I prove ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

When she is absent, I no more
 Delight in all, that pleas'd before,
 The clearest Spring, or shady Grove ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

When arm'd with insolent Disdain,
 She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
 I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
 Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love ?

S O N G 404.

WHen dully wise, the Grave disdain
 The pleasing Passion Love,
 All Sense out-grown of Joys and Pain,
 By thoughtless Spleen they move :
 Ill Nature sits in Judgment's Place,
 When Love like mine they blame ;
 Who can the glowing Heart but praise,
 When Merit makes the Flame ?

Like them, but sway'd by Reason's Rule,
 Amaz'd, I view the Weak,
 Who learning Love in Folly's School,
 Mistake the Bliss they seek :
 Too oft, alas ! the Face that's fair,
 With feign'd good Humour gay,
 Conceals the Soul that's insincere,
 And clouds the promis'd Day.

To her my Heart its Homage owes,
 On true Desert intent ;
 Whose Sense of Nature's Blessing goes
 No farther than Content :
 Such Beauty Time itself shall spare,
 Or what that Loss supplies ;
 Virtue shall make her Reason's Care,
 And charm the Lover's Eyes.
 Her Face imperfect Conquest made,
 And could but greatly charm ;
 Her Mind the subtle Fire convey'd,
 With which my Soul is warm :
 Then guiltless, let me hope the Flame
 May reach at last so far,
 To catch the Cause from whence it came,
 And bless a faithful Pair.

S O N G 405.

WHen embracing my Friend,
 And quaffing Champaign,
 Dull phlegmatick Spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain,
 Dull phlegmatick Spleen,
 Thou assault'st me in vain.
 My Pleasures flow pure,
 Without Taint or Allay ;
 And each Glass that I drink
 Inspires with new Joy.
 My Pleasures thus heighten'd
 No Improvement receive,
 But what the dear Sight
 Of my Phillis can give ;
 The Charms of her Eyes,
 The Force of my Wine,
 Do then in harmonious Confed'racy join,
 To rap me with Joys,
 To rap me with Joys,
 Seraphick, seraphick and divine.

S O N G 406.

WHen Elismonda shews her Face,
 The killing Air, the melting Grace,
 A thousand Lovers round her fly,
 A thousand on her Beauties die.

In her smooth Cheeks are gaily spread
 The Lilly's White, the Rose's Red ;
 But never Odours of the Spring,
 Such Incense as her Breath, could bring.
 What Raptures does her Voice dispense !
 How soft the Sounds, how strong the Sense !
 The Sweetness reconciles the Smart,
 And while it conquers, mends the Heart,
 When other Dangers bend the Bow,
 We fly the Field, or fight the Foe ;
 But here a diff'rent Turn is found,
 We court the Dart, and kiss the Wound.

S O N G 407.

WHene'er she moves, who sees her loves,
 So graceful in her Mien :
 And from her Eyes such Lightning flies,
 As proves her Beauty's Queen.
 Her Graces shine, her Looks divine,
 Her charming Voice so sweet,
 That every Swain upon the Plain
 Must fall beneath her Feet.

S O N G 408.

WHenever, Chloe, I begin
 Your Heart, like mine, to move,
 You tell me of the crying Sin
 Of unchaste lawless Love.
 How can that Passion be a Sin,
 Which gave to Chloe Birth ?
 How can those Joys but be divine,
 Which make a Heav'n on Earth ?
 To wed, Mankind the Priest trapp'd,
 By some sly Fallacy,
 And disobey'd God's great Command,
 Increase and multiply.
 You say that Love's a Crime. Content :
 Yet this allow you must,
 More Joy's in Heav'n when one repents,
 Than over ninety Just,

(250)
Sin then, dear Girl, for Heav'n's Sake,
Repent and be forgiv'n ;
Bless me, then by Repentance make
A Holiday in Heav'n.

S O N G. 409.

When Fanny blooming fair
First met my ravish'd Sight,
Caught with her Shape and Air,
I felt a strange Delight :
Whilst eagerly I gaz'd,
Admiring ev'ry Part,
And ev'ry Feature prais'd,
She stole into my Heart.

In her bewitching Eyes
Young smiling Loves appear,
There Cupid basking lies,
His Shafts are hoarded there :
Her blooming Cheeks are dy'd
With Colour all their own,
Excelling far the Pride
Of Roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd Limbs confess
The lucky Hand of Jove ;
Her Features all express
The beauteous Queen of Love :
What Flames my Nerves invade,
When I behold the Breast
Of that too lovely Maid,
Rise suing to be prest.

Venus round Fanny's Waist
Hath her own Cestus bound,
With Guardian Cupids grac'd,
Who sport the Circle round :
How happy will he be,
Who shall her Zone unloose !
That Bliss to all but me
May Heav'n and she refuse.

S O N G

S O N G 410.

WHen first, Dorinda, your bright Eyes
Had made my Heart your Slave,

In vain I sought for to disguise
The Fortunes that you gave.

Durst hardly call my Fate unkind,
Or to myself complain,
For fear some busy, listening Mind
Should over-hear my Pain.

Your Beauty did my Passion awe,
So great your Virtues were,
That all around I nothing saw,
But Prospect of Despair.

Fond Heart, I cry'd, hide, hide thy Love,
Thy too fond Thought reclaim:
But all in vain, alas! I strove
To hide a raging Flame.

S O N G 411.

WHen first I beheld Clarinda's Eyes,
Love did my trembling Heart surprize:

Long have I hugg'd my am'rous Chain,
And long have mourn'd the fair Tyrant's Disdain;

Still whining and sighing,
And pining and dying,

Not once bravely trying Relief to obtain.

Now shall the feeble Boy resign

To the gay, blushing God of Wine,

Wine's a Specifick in ev'ry Disease,

Drink Wine, and frail Beauty no longer shall tease.

Thus whilst I'm destroying

Th' Effects of proud Coying,

I'm daily enjoying, and purchasing Ease.

Come put the clattering Glasses round,

Hark! with what Harmony they sound!

Enlarg'd by this Bumper my Freedom I boast,

And thus I recover the Heart I had lost.

But whence all this Trembling!

A Relapse so resembling!

In vain is dissembling---Clarinda's the Toast,

S O N G 412.

WHen first I fair Celinda knew,
 Her Favour then was great,
 Her Eyes I could with Freedom view,
 And friendly Rays did meet.

In every Scene we past the Time,
 That cou'd to Pleasure move ;
 She often deign'd to hear me rhyme,
 And read my Songs of Love.

At length my Licence grew too bold,
 Preft by poetic Flame ;
 And when my Passion I had told,
 She loath'd the Poet's Name.

Thus I that could her Friendship boast,
 And did her Love pursue,
 Am taught Subjection at the Cost
 Of Love and Friendship too.

S O N G 413.

WHen first I laid Siege to my Chloris,
 Cannon-Oaths I brought down,
 To batter the Town,
 And I storm'd her with amorous Stories.
 Billet-doux like Small-shot did so ply her,
 And sometimes a Song
 Went whistling along,

But still I was never the nigher.

At length she sent Word by a Trumpet,
 If I lik'd that Life,
 She would be my Wife,

But she would not be any Man's Strumpet.

I told her that Mars would not marry,
 And swore by the Scars,
 Got in Combats and Wars,

That I'd sooner dig Stones in a Quarry.

At length she granted the Favour,
 Without the dull Curse,
 For better, for worse,

And sav'd the dull Parson the Labour.

S O N G 414.

When first I sought fair Cælia's Love,
And every Charm was new,
I swore by all the Gods above
To be for ever true.

But long in vain did I adore,
Long wept and sigh'd in vain;
She still protested, vow'd, and swore
She ne'er wou'd ease my Pain.

At last, o'ercome, she made me blest,
And yielded all her Charms;
And I forsook her, when possesst,
And fled to others Arms.

But let not this, dear Cælia, now
Thy Breast to Rage incline;
For why, since you forgot your Vow,
Shou'd I remember mine?

S O N G 415.

P E G G Y.

When first my dear Laddie gade to the green Hill,
And I at Ew-milking first sey'd my young Skill,
To bear the Milk-bowie, nae Pain was to me,
When I at the Bughting forgather'd with thee.

P A T I E.

When Corn Riggs wav'd yellow, and blue Heather-
bells
Bloom'd bonny on Moorlands, and sweet rising Fells,
Nae Birns, Briers, or Breckens, gave Trouble to me,
If I found but the Berries right ripen'd for thee.

P E G G Y.

When thou ran, or wrestled, or putted the Stane,
And came aff the Victor, my Heart was ay fain:
Thy ilka Sport manly gave Pleasure to me;
For nane can put, wrestle, or run swift as thee.

P A T I E.

Our Jenny sings saftly the Cowden Broom knows,
And Rosie lirts sweetly the milking the Ews;
There's few Jenny Nettles like Nancy can sing;
At Throw the Wood Laddie, Bess gars our Lug's ring:

But when my dear Peggy sings with better Skill,
The Boat-man, Tweed-side, or the Lads of the Mill;
'Tis many times sweeter and pleasing to me;
For tho' they sing nicely, they cannot like thee.

P E G G Y.

How easy can Lasses trow what they desire?
And Praises sae kindly encreases Love's Fire;
Give me still this Pleasure, my Study shall be
To make myself better and sweeter for thee.

S O N G 416.

When first Procreation began,
Ere Forms interrupted the Bliss,
Each Woman might love any Man,
Each Man any Woman might kiss.
The Youth who beheld a plump Lass,
Declar'd in few Words his Request;
Nor whin'd like an amorous Ass,
Nor ever departed unblest.
The Girl, who was ripe for the Game,
Look'd out for a sizeable Lad;
Then frankly discover'd her Flame,
And what she demanded, she had.
But while they thus revel'd at large,
And Bantlings increas'd in their Kind,
The Mother still bore all the Charge: —
The Father what Mortal could find?
So when great Semiramis reign'd,
And Women repin'd at their Lot,
The Queen Matrimony ordain'd,
That each might maintain what he got:
While under this Petticoat Rule,
The Men were oblig'd to submit:
The Wife went abroad, and the Fool
Still own'd all that came to his Net.
The Men on this System refin'd:
They granted the Union for Life;
But made (their chaste Spouses to bind)
The Husband the Head of the Wife.

Tradition

Tradition establish'd the Cheat:

(Tradition makes all Things divine!)

It aw'd the dull Croud; but the Great

What Precept could ever confine?

The sacred Law-givers of yore,

And all the old Sages of Greece,

Could slyly dispense with a Score;

Tho' others had but one a-piece.

'Twas thought for the Good of Mankind;

So into the Canons it pass'd:

The Mob will for ever be blind;

And therefore 'tis likely to last.

Still may the Decrees of the State

Impose on an ignorant Realm:

Let us our own Charter create,

And do as they do at the Helm.

When one has the Beauty to charm,

And t'other the Manhood to please,

In Love can there be any Harm,

Arising from Motives like these?

S O N G 417

WHen first those blooming Charms I spy'd,

That smiling play on Annie's Face,

Her Hair without affected Pride,

Her Shape, her Mien, and every Grace;

My Heart and every Pulse beat fast,

In Hurry all my Spirits mov'd,

I felt new Motions in my Breast,

The more I gaz'd, the more I lov'd!

But when her Mirth, and lively Sense

With Pleasure I attentive heard,

Her chearful Wit and Innocence,

In every Thought and Word appear'd!

Those lovely Beauties of her Mind

A noble lasting Joy impart,

Excite a Passion more refin'd,

And doubly captivate my Heart.

When Annie's Presence I enjoy,

A pleasing Warmth within me glows,

No cloudy Cares my Bliss anney,
 My Soul with Love and Joy o'erflows :
 So when the glorious God of Day
 Dispels the gloomy Shades of Night,
 Nature reviving, all looks gay,
 And welcomes the returning Light !
 Oh would my Charmer make me blest !
 And yield to ease her Lover's Pain,
 My Fears all gone, my Soul at rest,
 Then Love and Joy should ever reign ;
 Each gentle Hour, with fresh Delight,
 Wou'd pass away in mutual Love,
 In Peace we'd spend the Day and Night,
 And emulate the Blest above !

S O N G 418.

WHen first to Cambridge we do come,
 Tol, lol, deral, &c.

From Mamma's dear beloved Home,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

First, we must have a Cap and Gown,

And next, the prettiest Girl in Town,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

The next, a Tutor we must have,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

'Tis ten to one he proves a Knave,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Who minds not what we do all Day,

So we come home at Night to pray.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then strait he buys us Aristotle,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Which we pawn often for a Bottle ;

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

And Euclid's Elements must pack,

For a better Element, good Sack.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then he writes home unto our Friends,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

For Money to serve his own Ends,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Which

Which he keeps safe lock'd up in Trunk,
Whilst we abroad are ticking drunk.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

There's Item, for Homer, that blind Poet,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Be sure your Tutor does not know it:

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

We'll smoak and drink, and merry be,
Until we are as blind as he.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Then hang all studying to no End,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

Enjoy your Bottle and your Friend,

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

We'll drink and smoak, and take our Fill;

We may be Parsons if we will.

Tol, lol, deral, &c.

S O N G 419.

WHen Gammer Gurton first I knew,
Four Teeth in all she reckon'd:

Comes a damn'd Cough, and whips out two,
And t'other two a second.

Courage, old Dame, and never fear

The third, whene'er it comes-a;

Give me but t'other Jugg of Beer,

And I'll ensure your Gums-a.

S O N G 420.

WHen gay Philander fell a Prize

To Am'ret's conqu'ring Eyes;

He took his Pipe, he sought the Plain,

Regardless of his growing Pain;

And resolutely bent to wrest

The bearded Arrow from his Breast.

Come, gentle Gales, the Shepherd cry'd,

Be Cupid and his Bow defy'd:

But as the Gales obsequious flew,

With flow'ry Scents, and spicy Dew,

He did, unknowingly, repeat,

The Breath of Amoret is sweet.

His Pipe again the Shepherd try'd;
 And warbling Nightingales reply'd;
 Their Sounds in rival Measures move,
 And meeting Echo's crown the Grove.
 His Thoughts that rov'd, again repeat,
 The Voice of Amoret is sweet.

Since ev'ry fair and lovely View
 His Thoughts of Amoret renew,
 From flow'ry Lawn, and shady Green,
 To Prospect gloomy, chang'd the Scene:
 Sad Change for him! for sighing there,
 He thought of Lovers in Despair.

Convinc'd, the sad Philander cries,
 Now, cruel God, assert thy Prize,
 For Love its fatal Empire gains:
 Yet grant, in Pity to my Pains,
 These Lines the Nymph may oft repeat,
 And own Philander's Lays are sweet.

S O N G 421.

WHen Gold is in Hand,
 It gives us Command,
 It makes us lov'd and respected:
 'Tis now, as of yore,
 Wit and Sense when poor,
 Are scorn'd, o'erlook'd and neglected,
 Though peevish and old,
 If Women have Gold,
 They have Youth, good Humour and Beauty:
 Among all Mankind,
 Without it we find,
 Nor Love, nor Favour, nor Duty.

S O N G 422.

WHen here, Lucinda, first we came,
 Where Arno rolls his silver Stream,
 How brisk the Nymphs, the Swains how gay?
 Content inspir'd each rural Lay,
 The Birds in livelier Concert sung,
 The Grapes in thicker Clusters hung;
 All look'd as Joy could never fail,
 Among the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

But now, since good Palemon dy'd,
 The chief of Shepherds, and the Pride ;
 Now Arno's Sons must all give Place,
 To Northern Swains, an Iron Race :
 The Taste of Pleasure now is o'er,
 Thy Notes, Lucinda, please no more ;
 The Muses droop, the Goths prevail,
 Adieu ! the Sweets of Arno's Vale.

S O N G 423.

WHEN Hope was quite sunk in Despair,
 My Heart it was going to break ;
 My Life appear'd worthless my Care,
 But now I will sav't for thy Sake.
 Where'er my Love travels by Day,
 Wherever he lodges by Night,
 With me his dear Image shall stay,
 And my Soul keep him ever in Sight.
 With Patience I'll wait the long Year,
 And study the gentlest Charms ;
 Hope Time away till thou appear,
 To lock thee for ay in those Arms.
 Whilst thou wast a Shepherd, I priz'd
 No higher Degree in this Life ;
 But now I'll endeavour to rise
 To a Height is becoming thy Wife.
 For Beauty that's only Skin-deep,
 Must fade like the Gowans of May ;
 But inwardly rooted, will keep
 For ever, without a Decay.
 Nor Age, nor the Changes of Life,
 Can quench the fair Fire of Love,
 If Virtue's ingrain'd in the Wife,
 And the Husband have Sense to approve.

S O N G 424.

WHEN humming Brown Beer was the Englishman's Tasse,
 Our Wives they were merry, our Daughters were
 chaste ;
 Their Breath smelt like Roses whenever embrac'd.
 Oh ! the Brown Beer of Old England,
 And Oh ! the Old English Brown Beer.

Ere

Ere Coffee and Tea found its Way to the Town,
 Our Ancestors they by their Fires sat down,
 Their Bread it was White, and their Beer it was Brown,
 Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

Our Heroes of old, of whose Conquests we boast,
 Could make a good Meal of a Pot and a Toast;
 Oh, did we so now, we should soon rule the Roast.
 Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

When the great Spanish Fleet on our Coast did appear,
 Our Sailors each one drank a Jorum of Beer,
 And sent them away with a Flea in their Ear.
 Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

Our Clergymen then took a Cup of good Beer,
 Ere they mounted the Rostum, their Spirits to cheer;
 Then preach'd against Vice, tho' Courtiers were near.
 Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

Their Doctrines were then authentick and bold,
 Well grounded on Scripture, and Fathers of old;
 But now they preach nothing but what they are told.
 Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

For since the Geneva and strong Ratafee,
 They are dwindl'd to nothing, but stay---let me see;
 Faith nothing at all but meer Fiddle-de-dee.
 Oh! the Brown Beer, &c.

S O N G 425.

WHEN Innocent Pastime our Pleasure did crown,
 Upon a green Meadow, or under a Tree;

Ere Annie became a fine Lady in Town,
 How lovely and loving and bony was she?

Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 Let ne'er a new Whim ding thy Fancy a-jee.

O! as thou art bony be faithfu' and canny,
 And favour thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.

Does the Death of a Lintwhite give Annie the Spleen?
 Can tyning of Trifles be uneasy to thee?

Can Lap-dogs and Monkeys draw Tears fra these Een,
 That look with Indifference on poor dying me?

Rouse up thy Reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And dinna prefer a Paroquet to me;

O! as thou art bony, be prudent and canny,
 And think on thy Jamie wha doats upon thee. Ah!

Ah! shou'd a new Manteau, or Flanders-lace Head,
 Or yet a wee Cottie, tho' never sae fine,
 Gar thee grow forgetfu', and let his Heart bleed,
 That anes had some Hope of purchasing thine?
 Rouze up, &c.

Shall a Paris Edition of new-fangl'd Sawny,
 Tho' gilt o'er wi' Laces and Fringes he be,
 By adoring himself, be admir'd by fair Annie,
 And aim at these Benisons promis'd to me?
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And never prefer a light Dancer to me;
 O! as thou art bony be constant and canny,
 Love only thy Jamie wha doats upon thee.
 O! think, my dear Charmer, on ilka sweet Hour,
 That slade away fastly between thee and me;
 Ere Squirrels, or Beaus, or Fopp'ry had Power
 To rival my Love, and impose upon thee.
 Rouze up thy Reason, my beautifu' Annie,
 And let thy Desires be a' center'd in me;
 O! as thou art bonny be faithfu' and canny,
 And love him wha's langing to center in thee.

S O N G 426.

WHen Jockey first I saw, my Soul was charm'd,
 To see the bony Lad so blith, so blith and gay,
 My Heart did beat, it being alarm'd,
 That I to Jockey nought, nought could say.
 At last I Courage took, and Passion quite forsook,
 And told the bony Lad his Charms I felt;
 He then did smile, with a pleasing Look,
 And told me Jenny in his Arms, his Arms should melt.

S O N G 427.

WHen I see my Strephon languish,
 With Lucinda's Charms oppress;
 When I see his Pain and Anguish,
 Pity moves my tender Breast:
 Sighs so soft, and Tears so moving,
 Who can see and hold from loving?
 Sighs so soft, &c.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature
 Mov'd me first to hear his Tale:

Strephon's

Strephon's Truth, by ev'ry Creature,
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
 There's not a Nymph that would not chuse him,
 Why should I alone refuse him?
 There's not, &c.

S O N G 428.

WHEN I survey Clarinda's Charms,
 Folded within my circling Arms,
 What endless Pleasures move along,
 Serenely soft and sweetly strong;
 Ev'ry Smile invites to Love,
 Balmy Kisses,
 Am'rous Blissess,
 Ev'ry rising Charm improve,
 Immortal Bliss that ne'er will cloy,
 Always attends her Angel Form;
 Softest Repose and blooming Joy,
 In her conspire the Soul to charm:
 All that Joy or Love create,
 Beauteous Blessing,
 Past expressing,
 Round the tender Fair One wait.
 Love on her Breast has fix'd his Throne,
 And Cupid revels in her Eyes;
 Who can the Charmer's Power disown,
 When in each Glance an Arrow flies?
 Yet when wounded, we feel no Pain;
 No, 'tis Pleasure,
 Above Measure,
 Raptures flow in ev'ry Vein.

S O N G 429.

WHEN I think on my Lad,
 I sigh and am sad,
 For now he is far frae me.
 My Daddy was harsh,
 My Minny was warse,
 That gart him gae yont the Sea.
 Without an Estate,
 That made him look blate,
 And yet a brave Lad is he.

Gin sae he come hame,
 In spite of my Dame,
 He'll ever be welcome to me.
 Love speers nae Advice
 Of Parents o'er wife,
 That have but ae Bairn like me,
 That looks upon Cash,
 As naithing but Trash,
 That shackles what should be free.
 And tho' my dear Lad
 Nae ane Penny had,
 Since Qualities better has he ;
 Albeit I'm an Heirefs,
 I think it but fair is,
 To love him, since he loves me.
 Then, my dear Jamie,
 To thy kind Jeanie,
 Haste, haste thee in o'er the Sea,
 To her wha can find
 Nae Ease in her Mind,
 Without a blyth Sight of thee.
 Tho' my Daddy forbad,
 And my Minny forbad,
 Forbidden I will not be ;
 For since thou alone
 My Favour hast won,
 Nane else shall e'er get it for me.
 Yet then I'll not grieve,
 Or without their Leave
 Gi'e my Hand as a Wife to thee :
 Be content with a Heart,
 That can never desert,
 Till they cease to oppose, or be.
 My Parents may prove
 Yet Friends to our Love,
 When our firm Resolves they see:
 Then I with Pleasure
 Will yield up my Treasure,
 And a' that Love orders, to thee,

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S O N G 430.

W H E N I've Saxpence under my Thumb,
 Then I get Credit in ilka Town;
 But ay when I'm poor they bid me gang by;
 O! Poverty parts good Company.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 Coudna my Love come todlen hame.

Fair-fa' the Goodwife, and send her good Sale,
 She gi'es us white Bannocks to drink her Ale,
 Syne if that her Tippony chance to be sma',
 We'll tak a good Scour o't, and ca't awa'.

Todlen hame, todlen hame,
 As round as a Neep come todlen hame.

My Kimmer and I lay down to sleep,
 And twa Pint-stoups at our Bed's-feet;
 And ay when we waken'd, we drank them dry:
 What think ye of my wee Kimmer and I?

Todlen butt, and todlen ben,
 Sae round as my Love comes todlen hame.

Leez me on Liquor, my todlen Dow,
 Ye're ay sae good-humour'd when weeting your Mou;
 When sober sae sour, ye'll fight with a Flee,
 That 'tis a blyth Sight to the Bairns and me,
 When todlen hame, todlen hame,
 When round as a Neep ye come todlen hame.

S O N G 431.

W H E N I visit proud Celia just come from my Glafs,
 She tells me I'm fluster'd, and look like an As;
 When I mean of my Passion to put her in Mind,
 She bids me leave Drinking, or she'll never be kind.
 That she's charmingly handsome I very well know,
 And so is my Bottle, each Brimmer so too;
 And to leave my Soul's Joy; Oh! 'tis Nonsense to ask,
 Let her go to the Devil, bring t'other full Flask.
 Had she tax'd me with Gaming, and bade me forbear,
 'Tis a thousand to one I had lent her an Ear.
 Had she found out my Chloris, up three Pair of Stairs,
 I had baulk'd her, and gone to St. James's to Pray'r.
 Had she bade me read Homilies three Times a Day,
 She perhaps had been humour'd with little to say; Bu

But at Night to deny me my Flask of dear Red,
Let her go to the Devil, there's no more to be said.

S O N G 432.

WHen Love and Youth cannot make Way,
Nor with the Fair avail,
To bend to Cupid's gentle Sway,
What Art can then prevail?

I'll tell you, Strephon, a Receipt
Of a most sov'reign Pow'r:

If you the Stubborn wou'd defeat,
Let drop a Golden Show'r.

This Method try'd enamour'd Jove,
Before he could obtain
The cold, regardless Danae's Love,
Or conquer her Disdain.

By Cupid's Self I have been told,

He never wounds a Heart

So deep, as when he tips with Gold

The fatal piercing Dart.

S O N G 433.

WHen Love is lodg'd within the Heart,
Poor Virtue to the Outworks flies,
The Tongue, in Thunder, takes her Part,
She darts in Lightning from the Eyes.

From Lips and Eyes with gifted Grace,
In vain we keep out charming Sin;
For Love will find some weaker Place,
To let the dear Invader in.

S O N G 434.

WHen, lovely Phillis, thou art kind,
Nought but Raptures fill my Mind;

'Tis then I think thee so divine,

T' excel the mighty Pow'r of Wine:

But when thou insult'st, and laugh'st at my Pain,
I wash thee away with sparkling Champaign;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

When Pity in thy Looks I see,

I freely quit my Friends for thee;

Persuasive Love so charms me then,

My Freedom I'd not wish again:

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(200)
But when thou art cruel, and need'st not my Care,
Then strait with a Bumper I banish Despair ;
So bravely contemn both the Boy and his Mother,
And drive out one God by the Pow'r of another.

S O N G 435.

WHen Lovers for Favours petition,
Oh then they approach with Respect ;
But when in our Hearts they've Admission,
They treat us with Scorn and Neglect ;
'Tis dang'rous ever to try them,
So artful are Men to deceive,
'Tis safer, much safer to fly them,
So easy are Maids to believe.

S O N G 436.

WHen love-sick Mars, the God of Wars,
Sat sighing in a Shade,
The willing, willing Goddess bath'd
Those Wounds herself had made.
All Rapture he, all charming she,
Gave Kifs for ev'ry Scar ;
Thus ravish'd he with the Deity,
Swore Love was the nobler War.
Thus fighting he would for ever die,
Melting in Celia's Arms,
And pawn an Immortality
For her diviner Charms.

S O N G 437.

WHen Lucinda's blooming Beauty
Did the eager Town surprize ;
Strephon foremost paid his Duty,
And there fix'd his wond'ring Eyes ;
Like to Lillies mix'd with Roses,
Are the Tinctures of her Face ;
And her brighter Mind discloses
Charms we no where else can trace.
She alone, the Life of Pleasure,
Makes the Ball, the Park, the Play ;
Scatt'ring round her radiant Treasure,
Gives her Slaves a golden Day.

Yet,

Yet, whose Thoughts are too aspiring,
 Of her magic Power beware ;
 Learn to live by strict admiring ;
 Love she tortures with Despair.

S O N G 438.

When Maids live to Thirty, yet never repent,
 When Europe's at Peace, and all England content,
 When Gamesters won't swear, and no Bribery thrives,
 Young Wives love old Husbands, young Husbands old
 Wives ;

When Landlords love Taxes, and Soldiers love Peace ;
 And Lawyers forget a rich Client to fleece :

When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
 Wives, Husbands, and Lovers will ever be true :

When Bullies leave huffing, and Cowards their Tremb-
 ling,

And Courtiers, and Women, and Priests their dissemb-
 ling ;

When these shall do nothing against what they teach,
 Pluralities hate, and we mind what they preach :

When Vintners leave Brewing to draw the Wine pure,
 And Quacks by their Medicines kill less than they cure ;

When an old Face shall please as well as a new,
 Wives, Husbands and Lovers will ever be true.

S O N G 439.

When mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's Food,
 It ennobled our Veins, and enriched our Blood,
 Our Soldiers were brave, and our Courtiers were good,
 Oh ! the Roast Beef of Old England,
 And oh ! the Old English Roast Beef.

But since we have learnt from all-conquering France,
 To eat their Ragousts as well as to dance,

We are fed up with nothing but vain Complaisance,
 Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of old were robust, stout, and strong,
 And kept open House with good Chear all Day long,
 Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song,

Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled to—what shall I name ?

A sneaking poor Race, half begotten and tame,

Who fully those Honours that once shone in Fame,
Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the Throne,
Ere Coffee and Tea and such Slip-slops were known ;
The World was in Terror, if e'er she did frown.

Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
They seldom or never return'd back again,
As Witness the vaunting Armada of Spain,

Oh ! the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh ! then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
And when Wrongs were a cooking, to do themselves
right,

But now we're a Pack of—I could,—but good Night :

Oh ! the Roast Beef of Old England,
And oh ! the Old English Roast Beef.

S O N G 440.

WHEN Molly smiles beneath her Cow,
I feel my Heart I can't tell how ;
When Molly is on Sunday dress'd,
On Sundays I can take no Rest.

What can I do on Working-days ?

I leave my Work on her to gaze :

What shall I say ? At Sermons I
Forget the Text, when Molly's by.

Good Master Curate, teach me how

To mind your Preaching and my Plough :

And if for this you'll raise a Spell,

A good fat Goose shall thank you well.

S O N G 441.

WHEN my Hairs grow hoary and my Cheeks look pale,
When my Forehead has Wrinkles and my Eye-sight
does fail,

Let my Words both and Actions be free from all Harm,

And may I have my old Husband to keep my back warm :

The Pleasures of Youth are Flowers but of May,

Our Life's but a Vapour, our Body's but Clay,

Oh ! let me live well, tho' I live but a Day.

With

With a Sermon on Sundays, and a Bible of good Print,
 With a Pot on the Fire, and good Victuals in't,
 With Ale, Beer and Brandy, both Winter and Summer,
 To drink to my Gossip, and be pledg'd by my Comer.

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Pigs and with Poultry, with some Money in Store,
 To lend to my Neighbour, and to give to the Poor,
 With a Bottle of Canary to drink without Sin,
 And to comfort my Daughter when that she lies in.

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With a Bed soft and easy to rest on the Night,
 With a Maid in the Morning to rise when 'tis Light,
 To do her Work neatly, to obey my Desire,
 To make the House clean, and to blow up the Fire.

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

With Coals and with Bavins, and a good warm Chair,
 With a thick Hood and Mantle, when I ride on my
 Mare,

Let me dwell near my Cupboard, and far from my Foes,
 With a Pair of Glass Eyes to clap on my Nose.

The Pleasures of Youth, &c.

And when I am dead, with a Sigh let them say,
 Our honest old Gammer is laid in the Clay;
 When young she was chearful, no Scold nor no Whore;
 She helped her Neighbours, and gave to the Poor.

Tho' the Flower of her Youth in her Age did decay,
 Tho' her Life was a Vapour that vanish'd away,
 She liv'd well and happy unto her last Day.

S. O N G 442.

WHEN Nymphs are coy,

And fly from Joy,

The Shepherd takes his Reed;

He plays a Tune,

She stops as soon,

And straight they are agreed.

The Battle near,

When Cowards fear,

The Drum and Trumpet sounds;

Their Courage warms,

They rush to Arms,

And brave a thousand Wounds.

† A a 3

C H O R U S.

By Harmony our Souls are sway'd ;
By Harmony the World was made.

S O N G 443.

W H E N Orpheus sweetly did complain
Upon his Lute, with heavy Strain,
How his Eurydice was slain ;
The Trees to hear
Obtain'd an Ear,
And after left it off again.

At ev'ry Stroke, and ev'ry Stay,
The Boughs kept Time, and nodding lay,
And list'ned bending every way ;

The Ashen-Tree

As well as he

Began to shake, and learnt to play.

If Wood could speak, a Tree might hear,

If Wood can sound our Grief so near,

A Tree might drop an Amber Tear :

If Wood so well

Could sound a Knell,

The Cypress might condole the Bier.

The standing Nobles of the Grove,

Hearing dead Wood to speak and move,

The fatal Axe began to love ;

They envy'd Death,

That gave such Breath,

As Men alive do Saints above.

S O N G 444.

W H E N Orpheus went down to the Regions below,

To bring back the Wife that he lov'd ;

Old Pluto confounded, as Histories show,

To find that his Musick so mov'd :

That a Woman so good, so virtuous and fair,

Should be by a Man thus trapp'd,

To give up her Freedom for Sorrow and Care ;

He own'd she deserv'd to be damn'd.

For Punishment he never study'd a whit,

The Torments of Hell had not Pain

Sufficient to curse her ; so Pluto thought fit

Her Husband shou'd have her again.

But

But soon he compassion'd the Woman's hard Fate,
 And knowing of Mankind so well,
 He recall'd her again, before 'twas too late,
 And said, she'd be happier in Hell.

S O N G 445.

WHen Orpheus went down to the Regions below,
 Which Men are forbidden to see ;
 He tun'd up his Lyre, as old Histories shew,
 To set his Eurydice free,
 ---to set his Eurydice free.

All Hell was astonish'd, a Person so wise
 Should rashly endanger his Life,
 And venture so far ; but how vast their Surprise !
 When they heard that he came for his Wife.
 ---how vast their Surprise ! when they heard
 that he came for his Wife.

To find out a Punishment due to the Fault,
 Old Pluto had puzzl'd his Brain ;
 But Hell had not Torments sufficient, he thought,
 So he gave him his Wife back again,
 ---so he gave him, &c.

But Pity succeeding soon vanquish'd his Heart,
 And pleas'd with his playing so well,
 He took her again, in Reward of his Art ;
 Such Power had Musick in Hell.
 ---in Reward, &c.

S O N G 446.

WHen Phœbus bright, the azure Skies
 With golden Rays enlight'neth,
 He makes all Nature's Beauties rise,
 Herbs, Trees and Flow'rs he quick'neth :
 Amongst all those he makes his Choice,
 And with Delight goes thorow,
 With radiant Beams and silver Streams,
 O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

When Aries the Day and Night
 In equal Length divideth,
 Auld frosty Saturn takes his Flight,
 Nae langer he abideth :
 Then Flora Queen, with Mantle green,
 Casts off her former Sorrow,

And

And vows to dwell with Ceres sell,
 In Leader Haughs and Yarrow.
 Pan playing on his aiten Reed,
 And Shepherds him attending,
 Do here resort their Flocks to feed,
 The Hills and Haughs commending;
 With Cor and Kent upon the Bent,
 Sing to the Sun, good Morrow,
 And swear nae Fields mair Pleasures yield,
 Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.
 An House there stands on Leader Side,
 Surmounting my describing,
 With Rooms sae rare, and Windows fair,
 Like Dedalus' contriving:
 Men passing by, do aften cry,
 In sooth it hath nae Marrow;
 It stands as sweet on Leader Side,
 As Newark does on Yarrow.
 A Mile below wha lists to ride,
 They'll hear the Mavis singing;
 Into St. Leonard's Banks she'll bide,
 Sweet Birks her Head o'er-hinging:
 The Lintwhite loud and Progne proud,
 With tuneful Throats and narrow,
 Into St. Leonard's Banks they sing,
 As sweetly as in Yarrow.
 The Lapwing lilteth o'er the Lee,
 With nimble Wings she sporteth,
 But vows she'll flee far frae the Tree
 Where Philomel resorteth:
 By Break of Day, the Lark can say,
 I'll bid you a good Morrow,
 I'll streak my Wing, and mounting sing
 O'er Leader Haughs and Yarrow.
 Park, Wantan-waws, and Wooden-cleugh,
 The East and Western Mainfes,
 The Wood of Lauder's fair enough,
 The Corn are good in Blainshes,
 Where Aits are fine, and seld by kind,
 That if ye search all thorow

Mearns, Buchan, Mar, nane better are
Than Leader Haughs and Yarrow.

In Burn Mill-bog, and Whiteslade Shaws,
The fearful Hare she haunteth ;

Brig-haugh and Braidwoodsheil she knaws,
And Chapel-wood frequenteth :

Yet when she irks, to Kajdly Birks,
She rins, and sighs for Sorrow,

That she shou'd leave sweet Leader Haughs,
And cannot win to Yarrow.

What sweeter Music wad ye hear,
Than Hounds and Beigles crying ?

The started Hare rins hard with Fear,
Upon her Speed relying.

But yet her Strength, it fails at length,
Nae Beilding can she borrow

In Sorrel's Fields, Cleckman or Hag's,
And sighs to be in Yarrow.

For Rockwood, Ringwood, Spoty, Shag,
With Sight and Scent pursue her,

Till ah ! her Pith begins to flag,
Nae Cunning can rescue her :

O'er Dub and Dike, o'er Seugh and Syke,
She'll rin the Fields all thorow,

'Till fail'd she fa's in Leader Haughs,
And bids farewell to Yarrow.

Sing Erlington, and Cowden-knows,

Where Homes had anes commanding ;

And Drygrange with the milk-white Ews,

'Twixt Tweed and Leader standing :

The Birds that flees throw Reedpath Trees,

And Gledswood Banks ilk Morrow,

May chant and sing, sweet Leader Haughs,

And bonny Howms of Yarrow.

But Minstrel Burn cannot assuage

His Grief, while Life endureth,

To see the Changes of this Age,

That fleeting Time procureth ;

For mony a Place stands in hard Case,

Where blyth Fowk kend nae Sorrow,

With

With Homes that dwelt on Leader Side,
And Scots that dwelt on Yarrow.

S O N G 447.

WHEN Poets lavish all their Store,
To paint a Mistress gay ;

They prove not how their Souls adore,
But what their Muse can say.

Fame, the great Object of their Vows,
By various Names they woo ;

And, while to Beauty Fancy bows,
Their Souls a Breath pursue.

Me no such vain Ambition moves —
Ye Bards, enjoy your Fame !

My Heart can simply say it loves,
And heave Montelia's Name.

Montelia's Charms so far excel,
They make my Soul their Slave ;

She's more, at least, than I can tell ;
And all I wish to have !

S O N G 448.

WHEN Sylvia, in Bathing, her Charms does expose,
The pretty Bouquet dancing under her Nose ;

My Heart is just ready to part from my Soul,
And leap from the Gallery into the Bowl.

Each Day I provide too
A Bribe for her Guide too,

And give her a Crown,

To bring me the Water where she sat down.

Let crazy Physicians think Pumping a Cure,
That Virtue is doubtful, but Sylvia is sure.

The Fiddlers I hire to play something sublime,

And all the while throbbing my Heart beats the Time ;

She enters, they flourish, and cease when she goes ;

That who 'tis address'd to strait ev'ry one knows.

Wou'd I were a Vermin,

Call'd one of her Chairmen,

Or serv'd as a Guide ;

Tho' I shew'd, as they do, a damn'd tawny Hide ;

Or else like a Pebble at Bottom could lie,

To ogle her Beauties, how happy were I.

S O N G

When Sylvia strikes the trembling Strings,
She charms with Melody divine ;

But if a melting Air she sings,
In Concert all the Muses join.

The youthful, wanton, little Loves
Around the beauteous Charmer fly ;
And ev'ry Way the Virgin moves,
She makes us love, and bids us die.

The Graces press about the Fair,
Where Youth and blooming Glories reign ;
And, while her Voice employs the Ear,
Her Eyes provoke an am'rous Pain.

How shall I mitigate my Woes ?
O! where enjoy the wish'd Redress ?

A Stranger to all soft Repose,
Where Charms and Musick both oppress.

With her in Symphony we go ;
We soar, when shrill she rises high :
And to soft Cadence sinking low,
Intent the Faculties apply.

Italian Songs are wont to please,
Tho' senseless Words join Harmony ;
But ev'ry one to this agrees,
Both Sense and Musick meet in thee.

When Sol had loos'd his weary Teams,
And turn'd his Steeds a Grazing,
Ten Fathoms deep to Neptune's Streams,
His Thetis lay embracing ;

The Stars tripp'd in the Firmament,
Like Milkmaids on a May-Day,
Or Country Lasses a Mumming sent,
Or School-Boys on a Play-Day.

When apace grew on the grey-ey'd Morn,
The Herds in Fields were lowing ;
And 'mongst the Poultry in the Barn
The Plowman's Cock was crowing ;
When Roger, dreaming of golden Joys,
Was wak'd by a Revel-Rout, Sir,

And

And Cic'ly told him, he needs must rise,
For his Juggy was crying out, Sir.

Not half so merry the Cups go round
At the Tapping a good Ale Firkin,
As Roger when his Hose and Shoon he'd found,
And button'd his Leathern Jerkin ;
Grey-Mare he saddl'd with wond'rous Speed,
With Pillion on Buttock right, Sir ;
And for an old Midwife away he rode,
To bring the young Brat to light, Sir.

Oh ! good Mother, I pray get up,
The Fruit of my Labour's now come,
And there lies struggling in Juggy's Womb,
And cannot get out till you come.
I'll help it, cries the old Hag, ne'er doubt,
Thy Juggy shall do well again, Boy ;
For Ize warrant thee, I can get the Kid out,
As well as thou got'st it in, Boy.

The Mare now mounting very soon,
No Whip nor Spur was wanting ;
And as soon as the old Wife enter'd the Room,
Whew ! cries out the Bantling.
A Female Chit so small was born,
You might have put it into a Flaggon ;
And it must be christen'd that very Morn,
For fear it should die a Pagan.

There was Roger and Doll, and constant Kate,
Gossips to this great Christ'ning ;
And while the good Wives did merrily prate,
Juggy in Bed lay list'ning.
Some talk'd of this, some talk'd of that,
Of Chat they were not sparing ;
Some said it was so small a Brat,
'Twas hardly worth the Rearing.

But Roger he strutted about the Hall,
As great as the Prince of Condé ;
He cries, altho' her Parts are small,
They may be bigger one Day ;
What tho' her Thighs and Legs be close,
And as little as any Spider,

You

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You need not fear, but in fifteen Year,
She'll lay them a great deal wider.

For then she'll be a Woman grown,
Ize hau'd five Pound in Money,
And will have a little One of her own,
As well as Juggy my Honey:
Oh these will be joyful Days to see!
And I'll strive for to advance her,
That Juggy may a Granny be,
Then I shall be a Grandfire.

The nappy Ale went swiftly round,
As brown as any Berry;
With which the good Wives being crown'd,
They all were wond'rous merry;
When Roger he tipp'd it over his Thumb
To every honest Neighbour,
Saying, a Twelve-month hence, pray come
Once more to my Juggy's Labour.

S O N G 451.

WHen Strephon to Chloe made Love his Pretence,
'Twas all but a Sham, his chief Aim was her
Pence,

For twelve thousand Pounds the sly Gipsy did pass,
And he topp'd as much with an impudent Face.

And thus for a while they lay both on the Catch,
Till at length they consulted, and struck up the Match:
But soon to their Loss, for all their deep Wit,
He found himself trapp'd, and she found herself bit.
Such Wedlock's a Banter, the Wise make no Doubt,
And those that get in, would be glad to get out;
'Twas ever confest, since the World first began,
Your Fortunes are Bites, so bite as bite can.

Soldier and Citizen, Lawyer and 'Squire,
Both Sexes for Money each other admire;
All spread out their Snares, in hopes to trapan,
The World's all a Cheat, and so cheat as cheat can.

S O N G 452.

WHen Summer comes, the Swains on Tweed
Sing their successful Loves;
Around the Ews and Lambkins feed,
And Musick fills the Groves.

† B b

But

But my lov'd Song is then the Broom
 So fair on Cowdon-knows ;
 For sure so sweet, so soft a Bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 There Colin tun'd his oaten Reed,
 And won my yielding Heart ;
 No Shepherd e'er that dwelt on Tweed
 Could play with half such Art.
 He sung of Tay, of Forth, and Clyde,
 The Hills and Dales all round,
 Of Leader-haughs and Leader-side,
 Oh ! how I bless the Sound.
 Yet more delightful is the Broom
 So fair on Cowdon-knows ;
 For sure so fresh, so bright a Bloom
 Elsewhere there never grows.
 Not Teviot Braes so green and gay
 May with this Broom compare,
 Not Yarrow Banks in flow'ry May,
 Nor the Bush aboon Traquair.
 More pleasing far are Cowdon-knows,
 My peaceful happy Home,
 Where I was wont to milk my Ews
 At Even among the Broom.
 Ye Powers that haunt the Woods and Plains
 Where Tweed with Teviot flows,
 Convey me to the best of Swains,
 And my lov'd Cowdon-knows.

S O N G 453.

WHEN the bright God of Day
 Drove westward each Ray,
 And the Evening was charming and clear,
 The Swallows amain
 Nimble skim o'er the Plain,
 And our Shadows like Giants appear.
 In a Jessamine Bow'r,
 When the Bean was in Flow'r,
 And Zephyr breath'd Odours around ;
 Lovely Sylvia was sat,

With

With a Song and Spinnet,
 To charm all the Grove with the Sound;
 Rosy Bowers she sung,
 While the Harmony rung,
 And the Birds they all flutt'ring strive;
 Th' industrious Bees,
 From the Flowers and Trees,
 Gently hum with the Sweets to their Hive.

The gay God of Love,
 As he rang'd o'er the Grove,
 By Zephyr conducted along;
 As he touch'd o'er the Strings,
 He beat Time with his Wings,
 And Echo repeated the Song.

Oh! ye Rovers, beware
 How you venture too near,
 Love is doubly arm'd for to wound;
 Your Fate you can't shun,
 And you're surely undone,
 If you rashly approach near the Sound.

S O N G. 454.

WHen the Delian God to fam'd Helicon
 From Heaven's high Court descended down,
 The tuneful Muses playing he found
 A Sonata divinely rare:
 When Thalia touch'd the charming Flute,
 Erato struck the warbling Lute,
 And Clio's Treble joining to't
 Made th' Harmony beyond compare.

There Euterpe's full Bass
 The sweet Consort did raise,
 And with Pleasure each Sense alarm'd;
 E'ery Note was enjoy'd,
 E'ery Hand was employ'd;
 With Sounds of Joy the flowery Valleys rung;
 Apollo gaz'd, and silent was his Tongue;
 But when his dear Calliopea sung,
 Ah! then the God was charm'd.

† B b 2

S O N G

S O N G 455.

When the Kine had giv'n a Pail full,
 And the Sheep came bleating home;
 Doll, who knew it would be healthful,
 Went a walking with young Tom:
 Hand in Hand, Sir,
 O'er the Land, Sir,
 As they walked to and fro;
 Tom made jolly Love to Dolly;
 But was answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.
 Faith, says Tom, the Time is fitting,
 We shall never get the like;
 You can never get from Knitting,
 Whilst I'm digging in the Dike:
 Now we're gone too,
 And alone too,
 No one by to see or know;
 Come, come, Dolly, prithee shall I?
 Still she answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.
 Fie upon you Men, quoth Dolly,
 In what Snares you'd make us fall;
 You'll get nothing but the Folly;
 But I shall get the Devil and all:
 Tom with Sobs,
 And some dry Bobs,
 Cry'd, you're a Fool to argue so;
 Come, come, Dolly, shall I? shall I?
 Still she answer'd, No, no, no, no, &c.
 To the Tavern then he took her,
 Wine to Love's a Friend confess;
 By the Hand he often shook her,
 And drank Brimmers to the Best, &c.
 Doll grew warm,
 And thought no Harm:
 Till after a brisk Pint or two,
 To what he said, the silly Maid
 Could hardly bring out, No, no, no, no, &c.
 She swore he was the prettiest Fellow
 In the Country or the Town,
 And began to grow so mellow,
 On the Couch he laid her down;

Tom

Tom came to her,
 For to woe her,
 Thinking this the Time to try;
 Something past so kind at last,
 Her No was chang'd to Ay, ay, ay, ay, &c.
 Closely then they join'd their Faces,
 Lovers, you know what I mean;
 Nor could she hinder his Embraces,
 Love was now too far got in;
 Both now lying,
 Panting, dying,
 Calms succeed the stormy Joy;
 Tom would fain renew't again,
 And she consents with Ay, ay, ay, ay, &c.

S O N G 456.

WHEN the Rose is in Bud, and the Violets blow,
 When the Birds sing us Love-songs on every Bough;
 When Cowslips, and Daisies, and Daffadils spread,
 And adorn and perfume the green flow'ry Mead;
 When, without the Plow, fat Oxen do low,
 The Lads and the Lassës a Sheep-sheering go;
 The cleanly Milk-pail
 Is fill'd with brown Ale,
 Our Table, our Table's the Grass;
 Where we kiss and we sing,
 And we dance in a Ring,
 And ev'ry Lad, ev'ry Lad has his Lass.
 The Shepherd he sheers his jolly Fleece,
 How much richer than that which they say was in Greece!
 'Tis our Cloth and our Food,
 And our politick Blood,
 'Tis the Seat, 'tis the Seat, which our Nobles do sit on;
 'Tis a Mine above Ground,
 Where our Treasure is found,
 'Tis the Gold, 'tis the Gold and the Silver of Britain.

S O N G 457.

WHEN thy Beauty appears,
 In its Graces and Airs,
 All bright as an Angel new dropt from the Sky;
 At Distance I gaze, and am aw'd by my Fears;
 So strangely you dazzle my Eye!

But when, without Art,
 Your kind Thoughts you impart,
 When your Love runs in Blushes thro' every Vein,
 When it darts from your Eyes, when it pants in your
 Then I know you're a Woman again. [Heart.
 There's a Passion and Pride
 In our Sex (she reply'd ;)
 And thus (might I gratify both) I would do :
 Still an Angel appear to each Lover beside,
 But still be a Woman to you.

S O N G 458.

WHEN Thirsis leaves his Celia's Arms,
 And sails, and sails for distant Climes ;
 In gloomy Grief she veils her Charms,
 And mourning, mourning, spends her Time.
 To Indian Shores her Sighs she sends,
 To fill the flagging Sails ;
 And to the Gods her Pray'r she bends,
 To give him prosp'rous Gales.
 With equal Pains of Woe oppress'd,
 Thirsis his Absence mourns ;
 The mighty Love that's in his Breast,
 Adds Wings to his Return.
 At length arriv'd, with pleasing Eyes,
 He views the wish'd-for Shore ;
 Clasp'd in his Celia's Arms he cries,
 My Dear, we'll part no more.

S O N G 459.

WHEN Trees did bud, and Fields were green,
 And Broom bloom'd fair to see ;
 When Mary was compleat Fifteen,
 And Love laugh'd in her Eye ;
 Blythe Davy's Blinks her Heart did move
 To speak her Mind thus free,
 Gang down the Burn, Davie, my Love,
 And I shall follow thee.
 Now Davie did each Lad surpass,
 That dwelt on this Burn-side,
 And Mary was the bonniest Lass,
 Just meet to be a Bride ;

Her Cheeks were roſie, red and white,

Her Een were bonny blue ;

Her Looks were like Aurora bright,

Her Lips like dropping Dew.

As down the Burn they took their Way,

What tender Tales they ſaid !

His Cheek to hers he aſt did lay,

And with her Boſom play'd ;

Till baith at length impatient grown,

To be mair fully bleſt,

In yonder Vale they lean'd them down ;

Love only ſaw the reſt.

What paſſ'd, I gueſs, was harmleſs Play,

And naething ſure unmeet ;

For, ganging hame, I heard them ſaw,

They lik'd a Wa'k ſae ſweet ;

And that they aften ſhou'd return

Sic Pleaſure to renew.

Quoth Mary, Love, I like the Burn,

And ay ſhall follow you.

S O N G 460.

When we meet again, Phely,

When we meet again, Phely ;

Raptures will reward our Pain,

And Loſs reſult in Gain, Phely.

Long the Sport of Fortune driv'n,

To Deſpair our Thoughts were giv'n,

Our Odds will all be ev'n, Phely,

When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Now in dreary diſtant Groves,

Tho' we moan like Turtle-doves,

Suffering beſt our Virtue proves,

And will enhance our Loves, Phely,

When we meet again, Phely, &c.

Joy will come in a Surprise,

'Till its happy Hour ariſe ;

Temper well your Love-ſick Sighs,

For Hope becomes the Wiſe, Phely.

When we meet again, Phely,

When we meet again, Phely,

Raptures

Raptures will reward our Pain,
And Loss result in Gain, Phely.

S O N G 461.

W H E N wilt thou break, my stubborn Heart ?
O Death, how slow to take my Part !

Whatever I pursue, denies,

Death, Death it self, like Myra flies.

Love and Despair, like Twins, possess

At the same fatal Birth my Breast ;

No Hope could be, her Scorn was all

That to my destin'd Lot cou'd fall.

I thought, alas ! that Love cou'd dwell

But in warm Climes, where no Snow fell ;

Like Plants that kindly Heat require,

To be maintain'd by constant Fire.

That, without Hope, 'twou'd die as soon,

A little Hope---But I have none :

On Air the poor Camellions thrive ;

Deny'd even that, my Love can live.

As toughest Trees in Storms are bred,

And grow, in spite of Winds, and spread ;

The more the Tempest tears and shakes

My Love, the deeper Root it takes.

Despair, that Aconite does prove, !

And certain Death to others Love,

That Poison, never yet withstood,

Does nourish mine, and turn to Food.

O ! for what Crime is my torn Heart

Condemn'd to suffer deathless Smart ?

Like sad Prometheus, thus to lie

In endless Pain, and never die.

S O N G 462.

W H E N Wit and Beauty meet in one

That acts an amorous Heart ;

What Nymph its mighty Power can shun,

Or 'scape a wounded Heart ?

Those potent, wond'rous potent Charms,

Where'er they bless a Swain ;

He needs not sleep with empty Arms,

He needs not sleep with empty Arms,

Nor dread severe Disdain.

After

Astræa saw the Shepherds bleed,
 Regardless of their Pain ;
 Unmov'd she heard their Oaten Reed,
 They danc'd and sung in vain ;
 At length Aminter did appear,
 That Miracle of Man ;
 He pleas'd her Eyes, and charm'd her Ear,
 He pleas'd her Eyes, and charm'd her Ear,
 She lov'd, and call'd him Pan.

But he, as tho' design'd by Fate,
 Revenger of the Harms,
 Which others suffer'd from her Hate,
 Rist'd and left her Charms ;
 Then Nymphs no longer keep in Pain
 A plain well-meaning Heart,
 Left you shou'd join for such Disdain,
 Left you shou'd join for such Disdain,
 In poor Astræa's Smart.

S O N G 463.

WHen Wit and charming Beauty meet,
 To form an Excellence divine ;
 I own the Conquest is compleat,
 And with a willing Joy my Heart resign.
 What Fool so mad to hope for Liberty,
 When Chains like yours can make us more than free ?
 'Tis true, Eugenia, your fair Eyes
 Had gain'd the Conquest long before ;
 They made my Heart your Beauty's Prize,
 But now your Tongue has added something more.
 Myself your Slave by double Force I find,
 You first attack'd my Passions, now my Mind.

S O N G 464.

WHen yielding first to Damon's Flame,
 I sunk into his Arms ;
 He swore he'd ever be the same,
 Then rist'd all my Charms.
 But, fond of what he long desir'd,
 Too eager of his Prey,
 My Shepherd's Flame, alas ! expir'd,
 Before the Verge of Day.

My

My Innocence of Lovers Wars
 Reproach'd his quick Defeat ;
 Confus'd, asham'd, and bath'd in Tears,
 I mourn'd his cold Retreat.

At length, ah ! Shepherdess, cry'd he,
 Would you my Fire renew ?
 You must, alas ! retreat like me,
 I'm lost if you pursue.

S O N G 465.

WHen you censure the Age,
 Be cautious and sage,
 Lest the Courtiers offended should be :
 If you mention Vice or Bribe,
 'Tis so pat to all the Tribe ;
 Each cries, that was levell'd at me.

S O N G 466.

WHence comes it, Neighbour Dick,
 That you, with Youth uncommon,
 Have serv'd the Girls this Trick,
 And wedded an old Woman ?

Happy Dick !

Each Belle condemns the Choice
 Of a Youth so gay and sprightly ;
 But we your Friends rejoice,
 That you have judg'd so rightly :

Happy Dick !

Tho' odd to some it sounds,
 That on Threescore you ventur'd ;
 Yet in Ten Thousands Pounds
 Ten Thousands Charms are center'd :

Happy Dick !

Beauty, we know, will fade,
 As doth the short-liv'd Flower ;
 Nor can the fairest Maid
 Insure her Bloom an Hour :

Happy Dick !

Then wisely you resign,
 For Sixty, Charms so transient ;
 As the Curious value Coin
 The more for being ancient :

Happy Dick !

With Joy your Spouse shall see
 The fading Beauties round her,
 And she herself still be
 The same that first you found her :

Happy Dick !

Oft is the Married State
 With Jealousies attended ;
 And hence, thro' foul Debate,
 Are Nuptial Joys suspended :

Happy Dick !

But you, with such a Wife,
 No jealous Fears are under ;
 She's yours alone, for Life,
 Or much we all shall wonder :

Happy Dick !

Her Death wou'd grieve you sore,
 But let not that torment you ;
 My Life ! she'll see Fourscore,
 If that will but content you :

Happy Dick !

On this you may rely,
 For the Pains you took to win her,
 She'll ne'er in Child-bed die,
 Unless the D---l's in her :

Happy Dick !

Some have the Name of Hell
 To Matrimony given ;
 How falsely, you can tell,
 Who find it such a Heaven :

Happy Dick !

With you, each Day and Night
 Is crown'd with Joy and Gladness ;
 While envious Virgins bite
 The hated Sheets for Madness :

Happy Dick !

With Spouse, long share the Bliss
 Y'had miss'd in any other ;
 And when you've bury'd this,
 May you have such another :

Happy Dick !

Observing

Observing hence, by you,
 In Marriage such Decorum,
 Our wiser Youth shall do,
 As you have done before 'em :

Happy Dick !

S O N G 467.

Wherever I am, and whatever I do,
 My Phillis is still in my Mind ;
 When angry I mean not to Phillis to go,
 My Feet of themselves the Way find.
 Unknown to myself I am just at her Door,
 And when I wou'd rail, I can bring out no more
 Than Phillis the fair and unkind.

When Phillis I see, my Heart bounds in my Breast,
 And the Love I wou'd stifle is shown ;
 But asleep, or awake, I am never at rest,
 When from my Eyes Phillis is gone.
 Sometimes a sad Dream deludes my sad Mind ;
 But alas ! when I wake, and no Phillis I find,
 How I sigh to myself all alone !

Shou'd a King be my Rival in her I adore,
 He shou'd offer his Treasure in vain :
 O let me alone to be happy and poor !
 And give me my Phillis again.
 Let Phillis be mine, and for ever be kind,
 I cou'd to a Desert with her be confin'd,
 And envy no Monarch his Reign.

Alas ! I discover too much of my Love,
 And she too well knows her own Pow'r ;
 She makes me each Day a Martyrdom prove,
 And makes me grow jealous each Hour :
 But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind,
 I had rather love Phillis both false and unkind,
 Than ever be freed from her Pow'r.

S O N G 468.

Where have you been, my lovely Sailor bold ?
 Why will you leave me here for the Sake of cursed
 Gold ?
 What tho' my Father he is cross, my Mother she is kind ;
 Therefore my Father's Crossness, dear Jonny never
 mind,

Alas !

Alas! my dearest Nanny with Joy I do receive ;
 But your Father's Crossness indeed did make me grieve :
 But since your Mother's kind, your Father I don't fear,
 So pray now go and fetch her, she'll joy to see me here.
 You are the only Girl, dear Nanny, I adore ;
 But long I cannot stay, I soon must quit the Shore.
 These Words, my dearest Johnny, do cut me to the
 Heart,

To think that you are going,---so soon I cannot part.
 Why will you sail the Seas, where stormy Winds do blow,
 When you may stay at home, Love, in Safety, you do
 know ?

Why will you sail the Seas, where stormy Winds they be,
 When you may stay at home in Safety, Love, with me ?
 He said, I am now a Servant unto the King, you know,
 And when that he commands me, I'm forced for to go ;
 Therefore, my dearest Nanny, be not cast down or sad,
 For of all other Callings, a Sailor's the best Lad.

She said, I love a Sailor, they have the best of Hearts ;
 They keep us from our Enemies, and sail to foreign Parts :
 They bring us Wealth from India, for to encrease our
 Store ;

And were it not for Sailors the Land would be but poor.
 But yet, my dearest Johnny, so soon I cannot part :
 To think that you are going cuts me to the Heart.
 He said, Since I must go, cheer up, my Nanny dear ;
 I'll rifle all the Indies, and bring you Treasure here.
 With many pretty Fancies, for to enrich our Store,
 Sufficient to maintain us together, Love, on Shore.
 Then kissing of her coral Lips, young Johnny took his
 Leave,

And left his dearest Nanny his Absence for to grieve.

S O N G 469.

He. **W**Here wad bonny Anne lie ?
 Alane nae mair ye maun lie ?
 Wad ye a Goodman try ?
 Is that the Thing ye're lacking ?

She. Can a Lass sae young as I
 Venture on the bridal Tie,

† C e

Sym

Syne down with a Goodman lie ?
I'm flee'd he keep me wauking.

He. Never judge until ye try,
Make me your Goodman, I
Shanna hinder you to lie,
And sleep till ye be weary.

She. What if I shou'd wauking lie,
When the Hauboyes are gawn by,
Will ye tent me when I cry,
My Dear, I'm faint and iry ?

He. In my Bosom thou shalt lie,
When thou waukrife art or dry,
Healthy Cordial standing by,
Shall presently revive thee.

She. To your Will I then comply,
Join us, Priest, and let me try
How I'll wi' a Goodman lie
Wha can a Cordial give me.

S O N G 470.

Where would coy Aminta run
From a despairing Lover's Story ?
When her Eyes have Conquest won,
Why shou'd her Ears refuse the Glory ?
Shall a Slave whom Racks constrain,
Be forbidden to complain ?

Let her scorn me, let her fly ;
Ne'er can my Heart change for Relief,
Or my Tongue cease to tell my Grief.
Much to love, and much to pray,
Is to Heav'n the only Way.

S O N G 471.

While Corydon, the lonely Shepherd, try'd
His tuneful Flute, and charm'd the Grove,
The jealous Nightingales, that strove
To trace his Notes, contending dy'd ;
At last he hears, within a Myrtle Shade,
An Eccho answer all his Strain :
Love stole the Pipe of sleeping Pan, and play'd,
Then with his Voice decoys the list'ning Swain.

Gay

Gay Charmer, to befriend thee,
 Here pleasing Scenes attend thee,
 O this Way speed thy Pace.
 If Musick can delight thee,
 Or Visions fair invite thee,
 This Bower's the happy Place.

The Shepherd rose, he gaz'd around,
 And vainly sought the magick Sound;
 The wanton God his Motion spies,
 Lays by the Pipe, and shoots a Dart
 Through Corydon's unwary Heart,
 Then smiling from his Ambush flies;
 While in his Room, divinely bright,
 The reigning Beauty of the Groves surpriz'd the Shep-
 herd's Sight.

Who, from Love his Heart securing,
 Can avoid th' enchanting Pain:
 Pleasure calls, with Voice alluring,
 Beauty softly binds the Chain.

S O N G 472.

WHILE Fops in soft Italian Verse,
 Ilk fair ane's Een and Breast rehearse,
 While Sangs abound and Sense is scarce,
 These Lines I have indited:
 But neither Darts nor Arrows here,
 Venus nor Cupid shall appear,
 And yet with these fine Sounds I swear,
 The Maidens are delighted.

I was ay telling you,
 Lucky Nancy, lucky Nancy,
 Auld Springs wad ding the new,
 But ye would never trow me.

For Snaw with Crimson will I mix,
 To spread upon my Lassie's Cheeks;
 And syne th' unmeaning Name prefix,
 Miranda, Chloe, or Phillis.
 All fetch nae Simile frae Jove,
 By Height of Extasy to prove,
 Or sighing---thus---present my Love
 With Roses eek and Lillies.

I was ay telling you, &c.

† C c 2

But stay,---I had amaist forgot
My Mistrefs and my Sang to boot,
And that's an uncoo' Faut I wat :

But Nancy, 'tis nae Matter ;
Ye see I clink my Verse wi' Rhime,
And ken ye, that atones the Crime ;
Forby, how sweet my Numbers chime,
And slide away like Water.

I was ay telling you, &c.

Now ken my reverend sonfy Fair,
Thy runkl'd Cheeks and lyart Hair,
Thy haff-shut Een and hodling Air,
Are a' my Passion's Fewel.

Nae skyring Gowk, my Dear, can see
Or Love, or Grace, or Heaven in thee ;
Yet thou hast Charms anew for me,
Then smile, and be na cruel.

Leez me on thy snawy Pow,
Lucky Nancy, Lucky Nancy ;
Dryest Wood will eitheft low,
And, Nancy, sae will ye now.

Troth I have sung the Sang to you,
Which ne'er anither Bard wad do ;
Hear then my charitable Vow,
Dear venerable Nancy.

But if the World my Passion wrang,
And say, you only live in Sang,
Ken I despise a stand'ring Tongue,
And sing to please my Fancy.

Leez me on thy, &c.

S O N G 473.

WHile from my Looks, fair Nymph, you guess
The secret Passions of my Mind,
My heavy Eyes, you say, confess
A Heart to Love and Grief inclin'd.

There needs, alas ! but little Art
To have this fatal Secret found ;
With the same Ease you threw the Dart,
'Tis certain you may shew the Wound.

How

How can I see you, and not love,
 While you as op'ning East are fair?
 While cold as Northern Blasts you prove,
 How can I love and not despair?

The Wretch in double Fetters bound,
 Your potent Mercy may release:
 When, if my Love but once were crown'd,
 Fair Prophetess, my Grief would cease.

S O N G 474.

While gentle Parthenissa walks,
 And sweetly smiles, and gaily talks,
 A thousand Shafts around her fly,
 A thousand Swains unheeded die.
 When then she labours to be seen,
 With all her killing Air and Mien,
 From so much Beauty, so much Art,
 What Mortal can secure his Heart?

S O N G 475.

While I, fair Delia, view thy Face,
 And ev'ry Charm admire,
 Thy Eyes a thousand Raptures raise,
 And burn me with Desire.

Transported thus, thou lovely Maid!
 With Pleasure I gaze on,
 Till, by my heedless Look, betray'd,
 I'm unawares undone.

Thus the poor Wretch, whose luckless Sight
 The fatal Serpent spies,
 Looks on, and gazes with Delight;
 But, as he gazes, dies.

S O N G 476.

While I my Cynthia's Praises sing,
 And chant her Fame in softest Lays:
 He scorns young Lewis, tho' a King,
 And to his Crown prefers my Bays.

When then, she cries, ambitious Fair,
 Is aught so great as Cynthia's Name?
 While loftiest Titles sink to Air,
 This shall for ever shine the same.

† C c 3

Nor

Nor Hopes of Love, nor Hopes of Gain
 Make Cynthia's Virtues to be known :
 She boasts, nor thinks her Triumphs vain :
 The Praise and Poet both her own.

S O N G 477.

WHILE I listen to thy Voice,
 Chloris! I feel my Life decay :

That pow'rful Noise

Calls my fleeting Soul away.

Oh! suppress that magick Sound,

Which destroys without a Wound.

Peace, Chloris, Peace! or finging die ;

That together you and I

To Heav'n may go :

For all we know

Of what the Blessed do above,

Is that they sing, and that they love.

S O N G 478.

WHILE I'm a pleading your Beauty to gain,

My Heart 'tis a bleeding, I fear your Disdain.

O lovely dear Creature,

Divine in each Feature,

Let not your Faithful, adore you in vain.

O where shall I wander, despairing with Grief,

But to you, dear Chloe, to give me Relief ;

All Sorrows they fly me,

When you come but nigh me,

Of all the World's Pleasure, 'tis you are the chief.

S O N G 479.

WHILE in the Bow'r, with Beauty blest,

The lov'd Amintor lies ;

While sinking on Zelinda's Breast,

He fondly, fondly, kiss'd her Eyes ;

He fondly, fondly, kiss'd her Eyes :

A waking Nightingale, who long

Had mourn'd within the Shade,

Sweetly renew'd her plaintive Song,

And warbled, warbled, thro' the Glade ;

And warbled, warbled, warbled, thro' the Glade.

Melodious Songstress, cry'd the Swain,

To Shades less happy go ;

Or,

Or, if with us thou wilt remain,
 Forbear, forbear, thy tuneful Woe ;
 Forbear, forbear, forbear, thy tuneful Woe.

While in Zelinda's Arms I lie,
 To Song I am not free ;
 On her soft Bosom while I sigh,
 I Discord, Discord, find in thee ;
 I Discord, Discord, find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect Joys ;
 Then cease thy fond Intrusion :
 Be silent ; Musick now is Noise,
 Variety, Variety, Confusion ;
 Varie----ty, Confusion.

S O N G 480.

While Monarchs in stern Battle strove
 For proud imperial Sway,
 Abandon'd to his milder Love,
 Within a silent peaceful Grove,
 Alcidor careless lay.

Some term'd it cold unmanly Fear ;
 Some, Nicety of Sense ;
 That Drums and Trumpets could not hear,
 The sullyng Blasts of Powder bear,
 Or with foul Camps dispense.

A patient Martyr to their Scorn,
 And each ill-fashion'd Jest,
 The Youth, who but for Love was born,
 Remain'd, and thought it vast Return
 To reign in Chlora's Breast.

But oh ! a ruffling Soldier came,
 In all the Pomp of War ;
 The Gallies long had spoke his Fame,
 Now Hautboys his Approach proclaim,
 And draw in Crowds from far.

Chlora, unhappily, would gaze ;
 And, as he nearer drew,
 The Man of Feather and of Lace
 Stopp'd short, and with profound Amaze,
 Took all her Charms to view.

A Bow, which from Campaigns he brought,
 And to his Houlsters low,
 Herself and the Spectators taught,
 That her the fairest Nymph he thought,
 Of all that form'd the Row,

Next Day, e'er Phœbus could be seen,
 Or any Gate unbarr'd,
 At her's, upon th' adjoining Green,
 From Ranks with waving Flags between,
 Were soften'd Trumpets heard.

The Noon does following Treats provide,
 In the Pavillion's Shade,
 The Neighbourhood, and all beside,
 That will attend the amorous Pride,
 Are welcom'd, with the Maid.

Poor Alcidor, thy Hopes are cross'd,
 Go perish on the Ground ;
 Thy Sighs by stronger Notes are tofs'd,
 Drove back, or in the Passage lost,
 Rich Wines thy Tears have drown'd,
 In Womens Hearts, the softest Things
 Which Nature could devise,
 Are yet some harsh and jarring Strings,
 That when loud Fame, or Profit rings,
 Will answer to the Noise.

Poor Alcidor, go fight or die,
 Let thy fond Notions cease ;
 Man was not made in Shades to lie,
 Or his full Bliss at Ease enjoy,
 To live or love in Peace.

S O N G 481.

WHile on those lovely Looks I gaze,
 To see a Wretch pursuing,

In Raptures of a blest Amaze,
 His pleasing happy Ruin.

'Tis not for Pity that I move,
 His Fate is too aspiring,

Whose Heart, broke with a Load of Love,
 Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this Murder you'd forego,
 Your Slave from Death

Let me your Art of Charming know,
Or leave me mine of Loving.

But whether Life or Death betide,
In Love 'tis equal Measure;
The Victor lives with empty Pride,
The Vanquish'd die with Pleasure.

S O N G 482.

WHile on your blooming Charms I gaze,
Your tender Lips, your soft enchanting Eyes,
And all the Venus in your Face,
I'm fill'd with Pleasure and Surprise.

But, cruel Goddess, when I find,
Diana's Coldness in your Mind,
How can I bear that fixt Disdain?
My Pleasure dies, and I but live in Pain.

Tyrant Cupid, when, relenting,
Will you touch the Charmer's Heart?
Sooth her Breast to soft Consenting,
Or remove from mine the Dart.

But, see! while to my Passion Voice I give,
Th' applauded Beauty, doubly bright,
Seems in the am'rous Tale to take Delight,
And looks as she wou'd let me live;
Yet still she chides, but with so sweet an Air,
That, while she Love denies, she yet forbids Despair.
Fear not, doubting Fair, t' approve me,
Can you love me?

Frown not if you answer no;
When again I ask, pursuing,
If you'll stay and see my Ruin,
Fly, but let me with you go.

S O N G 483.

J A M I E.

WHile our Flocks are a feeding,
And we're 'void of Care,

Come, Sandy, let's tune
To praise of the Fair:
For, inspir'd by my Suse,
I'll sing in such Lays,
That Pan, were he judge,
Must allow me the Bays.

S A N D Y.

S A N D Y.

While under this Hawthorn
 We ly at our Ease,
 By a musical Stream,
 And refresh'd by the Breeze
 Of a Zephyr so gentle,
 Yes, Jamie, I'll try
 For to match you and Susie,
 Dear Katie and I.

J A M I E.

Oh! my Susie so lovely,
 She's without compare,
 She's so comely, so good,
 And so charmingly fair:
 Sure, the Gods were at pains
 To make so compleat
 A Nymph, that for Love
 There was ne'er one so meet.

S A N D Y.

Oh! my Katie's so bright,
 She's so witty and gay;
 Love, join'd with the Graces,
 Around her Looks play.
 In her Mien she's so graceful,
 In her Humour so free:
 Sure the Gods never fram'd
 A Maid fairer than she.

J A M I E.

Had my Susie been there,
 When the Shepherd declar'd
 For the Lady of Lemnos,
 She had lost his Regard:
 And, o'ercome by a Presence
 More beautifully bright,
 He had own'd her undone,
 As the Darkness by Light.

S A N D Y.

Not fair Helen of Greece,
 Nor all the whole Train,
 Either of real Beauties,
 Or those Poets feign,

(199)
Cou'd be match'd with my Katie,
Whose ey'ry sweet Charm
May conquer best Judges,
And coldest Hearts warm.

J A M I E.

Neither Riches or Honour,
Or any Thing great,
Do I ask of the Gods ;
But that this be my Fate,
That my Susie to all
My kind Wishes comply :
For with her wou'd I live,
And with her I wou'd die.

S A N D Y.

If the Fates give me Katie,
And her I enjoy,
I have all my Desires :
Nought can me annoy ;
For my Charmer has every
Delight in such Store,
She'll make me more happy
Than Swain e'er before.

S O N G 484.

WHILE Phillis is drinking, Love and Wine in Alliance,
With Forces united, bid resistless Defiance ;
By the Touch of her Lips the Wine sparkles higher,
And her Eyes from her Drinking, redouble, redouble
their Fire.

Her Cheeks grow the brighter, recruiting their Colour,
As Flowers by sprinkling, revive with fresh Odour ;
His Dart dipt in Wine, Love wounds beyond curing,
And the Liquor, like Oil, makes the Flame, makes the
Flame more enduring.

By Cordials of Wine, Love is kept from expiring,
And our Mirth is enliven'd by Love and desiring ;
Relieving each other, the Pleasure is lasting,
And we never are cloy'd, yet are ever, are ever a tasting.

Then

Then Phillis, begin, let our Raptures abound,
 And a Kiss and a Glass, be still going round;
 Our Joys are immortal, while thus we remove
 From Love to the Bottle, from the Bottle, the Bottle
 to Love.

S O N G 485.

WHile silently I lov'd, nor dar'd
 To tell my Crime aloud,
 The Influence of your Smiles I shar'd,
 In common with the Croud.
 But when I once my Flame express'd,
 In Hopes to ease my Pain,
 You singled me out from the rest,
 The Mark of your Disdain.

If thus, Corinna, you shall frown
 On all that do adore,
 Then all Mankind must be undone,
 Or you must smile no more.

S O N G 486.

WHile some for Pleasure pawn their Health,
 'Twixt Lais and the Bagnio,
 I'll save myself, and without Stealth
 Kiss and caress my Nanny-O.
 She bids more fair t'engage a Jove
 Than Leda did, or Danae-O:
 Were I to paint the Queen of Love,
 None else should sit but Nanny-O.
 How joyfully my Spirits would rise,
 When dancing she moves finely-O;
 I guess what Heaven is by her Eyes,
 Which sparkle so divinely-O.
 Attend my Vow, ye Gods, while I
 Breathe in the blest Britannio,
 None's Happiness I shall envy,
 As long's ye grant me Nanny-O.

C H O R U S.

My bonny, bonny Nanny-O,
 My lovely, charming Nanny-O;

(301)
I care not tho' the World know
How dearly I love Nanny-O.

S O N G 487.

WHile the Lover is thinking,
With my Friend I'll be drinking,
And with Vigour pursue my Delight;
While the Fool is designing
His fatal Confining,
With Bacchus I'll spend the whole Night.
With the God I'll be jolly,
Without Madness and Folly,
Fickle Woman to marry implore;
Leave my Bottle and Friend,
For so foolish an End!
When I do, may I never drink more.

S O N G 488.

WHile the Town agrees that Polly,
Best diverts our Melancholy,
Let us toast the sprightly Lads;
Heedless of the Time and Treasure,
Spent on her who gives such Pleasure;
Drink and put about the Glass,
Drink, &c.
Polly's Charms are so extensive,
That the chearful, grave, and pensive,
Equally their Power, equally their Power obey;
In a Bed, or o'er a Bottle,
Full of Wit, and am'rous Prattle,
Pretty Polly's always gay,
Pretty Polly's always gay.

S O N G 489.

WHile you, my charming Nancy, reign
Of ev'ry Muse the Theme;
Whose Presence decks with Flowers the Plain,
With Pride swells Isis' Stream;
May I presume you'll lend an Ear,
To me your humble Sonneteer.
Fa, la, fa, la, la.

But lest, my Fair, you should look cold,
Cry Pish, and call me rude;

† D d

Or

Or think that I dare be so bold,
 My Passion to intrude :
 It is not for myself I sue,
 But for some Trees that die for you.
 Fa, la, &c.

'Since late on Isis' silver Stream,
 Your fatal Form was seen ;
 Some luckless Trees in Newnham Wood
 (Till then full fair and green)
 No more their leafy Honours spread,
 But sigh for you, and hang their Head.
 Fa, la, &c.

'Tis said, that with a Look most queer,
 The Dotards peeping stood :
 No Priest, with more lascivious Leer,
 Confessing Nun e'er view'd ;
 Nay, that they rush'd into the Flood :
 Were e'er such am'rous Sticks of Wood ?
 Fa, la, &c.

How then can all your num'rous Band
 Of Lovers not despair ;
 When Hearts of Oak cannot withstand
 A Face so wond'rous fair :
 Since in your Breast no Pity's found,
 Though Lovers hang, or Oaks were drown'd.
 Fa, la, &c.

Well did the Poet's am'rous Song,
 Stile you, The Publick Care :
 For all our Country 'Squires e'er long,
 Will dread the passing Fair :
 Think, what will good * Lord Harcourt do,
 Now Newnham Woods are fir'd by you.
 Fa, la, &c.

In Pity to our Woods, restrain
 The Light'ning of your Eyes ;
 Since at each Glance upon the Plain,
 Some blasted Forest lies :
 If you proceed, my lovely Maid,
 You'll ruin our poetick Shade.
 Fa, la, &c.

* The Owner of Newnham Woods.

If still, on fell Destruction bent,
 You'll use your Power to kill ;
 On Christ-Church Elms your Fire be spent,
 Let them your Vengeance feel :
 No better Fate to them is due,
 They knew the Hand that libell'd you.
 Fa, la, &c.

S O N G 490.

While Youth, my Lesbia, Love inspires,
 While warm our vig'rous Spirits play,
 Let's give the Rein to gay Desires,
 Nor heed what snarling Dotard's say.
 The Fates permit the setting Sun
 To rise next Morn with equal Light ;
 But we when our short Day is done,
 Must sleep Eternity of Night.
 Give me a thousand Kisses then,
 Give me, my Dear, a hundred more ;
 Begin the Thousand all again, ;
 Again repeat the Hundred o'er.
 Then when they many Thousands be,
 We'll kiss confound to lose th' Account ;
 For wretched poor, methinks, is he,
 That knows to what his Sums amount.

S O N G 491.

Whilst Content is wanting
 In the World below ;
 We in Freedom chanting,
 Life's true Pleasure know :
 Cloy'd with Care and Duty
 To superior Sway,
 They ne'er see the Beauty
 Of one happy Day :
 Profit's Golden Follies
 Half the Globe infest ;
 Faction, Pride, and Malice,
 Govern all the rest :
 Whilst in eternal Day ; Terry, rerry, rerry, rerry, Hey,
 Terry, rerry, sings the Black-Bird,
 Ah ! what a World have they ?

Giant-limb'd Ambition,
 Like a Tyrant reigns ;
 Forming new Division
 Hourly in their Brains :
 Sometimes Peace enjoying,
 Some they a League begin :
 But one Monarch's dying
 Breaks 'em all again :
 Then the grave State-menders
 For Religion fight ;
 Tho' the hot Pretenders
 Never had a Doit :
 Whilst here in lasting Day, Terry, &c.
 Warriors all are Princes,
 When their Aid they want ;
 Armies for Defences,
 Present Pay they grant :
 But the Work once ended,
 They the Chiefs disown ;
 Who in Haste disbanded,
 Loudly are cry'd down :
 Thus uncur'd they nourish
 Whimsey's worse Disease ;
 Whether lose or flourish,
 Never are at Ease :
 Whilst here in lasting Day, Terry, &c.
 The fat pamper'd City,
 Grumbling at the Tax ;
 Think to stint, 'tis pity,
 Bellies or their Backs :
 The rich Country Booby,
 Brooding o'er his Ground ;
 Low'rs, and wond'rous moody,
 Grudges four in the Pound :
 Gospel Fermentation
 Banter all our Souls ;
 And to fire the Nation,
 Black-coats blow the Coals :
 Whilst here in lasting Day ; Terry, terry, terry, terry,
 sings the Black-Bird.
 Oh ! what a World have they ?

SONG

S O N G 491.

WHilst Celia's Eyes my Heart subdue,
I list'ning blest her tuneful Tongue ;

But, doom'd my Ruin to pursue,
I sigh'd, and begg'd the fatal Song.

I sigh'd, &c.

The heav'nly Sounds my Sense oppress'd,

My flutt'ring Heart forgot to beat :

The Sighs forlook my heaving Breast,

I sunk, and fainted at her Feet.

I sunk, &c.

She smil'd to see her Conquest sure,

Whilst I insensible revive :

Ye Swains, ne'er wonder at the Cure,

'Tis in her Arms alone I live.

'Tis in, &c.

S O N G 492.

WHilst Discord and Envy

In mighty Kingdoms dwell,

The Beggar lives at Ease,

Within his homely Cell :

And a begging we will go, will go, will go, will go,

And a begging we will go.

No Taxes oppress us,

Nor Honours rack our Brain ;

State Maxims ne'er perplex us,

Nor Parties give us Pain.

And a begging, &c.

Exempt from all Duty,

By Land, or yet by Sea ;

We hope not to command,

Nor care much to obey.

And a begging, &c.

Whatever we get,

We seldom keep in store ;

We spend it all To-day,

To-morrow beg for more.

And a begging, &c.

We live as we list,
 And skulk beneath the Laws;
 For none but a Beggar
 Should judge a Beggar's Cause.
 And a begging, &c.
 Contented when Death
 Through Age approaches nigh;
 In Pleasure thus we live,
 And with Pleasure thus we die.
 And a begging, &c.

S O N G 493.

WHilst endless Tears and Sighs declare
 Thy slighted Love, and broken Heart;
 The little Warblers of the Air
 In the soft Sorrow seem'd to share,
 And plaintive Notes like Sighs impart.
 The Rose, that late adorn'd thy Brow,
 And near thee glow'd with brighter Grace;
 And ev'ry Flow'r that bloom'd but now,
 Their fragrant Beauties pensive bow,
 Sweet drooping Copies of thy Face.
 The God of Love, ev'n he, thy Foe,
 Unstrings his Bow, neglects his Dart;
 And soften'd with Louisa's Woe,
 Does all his cruel Wiles forego,
 And silent, weeps his fatal Art.

S O N G 494.

R O B I N.

WHilst I alone your Soul possess,
 And none more lov'd your Bosom prest,
 Ye Gods, what King like me was blest,
 When kind Jeany lo'ed me!
 Hey ho Jeany, quoth he,
 Kind Robin lo'es thee.

J E A N Y.

Whilst you ador'd no other Fair,
 Nor Kate with me your Heart did share,
 What Queen with Jeany cou'd compare,
 When kind Robin lo'ed me!
 Hey ho Robin, &c.

R O B I N.

(307)

ROBIN.

Katy now commands my Heart,
Kate who sings with so much Art,
Whose Life to save with mine I'd part;
For kind Katy lo'es me,
Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Paty now delights mine Eyes,
He with equal Ardour dies,
Whose Life to save I'd perish twice;
For kind Paty lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, &c.

ROBIN.

What if I Kate for thee disdain,
And former Love return again,
To link us in the strongest Chain;
For kind Robin lo'es thee.
Hey ho Jeany, &c.

JEANY.

Tho' Paty's kind, as kind can be,
And thou more stormy than the Sea,
I'd chuse to live and die with thee,
If kind Robin lo'es me.
Hey ho Robin, &c.

SONG 495.

WHilst I am scorch'd with hot Desire,
In vain, cold Friendship, you return :
Your Drops of Pity on my Fire,
Alas ! but make it fiercer burn.
Oh ! would you have the Flame suppress
That kills the Heart it heats too fast ?
Take half my Passion to your Breast,
The rest in mine shall ever last.

SONG 496.

WHilst I fondly view the Charmer,
Thus the God of Love I sue ;
Gentle Cupid, pray disarm her,
Cupid, if you love me, do :

OF

Of a thousand Smiles bereave her,
 Rob her Neck, her Lips, her Eyes;
 The Remainder still will leave her
 Pow'r enough to tyrannize.

Shape and Feature, Flame and Passion
 Still in ev'ry Breast will move:
 More is Supererogation,

Mere Idolatry of Love;
 You may dress a World of Chloes
 In the Beauty she can spare;
 Hear him, Cupid, who no Foe is
 To your Altars, or the Fair.

Foolish Mortal, pray be easy,
 Angry Cupid made Reply;
 Do Florella's Charms displease ye?
 Die then, foolish Mortal, die:

Fancy not that I'll deprive her
 Of the captivating Store;
 Shepherd, no, I'll rather give her
 Twenty thousand Beauties more.

Were Florella proud and sour,
 Apt to mock a Lover's Care,
 Justly then you'd pray, that Power
 Should be taken from the Fair:
 But tho' I spread a Blemish o'er her
 No Relief in that you'll find;
 Still, fond Shepherd, you'll adore her
 For the Beauties of her Mind.

S O N G 497.

WHilst I gaze on Chloe trembling,
 Strait her Eyes my Fate declare;
 When she smiles, I fear dissembling,
 When she frowns, I then despair.
 Jealous of some Rival Lover,
 If a wand'ring Look she give;
 Fain I would resolve to leave her,
 But can sooner cease to live.
 Why should I conceal my Passion,
 Or the Torments I endure?
 I will disclose my Inclination;
 Awful Distance yields no Cure.

Sure

Sure it is not in her Nature,
To be cruel to her Slave ;
She is too divine a Creature
To destroy what she can save.

Happy's he whose Inclination
Warms but with a gentle Heat,
Never mounts to raging Passion ;
Love's a Torment if too great :
When the Storm is once blown over,
Soon the Ocean quiet grows ;
But a constant faithful Lover
Seldom meets with true Repose.

S O N G 498.

WHilst I'm carousing to cheer up my Soul,
Oh how I triumph to see a full Bowl !
This is the Treasure,
The only Pleasure,
The Blessing that makes me rejoice and sing,
Thus while I'm drinking,
Free from dull thinking,
Then am I greater than the greatest King.

S O N G 499.

WHilst I with Grief did on you look,
When Love had turn'd your Brain ;
From you I the Contagion took,
And for you bore the Pain.
Marcella, then your Lover prize,
And be not too severe :
Use well the Conquest of your Eyes,
For Pride has cost you dear.

Ambrosio treats your Flames with Scorn,
And racks your tender Mind ;
Withdraw your Smiles, and Frowns return,
And pay him in his Kind.

S O N G 500.

WHilst impotent, tho' fill'd with Rage,
I grumbling gnaw my Chains ;
Thy happy Muse, and youthful Age,
Can sport amidst thy Pains :
Round, round, round, with ringing Rhimes
Thou turn'st thy Wheel to thy own Chimes.

Amidst the Noise of Chains and Keys,
 Thou can'st of Cupid sing;
 The Warders their hoarse Bawling cease,
 And Drawers watch thy String.
 So Storms t' Arion lent their Ears,
 And Orpheus play'd 'midst Wolves and Bears.
 But thy more pow'rful Notes excel,
 Whate'er the Poets say,
 When Orphens travel'd down to Hell
 To fiddle his Wife away:
 He only freed one Nymph from Pains;
 Thou charm'st a Thousand into Chains.
 Thy Flame, amidst cold Walls, survives;
 No Moment's Care neglects;
 And, even when thou'rt dead, contrives
 To please the Female Sex:
 Thy unextinguish'd Sparks shall burn,
 And Nymphs possess thee in thy Urn.
 Yet, trust me, Charles, when thou wast led
 A Captive thro' the Street,
 Those Females only came t' invade,
 And finish thy Defeat:
 Of all their conqu'ring Charms bereft,
 Now glad to plunder what was left:
 Despis'd by Court and City Beaus,
 To see our Shew they came,
 Amongst a few defenceless Foes,
 To play an After-game;
 From golden Chains, and garter'd Lords,
 To find a Slave amidst our Cords.
 Young Flora Warmth creates in thee,
 When Beams around her play;
 But she is coldest still to me,
 When most serene and gay;
 And thus the brightest Skies beget
 In Winter cold, in Summer heat.
 Let Bruma her old Opticks rub,
 To shew her vain Desire,
 And, artful, like Winstanly's Tub,
 At once spout Rain and Fire:

I nei-

I neither will submit my Years
 To Flora's Smiles, nor Bruma's Tears.
 With hoary Age all fenc'd around,
 Secure intrench'd I lie,
 And sixty Years still staunch are found
 'Gainst Love's Artillery ;
 And thus encamp'd, like northern Hosts,
 I safely rest in Snows and Frosts.
 Thus jolly Thames, that us'd to bear,
 Upon his curled Breast,
 The c harming Burthens of the Fair,
 Who seldom gave him Rest ;
 Now indolent, and free from Vice,
 Sleeps, undisturb'd, in his own Ice.
 Then, since to Mars I'm Captive made,
 From Cupid I'll be free ;
 I will not, by my Strugglings, add
 To my Captivity ;
 Nor groan beneath the tripple Ties
 Of Age, and Chains, and Women's Eyes.
 In Mars's Wars whoe'er is rang'd,
 Some Mercy may obtain,
 To conquer, or to be exchang'd,
 If in the Battle ta'en ;
 But Love's a Foe, so fierce, so fell !
 The Tyrant fights without Cartell.

S O N G 501.

Whilst on Amintor's Form I gaze,
 And listen to his Voice,
 Strephon in vain his Wealth displays,
 Love leaves no room for Choice.
 But oh, the force of Pomp and shew !
 How fickle Women are !
 Let but Amintor from me go,
 My Eyes for Wealth declare.
 Quick then, Amintor, to me fly,
 With Boldness play thy Part ;
 The gaudy Prospect charms my Eye,
 But Love alone my Heart.

S O N G

SONG 502.

Whilst on Melanissa gazing,
I survey each pleasing Grace,
And, with eager Joys embracing,
Dwell on that angelic Face.

There, with endless Raptures kissing,
I cou'd breathe my Soul away,
But my Eyes, the Pleasure missing,
Chide my Lip's too long Delay.

Lest the Eye shou'd want its longing,
I a while quit t'other Blis ;
But my Lips, their Loss bemoaning,
Prompt me to another Kifs,

Thus perpetually renewing
Those two never-fading Joys,
Kissing her, by turns, and viewing,
Pleas'd I feast both Lips and Eyes.

SONG 503.

Whilst Strephon on fair Chloe hung,
And gently woo'd, and sweetly sung ;
The Nymph, in a disdainful Air,
Thus smiling, mock'd the Shepherd's Care.

Swain, I know, that you discover
In my Form a thousand Charms ;
Can you point me out a Lover,
Worthy my encircling Arms ?

Boy, no more approach my Beauty,
Till you equal Merit boast ;
To adore me is a Duty

Thousands witness to their Cost.
Stung to the Heart, the red'ning Swain,
On the vain Maid retorts again.

Foolish Creature,
Did each Feature
Bloom beyond the Pride of Nature ;
Artful feigning,
Coy disdainng,

Vain Coquet, destroys them all :

Go o'er-bearing,
Proud, ensnaring ;
Lay a thousand Fops despairing ;

Tha

Then complying,
Sighing, dying,
To some Fool a Victim fall.
Nymphs, like you, whilst they're deceiving,
Angels all in Front appear ;
But the Sot their Arts believing,
Finds the Devil in the Rear.

S O N G 504.

WHilst Strephon, in his Pride of Youth,
To me alone profess'd
Dissembled Passion, dress'd like Truth,
He triumph'd in my Breast.
I lodg'd him near my yielding Heart,
Deny'd him not my Arms :
Deluded by his pleasing Art,
Transported with his Charms.

The Wand'rer now I lose, or share
With ev'ry lovely Maid :
Who makes the Heart of Man her Care,
Shall have her own betray'd.

Our Charms on them we vainly prove,
And think we Conquest gain ;
Where one a Victim falls to Love,
A Thousand Tyrants reign.

S O N G 505.

WHilst the Town's brimful of Folly,
And runs gadding after Polly,
Let us take a cheerful Glass ;
Tell me, Damon, where's the Pleasure
Of bestowing Time and Treasure,
For to make one's self an Ass ?

I'm for Joys are less expensive,
Where the Pleasure's more extensive,
And from dull Attention free ;
Where my Celia o'er a Bottle,
Can, when tir'd with am'rous Prattle,
Sing old Songs as well as she.

S O N G 506.

WHilst you jant it up and down,
Thro' the noisy restless Town,

Viewing Fashions, studying Man,
Still a Here-and-there-ian ;
Or at Plays admiring fit
Harlequin's prodigious Wit.

How d'ye think my Hours I spend ?
Fancy thus, poor Country Friend,
With fresh Air and Exercise,
Driving far Disease and Vice ;
Lull'd at Night with calm Repose,
What your City little knows.

Nothing interrupts my Ease,
But I rise whene'er I please :
Careless dress, and plainly feed,
In the Grove I walk and read ;
With easy Pad I take the Air ;
Now and then I course the Hare.

Cleanly Phillis sets my Salt,
Trusty Roger brews my Malt ;
Chearful Neighbours at my Call,
When dispos'd, to chat withal :
Thus, unknown to Fame and Strife,
Stealing thro' the Vale of Life.

S O N G 507.

W^Hite as her Hand, fair Julia threw
A Ball of Silver Snow ;
The frozen Globe fir'd as it flew,
My Bosom felt it glow.

Strange Pow'r of Love ! whose great Command
Can thus a Snow-ball arm ;
When sent, fair Julia, from thy Hand,
E'en Ice itself can warm.

How should we then secure our Hearts ?
Love's Pow'r we all must feel,
Who thus can by strange magick Arts,
In Ice his Flame conceal ?

'Tis thou alone, fair Julia, know,
Canst quench my fierce Desire,
But nor with Water, Ice, nor Snow,
But with an equal Fire,

S O N G 508.

WHO comes there ? stand,
 And come before the Constable ;
 We'll know what you are.
 What makes you out so late ?
 Says the Midnight Magistrate,
 With his Noddle full of Ale,
 In a Wooden Chair of State.
 Whence came you, Sir ?
 And whither do you go ?
 You may be a Jesuit, for aught I know,
 You may as well, Sir, take me
 For a Mahometan,
 He speaks Latin, secure him,
 He's a dangerous Man.
 To tell you the Truth, Sir,
 I am an honest Tory ;
 There's a Crown to drink,
 And there's an End of the Story.
 Good morrow, Sir ; a civil Man
 Is always welcome :
 So, Barnaby Bounce,
 Light the Gentleman home.

S O N G 509.

WHoe'er to a Wife
 Is link'd for his Life,
 Is plac'd in most wretched Condition :
 Tho' plagu'd with her Tricks,
 Like a Blister she sticks,
 And Death is his only Physician,
 And Death, &c.
 To trifle and toy
 May give a Man Joy,
 When summon'd by Love or by Beauty :
 But where is the Bliss in
 Our conjugal Kissing,
 When Passion is prompted by Duty ?
 When Passion, &c.
 The Cur who's possess'd
 Of Mutton the best,
 Bone he could leave at his Pleasure :

But if to his Tail
 'Tis ty'd, without Fail,
 He's harrafs'd and plagu'd beyond Measure,
 He's harrafs'd, &c.

S O N G 510.

WHO has e'er been at Paris must needs know the
 Grave,

The fatal Retreat of th' unfortunate Brave,
 Where Honour and Justice most oddly contribute
 To ease Heroes Pains by a Halter and Gibbet.

Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There Death breaks the Shackles which Force had put on,
 And the Hangman compleats what the Judge but begun:
 There the 'Squire of the Pad, and the Knight of the Post,
 Find their Pains no more baulk'd, and their Hopes no
 more crost.

Derry down, &c.

Great Claims are there made, and great Secrets are known;
 And the King, and the Law, and the Thief has his own:
 But my Hearers cry out, what a Duce dost thou ail,
 Cut off thy Reflections, and give us thy Tale.

Derry down, &c.

'Twas there then, in civil Respect to harsh Laws,
 And for want of false Witness to back a bad Cause,
 A Norman, tho' late, was oblig'd to appear,
 And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier.

Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire, whose good Grace was to open the Scene,
 Seem'd not in great Haste that the Show should begin:
 Now fitted the Halter, now travers'd the Cart,
 And often took Leave, but was loth to depart.

Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good Son, says the Priest?
 You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confest.
 O Father! my Sorrow will scarce save my Bacon,
 For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.

Derry down, &c.

Pough! prithee ne'er trouble thy Head with such Fancies;
 Rely on the Aid you shall have from St. Francis:

If the Money you promis'd be brought to the Chest,
You have only to die, let the Church do the rest.

Derry down, &c.

And what will Folks say, if they see you afraid ?

It reflects upon me, as I knew not my Trade.

Courage, Friend: To-day is your Period of Sorrow,

And Things will go better, believe me, To-morrow.

Derry down, &c.

To-morrow ! our Hero reply'd, in a Fright ;

He that's hang'd before Noon, ought to think of To-
night.

Tell your Beads, quoth the Priest, and be fairly truss'd up,
For you surely To-night shall in Paradise sup.

Derry down, &c.

Alas ! quoth the Squire, howe'er sumptuous the Treat,

Parbleu ! I shall have little Stomach to eat :

I should therefore esteem it great Favour and Grace,

Would you be so kind as to go in my Place.

Derry down, &c.

That I wou'd, quoth the Father, and thank you to boot,

But our Actions, you know, with our Duty must suit :

The Feast I propos'd to you I can't taste,

For this Night by our Order is mark'd for a Fast.

Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the Hangman, he said,

Dispatch me, I pr'ythee, this troublesome Blade ?

For thy Cord, and my Cord both equally tie,

And we live by the Gold for which other Men die.

Derry down, &c.

S O N G 511.

WHO is Sylvia ? what is she,

That all our Swains commend her ?

Holy, fair, and wise is she,

The Heavens such Grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair,

For Beauty dwells with Kindness &

Love does to her Eyes repair,

To help him of his Blindness,

And being help'd inhabits there.

† E e 3

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
 That Sylvia is excelling;
 She excels all mortal Things
 Upon the dull Earth dwelling:
 To her let us Garlands bring.

S O N G 512.

WHO, to win a Woman's Favour,
 Wou'd solicit long in vain?
 Who, to gain a Moment's Pleasure,
 Wou'd endure an Age of Pain?
 Idle Toying,
 Ne'er enjoying;
 Pleas'd with suing,
 Fond of Ruin,
 Made a Martyr of Disdain.

Give me, Love, the beauteous Rover,
 Whom a gen'ral Passion warms;
 Fondly blessing ev'ry Lover,
 Frankly proff'ring all her Charms:
 Never flying,
 Still complying,
 Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her snowy Arms.

S O N G 513.

WHoe'er beholds my Helen's Face,
 And says not that good Hap has she;
 Who hears her speak, and tents her Grace,
 Shall think nane ever spake but she.
 The short Way to resound her Praise,
 She is the fairest of her Days.
 Who knows her Wit, and not admires,
 He maun be deem'd devoid of Skill;
 Her Virtues kindle strong Desires
 In them that think upon her still.
 The short Way, &c.

Her Red is like unto the Rose
 Whase Buds are opening to the Sun,
 Her comely Colours do disclose
 The first Degree of Ripeness won.
 The short Way, &c.

And

And with the Red is mixt the Whyte,
 Like to the Sun or fair Moon-shine
 That does upon clear Waters light,
 And make the Colours seem divine,
 The short Way to resound her Praise,
 She is the fairest of her Days.

S O N G 514.

WHO trusts quaint Urbanity,
 Ten to One.

Is undone

By her Vanity :

For, void of Humanity,

Men will sigh,

Swear and lye,

But to ensnare.

Since no Law binds Quality,

Nor the Vows

To a Spouse,

Ladies beware !

Nought but Liberality

Is the Prop

Of your Hope,

And worth your Care.

Let Fools their fond Prattle vent ;

But strong Deed of Settlement

Is Loves's safest Battlement ;

All the rest

Is a Jest,

And gilded Snare.

S O N G 515.

WHO would not gaze away his Heart

On Mariana's Eyes,

Did not her high and just Disdain

The bold Delight chastise ?

Mirth and Joy she spreads around,

Like the Sun's chearful Light,

When his returning Beams destroy

The Empire of the Night.

Her Beauty with Amazement strikes

(If with no more) the Old ;

Her

Her Virtue tempers with Despair
The Youthful and the Bold.

Her Goodness so disarms her Wit
Of the offensive Part,
Whilst others only charm the Ear,
She steals the very Heart.

Let us no more defame the Fair,
But learn to praise again ;
Bright Mariana's Worth demands
A new and nobler Strain.

So to the feather'd Kind the Spring
Restores their wonted Voice ;
On ev'ry Bough they fit and sing,
And court their new-made Choice.

S O N G 516.

WHY all this Pride and Scorn, Miss Pit ?
Your Sister's fair, 'tis true ;
But still to boast of Charms, of Wit,
What just Pretence have you ?

With equal Right the livid Moon
Might boast her borrow'd Light ;
And fancy, tho' the Sun ne'er shone,
The World would think her bright.

Look down, ye Great, whom Titles crown,
Some Pity on her shew ;
She'd quit, (oh! do not on her frown)
Her Friend, or G—, for you.

S O N G 517.

WHY all this Whining, why all this Pining ?
Love is a Folly, and Beauty is vain ;
Nothing so common, as Wealth and Women,
To raise the Vapours, and to dull the Brain.
To him that's merry, that's frolick and airy,
Nothing is grievous, nor nothing is sad ;
Then rouse thy Spirit, and take off thy Claret,
In one smiling Bumper a Cure's to be had.

If Chloe fly thee, and still deny thee,
Never look sneaking, nor never repine :
If 'tis her Fashion, to slight your Passion,
Then seem most easy, and deny her thine :

Yet

Yet sily woo her, and closely pursue her,
 Or she'll prove a Tyrant, and laugh thee to scorn :
 When she seems waggish, coquettish, and prudish,
 Then give her her Humour, and let her be gone.
 When next you meet her, again intreat her,
 And if you find still she'd make you her Tool,
 Ne'er let it vex you, or once perplex you,
 She'll soon repent it, and find who's the Fool.
 Then to requite her, despise her and slight her,
 And what you commended, as much discommend ;
 But if Love grieve thee, and still will not leave thee,
 Then e'en love thyself first, and next love thy Friend.

S O N G 518.

WHY all this Anger, Celia, shown,
 And I the unhappy Object made ?
 Why will you punish with a Frown
 The Wretch whom first your Smiles betray'd ?
 Not all your Beauty and your Wit
 Could force my stubborn Heart to yield ;
 Compell'd by Kindness, I submit,
 And willingly resign the Field.
 'Tis this retains me still your Slave,
 'Tis this which makes me humbly bow ;
 Your former Favours, Celia, gave
 The mighty Pow'r your Frowns have now.
 'Tis strange that Cruelty to Love,
 The Force with which it wounds, should owe ;
 But surely this more strange will prove,
 If Cruelty from Love can flow,
 If for th' Effects of loving thee
 Your Servant by your Anger dies,
 And Celia, you'll revenge on me
 The tempting Lustre of your Eyes ;
 Like Orpheus, I have sung in vain,
 Since my fond Love my Bliss destroys ;
 Like him, a fleeting Pleasure to obtain,
 I've lost the Hope of solid Joys.

S O N G

WHY am I the only Creature,
 Must a ruin'd Love pursue ?
 Other Passions yield to Nature,
 Mine there's nothing can subdue :
 Not the Glory of possessing
 Monarch's Wishes gave me Ease ;
 More and more the mighty Blessing
 Did my raging Pains encrease.
 Nor could Jealousy relieve me,
 Tho' it ever waited near ;
 Cloth'd in gawdy Pow'r to grieve me,
 Still the Monster would appear :
 That, nor Time, nor Absence neither,
 Nor Despair removes my Pain ;
 I endure them all together,
 Yet my Torments still remain.
 Had alone her matchless Beauty
 Set my amorous Heart on Fire,
 Age at last would do its Duty,
 Fuel ceasing, Flames expire.
 But her Mind's immortal Graces
 Make my Love immortal too ;
 Nature ne'er created Faces
 Can the Charms of Souls undo.
 And to make my Loss the greater,
 She laments it as her own ;
 Could she scorn me, I might hate her,
 But alas ! she shows me none :
 Then since Fortune is my Ruin,
 In Retirement I'll complain ;
 And in Rage for my Undoing,
 Ne'er comes in its Pow'r again.

WHY are your Charms by Frowns defac'd,
 Too lovely and too coy,
 Since from your Lips with tim'rous Haste,
 I snatch'd transporting Joy :
 Too well I rue the hapless Theft ;
 Too fatal your Disdain ;

I lost — Ah no, my Life is left,
I feel it by the Pain.

Sure might I taste another such,
So warm with fierce Desire;
My Soul, exulting at the Touch,
Wou'd thro' my Lips expire.

Then, Silvia, take my parting Breath,
In such another Kiss;
Glut your Revenge, and let my Death
Attone the ravish'd Bliss.

S O N G 521.

WHY art thou drest, my lovely Maid!
In Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade,
When Gold, and Gems, and rich Brocade,
Conceal thy Charms, my lovely Maid!
Why spend'st thou all this Time and Care,
To form thy Shape, to fold thy Hair?
Thy Shape unbrac'd, thy flowing Hair,
More beauteous are without thy Care.

Wou'dst thou, indeed, be finely drest?
Put by this Robe which hides thy Breast;
Unbind thy Hair, and bare thy Breast,
Thou art, my Charmer! finely drest.

Remove these Vestments all away:
Which like dark Clouds obscure the Day:
O let them not obscure the Day!
Remove them all, my Fair, away.

Then shining forth adorn'd with Charms,
Ah! let me fold thee in my Arms!
Transported, fold thee in my Arms!
And gaze and wonder at thy Charms.

S O N G 522.

WHY, Celia, shou'd you so much strive

Your kindling Passion to conceal?

Your Lips, tho' they Denial give,
Yet all your Actions Love reveal.

In vain you strive, in vain, alas!

The charming Passion to disguise;

It glows, it blushes on your Face,
 And sparkles in your swimming Eyes.
 Your Eyes, those Emblems of the Heart,
 Still contradict what'er you say,
 And tho' your Lips deny the Smart,
 Your Eyes are more believ'd than they.

S O N G 523.

WHY, cruel Creature, why so bent
 To vex a tender Heart?
 To Gold and Title you relent,
 Love throws in vain his Dart.
 Let glitt'ring Fools in Courts be great,
 For Pay let Armies move;
 Beauty shou'd have no other Bait
 But gentle Vows and Love.
 If on those endless Charms you lay
 The Value that's their Due,
 Kings are themselves too poor to pay,
 A Thousand Worlds too few.
 But if a Passion without Vice,
 Without Disguise or Art,
 Ah Celia! if true Love's your Price,
 Behold it in my Heart.

S O N G 524.

WHY, Damon, why, why, why so pressing?
 The Heart you beg's not worth possessing:
 Each Look, each Word, each Smile's affected,
 And inward Charms are quite neglected,
 Then scorn her, scorn her, foolish Swain;
 And sigh no more, no more in vain.
 Beauty's worthless, fading, fly
 Who would for Trifles thin of dying?
 Who for a Face, a Shape would languish,
 And tell the Brooks and Groves Anguish;
 'Till she, 'till she thinks fit to prize him,
 And all, and all beside despise him?
 Fix, fix your Thoughts on what's inviting,
 On what will never bear the slighting:

Wit

Wit and Virtue claim your Duty,
They're much more worth than Gold and Beauty:

To them, to them, your Heart resign,
And you'll no more, no more repine.

S O N G 525.

WHY, Delia, ever when I gaze,
Appears in Frowns that lovely Face?

Why are those Smiles to me deny'd

That gladden every Heart beside?

In vain your Eyes my Flame reprove,

I may despair, but still must love.

From sweetest Airs I sought Relief,
And hop'd from Musick, Cure for Grief:

Fool that I was, the thrilling Sound

Serv'd only to encrease the Wound:

And while for Rest I fondly strove,

Forgot that Musick strengthen'd Love.

To Pleasure of a diff'rent Kind,

Soon undeceiv'd I bent my Mind;

I sought the Fair, the Gay, the Young,

And dress'd and play'd, and laugh'd and sung:

Vain Joys, too weak my Heart to move,

Ah what were you to her I love!

When drooping on the Bed of Pain,

I look'd on ev'ry Hope as vain:

When pitying Friends stood weeping by,

And Death's pale Shade seem'd hov'ring nigh,

No Terror could my Flame remove,

Or steal a Thought from her I love.

Absence may bring Relief, I cry'd,

And straight the dreadful Hope I try'd.

Alas! in vain was every Care,

Still in my Heart I bore my Fair:

Ah whither, whither shall I rove,

To shun Despair, or fly from Love?

S O N G 526.

WHY, Delia, when I tell the Pain

Which I endure from thy Disdain,

Art thou not touch'd at my Complaint?

Oh! did'st thou know the Cares I feel!

To what vast Height my Sorrows swell!
For Pity you'd relent.

When at the glad Approach of Day
All Nature looks serene and gay,

And the pleas'd Birds their Joys proclaim;
Then rising Griefs my Bosom rend,
And ev'ry mournful Hour I spend
I fighting out thy Name.

Say, Charmer, can't this Torment move
That Heart, which seems averse to Love,

To grant some Ease to my Despair?
Say, must I hope no kind Return?
Must I with fruitless Passion burn,
And you as cruel be as fair?

S O N G 527.

DAPHNIS.

WHY did I Faith and Truth prefer,
And vainly think that Wit would move?

'Tis only Gold can win the Fair,
Gold buys for ev'ry one her Love.

Like holy Cheats she barter's Heaven
For Gold, not pious Deeds and Vows;
Minds not who gives, but what is given,
To love she no kind Look allows.

This Contradiction to my Bliss I find,
I love her heav'nly Form, but hate her sordid Mind.

THIRISIS.

Happy Daphnis, since you know

The Price that will your Fair-one gain,
To yourself your Ills you owe,

If you idle still complain;
If Cloe's Vices the kind Balm impart,

That cures the easy Wounds her Eyes make in your
Heart.

But there are no Hopes for me,

To assuage my raging Smart,
To gain the bright Hermione

There is no Price, there is no Art;
Honours and Heaven are bought by Gold and Pray'r,
But Nature yields no Bribe to win the heav'nly Fair.

S O N G

S O N G 528.

WHY do we doat on charming Chloe's Face,
 And pine and languish for her soft Embrace ?
 Since when she's granted what we're fond to take,
 We slight her Favours and the Nymph forsake.
 Then let's not court, unless we can be kind;
 And still content with the Remains we find:
 Else we are Fools to covet such a Prize,
 Which when obtain'd, we lessen and despise.

S O N G 529.

WHY do you fix your Eyes on me ?
 Why do your spreading Blushes rise ?
 Oh ! tell me what is your Design,
 Say, do you love me, or despise ?
 If you despise me, wherefore turn
 You not your Eyes from me away ;
 And if you do with Passion burn,
 To speak it, why shou'd you delay ?
 Do not my Looks declare my Heart
 To pity thee too much inclin'd ?
 But shou'd you scorn me, use no Art ;
 To bear my Fate I stand resign'd,
 My Love, as yet a lambent Fire,
 By Kindness fann'd, may soon increase ;
 Or damp'd with Coldness will expire,
 And leave both you and me at Ease.

S O N G 530.

WHY do my Looks my Thoughts betray,
 And sudden Blushes in me fly !
 Why do I sigh, and faint away,
 Since what I love wou'd have me die !
 Cou'd I but once on him prevail
 To mingle with his Joy my Smart,
 That he might feel what now I ail !
 But I'm too young to shew such Art.
 Attractive Cupid, be my Care,
 And look with Pity on my Flame :
 O break the Chains that now I wear,
 Or bind Amintor in the same !

Haste to thy Mother, tell my Grief,
 To help a harmless injur'd Maid,
 That she may quickly send Relief,
 And save a Heart that is betray'd.

S O N G 531.

WHY do'st thou say I am forsworn,
 'Cause thine I vow'd to be ?
 Thou see'st it is already Morn ;
 And 'twas last Night I promis'd thee
 That fond Impossibility.

And I have lov'd thee much and long,
 A tedious twelve Hours Space ;
 I shou'd do other Beauties Wrong,
 And rob thee of a fresh Embrace,
 Shou'd I still doat upon thy Face.

Not but all Joys in thy brown Hair
 By others may be found ;
 But I must have the Black and Fair :
 So for Treasures some do sound
 In altogether unknown Ground.

But if, when I have rang'd my Round,
 Thou prov'st the pleasant'st She,
 With Spoils of other Beauties crown'd,
 I laden will return to thee,
 E'en sated with Variety.

S O N G 532.

WHY d'ye with such Disdain refuse
 An humble Lover's Plea ?
 Since Heav'n denies you Pow'r to chuse,
 You ought to value me.

Ungrateful Mistress of a Heart,
 Which I so freely gave ;
 Tho' weak your Bow, tho' blunt your Dart,
 I soon resign'd your Slave.

Nor was I weary of your Reign,
 Till you a Tyrant grew,
 And seem'd regardless of my Pain,
 As Nature seem'd of you.

When

When Thousands, with unerring Eyes,
 Your Beauty wou'd decry,
 What Graces did my Love devise,
 To give their Truths the Lie ?
 To every Grove I told your Charms ;
 In you my Heav'n I plac'd ;
 Proposing Pleasures in your Arms,
 Which none but I cou'd taste.

S O N G 533.

WHY hangs that Cloud upon thy Brow ?
 That beauteous Heav'n ere while serene ;
 Whence do these Storms and Tempests flow ?
 Or what this Gust of Passion mean ?
 And must then Mankind lose that Light,
 Which in thine Eyes was wont to shine,
 And lie obscur'd in endless Night,
 For each poor silly Speech of mine ?
 Dear Child, how can I wrong thy Name,
 Since 'tis acknowledg'd at all Hands,
 That could ill Tongues abuse thy Fame,
 Thy Beauty can make large amends :
 Or if I durst profanely try
 Thy Beauty's pow'rful Charms t'upbraid,
 Thy Virtue well might give the Lie,
 Nor call thy Beauty to its Aid.
 For Venus every Heart t'ensnare,
 With all her Charms has deckt thy Face,
 And Pallas, with unusual Care,
 Bids Wisdom heighten ev'ry Grace.
 Who can the double Pain endure ?
 Or who must not resign the Field
 To thee, celestial Maid, secure
 With Cupid's Bow and Pallas' Shield ?
 If then to thee such Pow'r is giv'n,
 Let not a Wretch in Torment live ;
 But smile, and learn to copy Heav'n,
 Since we must sin, ere it forgive.
 Yet pitying Heav'n not only does
 Forgive th' Offender and th' Offence,

But even itself, appeas'd, bestows,
As the Reward of Penitence.

S O N G 534.

WHY heaves my fond Bosom? ah! what can it mean?
Why flutters my Heart which was once so serene?
Why this sighing and trembling when Daphne is near?
Or why when she's absent, this Sorrow and Fear?
For ever, methinks, I with Wonder could trace,
The Thousand soft Charms that embellish thy Face;
Each Moment I view thee, new Beauties I find,
With thy Face I am charm'd, but enslav'd by thy Mind,
Untainted with Folly, unswayed by Pride,
There native good Humour and Virtue reside;
Pray Heaven that Virtue thy Soul may supply
With Compassion for him, who without thee must die.

S O N G 535.

WHY is your faithful Slave disdain'd?
By gentle Arts my Heart you gain'd,
Oh, keep it by the same!
For ever shall my Passion last,
If you will make me once possess
Of what I dare not name.
Tho' charming are your Wit and Face,
'Tis not alone to hear and gaze,
That will suffice my Flame;
Love's Infancy on Hopes may live,
But you to mine full grown must give
Of what I dare not name.
When I behold your Lips, your Eyes,
Those snowy Breasts that fall and rise,
Fanning my raging Flame;
That Shape so made to be embrac'd,
What would I give, I might but taste
Of what I dare not name!
In Courts I never wish to rise,
Both Wealth and Honour I despise,
And that vain Breath call'd Fame;
By Love I hope no Crowns to gain;
'Tis something more I would obtain,
'Tis that I dare not name.

S O N G 536.

WHY, lovely Charmer, tell me why

So very kind, and yet so shy ?

Why does that cold, forbidding Air

Give Damps of Sorrow and Despair ?

Or why that Smile my Soul subdue,

And kindle up my Flames anew ?

In vain you strive with all your Art,

By turns to freeze and fire my Heart :

When I behold a Face so fair,

So sweet a Look, so soft an Air,

My ravish'd Soul is charm'd all o'er ;

I cannot love thee less nor more.

S O N G 537.

WHY, Lycidas, shou'd Man be vain,

If bounteous Heav'n hath made him great ?

Why look with insolent Disdain,

On those undeck'd with Wealth and State ?

Can splendid Robes, or Beds of Down,

Or costly Gems to deck the Hair ;

Can all the Glories of a Crown

Give Health, or smooth the Brow of Care ?

The scepter'd Prince, the burthen'd Slave,

The Humble and the Haughty die ;

The Poor, the Rich, the Base, the Brave,

In Dust without Distinction lie.

Go search the Tombs where Monarchs rest,

Who once the richest Glories wore,

Fled is that Grandeur they possess,

And all their Greatness is no more.

So glides the Meteor thro' the Sky,

And sweeps along a gilded Train ;

But when its short-liv'd Beauties die,

Dissolves to common Air again.

S O N G 538.

WHY, Painter, you have done your Part,

I own th' Intention bold and good ;

It finds some Passage to my Heart,

Which nothing quite unlike her cou'd.

But

But view again that Shape ! that Air !
 That Hand ! that Eye ! that Lip ! that Cheek !
 There's still Abundance in my Fair,
 Which you can't paint, which I can't speak !

Am I not right ? once more behold !
 Behold, and feel Conviction rise !
 Thy Lines are faint, thy Colours cold-----
 He fails, my Friend, whoever tries.

Yet let him try, desie his Skill :
 Smile at the utmost Art can do :
 Tell the Presumer, if he will,
 He may attempt Love's Goddess too.

S O N G 539.

WHY, Phillis, with a prudish Air,
 D'you spoil Love's Conversation,
 While hate of Kissing you declare,
 And say 'tis out of Fashion ?

When your Sex Children can produce,
 Yet be oblig'd to no Man,
 Then Kissing shall be out of Use,
 And we not court a Woman.

Bright Cytherea then must die,
 Love cease his Trade of killing ;
 The sacred Dove shall lonely fly,
 And leave off amorous Billing.

Then Ovid shall no more be read,
 (Or read shall not be moving)
 But vex'd to hear among the Dead,
 We slight his Art of Loving.

S O N G 540.

WHY shou'd a foolish Marriage Vow,
 Which long ago was made,

Oblige us to each other now,
 When Passion is decay'd ?

We lov'd, and we lov'd
 As long as we cou'd,

Till Love was lov'd out of Us both ;
 But our Marriage is dead,
 When the Pleasure is fled,

'Twas Pleasure first made it an Oath ;

If I have Pleasure for a Friend,
 And further Love in Store ;
 What Wrong has he whose Joys did end,
 And who cou'd give no more ?
 'Tis a Madnefs that he
 Shou'd be jealous of me,
 Or that I shou'd bar him of another ;
 For all we can gain,
 Is to give ourselves Pain,
 When neither can hinder the other.

S O N G 541.

W H Y should a Heart so tender, break ?
 O Mira ! give its Anguish Ease ;
 The Use of Beauty you mistake,
 Not meant to vex, but please.
 Those Lips for smiling were design'd,
 That Bosom to be prest ;
 Your Eyes to languish, and look kind ;
 For amorous Arms, your Waist.
 Each Thing has its appointed Right,
 Establish'd by the Pow'rs above ;
 The Sun to give us Warmth, and Light,
 Mira to kindle Love.

S O N G 542.

W H Y should coy Beauty be so hard
 To be to Joy perswaded ?
 Why so perversely stand its Guard,
 By Love and Youth invaded ?
 Did ever Dame against the Knight,
 Who came to her redressing,
 For the rude Giant Goaler fight,
 And help her own oppressing ?
 Such Honour is, the tender Maid
 With rigid Force restraining ;
 Love soon, with Leave, would lend his Aid,
 And end the Tyrant's Reigning.
 But the poor Fool's so taught to dread
 Her Friend, her Foe to favour,
 She thinks it Ruin to be freed,
 Protection to enslave her.

Be wise, ye Fair, and keep not dead
 Upon your Hands your Treasure ;
 The honest Lover does but plead
 For a fair Truck of Pleasure.
 Between the Nymph and Swain that join
 In Love 'tis equal Trading ;
 He gains the Riches of her Mine,
 And she his Vessel's Lading.

S O N G 543.

WHY shou'd I ask to whom she's kind,
 Since I her Favours share ;
 And none e'er cur'd a roving Mind
 By Jealousy or Care ?

Why shou'd I still disturb my Ease,
 Mistrustful of her Charms ;
 And fear that every Look betrays
 Her to some Rival's Arms ?

Since if Corinna truly loves,
 Restraint is needless sure ;
 And if her Inclination roves,
 No Strictness can secure.

S O N G 544.

WHY shou'd Men quarrel here, where all possess
 As much as they can hope for by Success ?
 None can have most, where Nature is so kind,
 As to exceed Man's use, tho' not his Mind.

S O N G 545.

WHY should our damn'd Tyrants oblige us to live
 On the Pittance of Pleasure which they only give ?
 We must not rejoice
 With Wine and with Noise ;
 In vain we must wake in a dull Bed alone,
 Whilst to our warm Rival the Bottle they're gone,
 Then lay aside Charms,
 And take up these * Arms.

*Tis Wine only gives their Courage and Wit,
 Because we live sober, to Men we submit.
 If for Beauties you'd pass,
 Take a Lick of the Glass,

'Twill mend your Complexions ; and when they are gone,
The best Red we have is the Red of the Grape.

Then Sisters lay't on,
And damn a good Shape.

S O N G 546.

W H Y should we that Ambition call,
To get at Court a servile Place,
Where to please one we flatter all,
And must gain Honour by Disgrace ;
Where, for our Pleasure and our Ease,
We suffer Pain and Weariness ?

Where all Things we must say, or do,
Which farthest are from Mind, or Heart ;
Still those who run from us pursue,
And to gain Trust, with Virtue part :
Where we (ourselves more high to raise)
Our Faith and Honour must debase.

Where we must say as great Fools say,
Do what great Knaves will have us do :
That we for Wits with Coxcombs may,
With Fools for Politicians go ;
To gain Court-favour there and Praise,
With all the World besides Disgrace.

Where we must flatter him we hate,
Or, what is worse, him we despise :
To broken Slumbers lie down late,
And early to proud Levees rise ;
Must pass our Youth in real Pain,
For Ease in Age to hope in vain.

Where we must change Day into Night,
Night into Day, at others Will ;
Must take Disgusts to give Delight,
And slight good Men to honour ill ;
Make many Foes, nay be our own,
To gain a Friend where there is none.

S O N G 547.

W H Y shou'd you blame what Heav'n has made,
Or find any Fault in Creation ?
'Tis not the Crime of the faithless Maid,
But Nature's Inclination,

'Tis not because I love you less,
Or think you not a true one ;
But, if the Truth I must confess,
I always lov'd a new one.

S O N G 548.

O L D-M A N.

W H Y so cold ? and why so coy ?
What I want in Youth and Fire,
I have in Love and in Desire :
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy ;
Why so cold ? and why so coy ?

W O M A N.

'Tis Sympathy, perhaps, with you ;
You are cold, and I'm so too.

O L D-M A N.

My Years alone have froze my Blood ;
Youthful Heat in Female Charms,
Glowing in my aged Arms,
Wou'd melt it down once more into a Flood.

W O M A N.

Women alas ! like Flints, ne'er burn alone ;
To make a Virgin know
There's Fire within the Stone,
Some manly Steel must boldly strike the Blow.

O L D-M A N.

Assist me only with your Charms,
You'll find I'm Man, and still am bold ;
You'll find I still can strike, tho' old,
I only want your Aid to raise my Arms.

Y O U T H.

Who talks of Charms ? who talks of Aid ?
I bring an Arm

That wants no Charm,
To rouse the Fire that's in a flinty Maid.
Retire, old Age,

---- Winter, be gone :

Behold ! the youthful Springs come gaily on.
Here, here's a Torch to light a Virgin's Fire :
To my Arms, my Love, my Joy ;
When Women have what they desire,
They're neither cold nor coy.

S O N G

S O N G 549.

WHY so pale and wan, fond Lover ?
 Prithee, prithee, prithee why so pale ?
 Will, when looking well can't move her,
 Looking ill, looking ill prevail ?
 Why so dull and mute, young Sinner ?
 Prithee, prithee why so mute ;
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,
 Saying nothing, nothing do't ?
 Quit, quit for Shame, this will not move,
 This cannot, cannot, cannot, cannot take her,
 If of herself she will not love,
 Nothing can, nothing can make her,
 The Devil, the Devil, the Devil, the Devil take her.

S O N G 550.

WHY this talking still of Dying ?
 Why this dismal Look and Groan ?
 Leave, fond Lover, leave your Sighing ;
 Let these fruitless Arts alone.
 Love's the Child of Joy and Pleasure,
 Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit ;
 Much amiss you take your Measure,
 This dull whining way to hit.
 Tender Maids you fright from Loving,
 By the Effect they see in you ;
 If you wou'd be truly moving,
 Eagerly the Point pursue :
 Brisk and gay appear in wooing ;
 Pleasant be, if you wou'd please ;
 All this Talking, and no Doing,
 Will not Love, but Hate increase.

S O N G 551.

WHY we love, and why we hate,
 Is not granted us to know ;
 Random Chance, or wilful Fate,
 Guides the Shaft from Cupid's Bow.
 If on me Zelinda frown,
 'Tis Madness all in me to grieve ;
 Since her Will is not her own,
 Why should I uneasy live ?

† G g

If

If I for Zelinda die,
Deaf to poor Mizella's Cries,
Ask not me the Reason why,
Seek the Riddle in the Skies.

S O N G 552.

WHY will Florella, when I gaze,
My ravish'd Eyes reprove ?
And hide 'em from the only Face
They can behold with Love ?
To shun her Scorn, and ease my Care,
I'll seek a Nymph more kind ;
And while I rove from Fair to Fair,
Still gentler Usage find.
But oh ! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
Where Nature has no Part ;
New Beauties may my Eyes employ,
But you engage my Heart.
So restless Exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet Pity ev'ry where ;
Yet languish for their native Home,
Tho' Death attends them there.

S O N G 553.

Will the Linnæ fly the Snare,
When tempted by a pleasing Bait ?
And the Voice enchants her Ear,
Of her long-lost warbling Mate ?
Will the Woman e'er despise,
The Sight which charms her Eyes ?
Or be so far unwise,
To cast away Gold, her Virtue to hold ?
If such a Thing is done,
The Fair who can't be won,
May surely retrieve all we lost by Dame Eve,
And at Court may die a Nun.

S O N G 554.

Will ye go to the Ew-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the Sheep wi' me ;
The Sunshine's sweet, my Marion,
But nae haff sae sweet as thee.

O Marion's a bonny Lads,
 And the Blyth blinks in her Eye ;
 And fain wad I marry Marion,
 Gin Marion wad marry me.
 There's Gowd in your Garters, Marion,
 And Silk on your white Hausf-bane ;
 Ju' fain wad I kiss my Marion
 At E'en when I come hame,
 There's braw Lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
 Wha gape, and glows with their Eye
 At Kirk when they see my Marion ;
 But none of them lo'es like me.
 I've nine Milk-ews, my Marion,
 A Cow and a brawny Quey ;
 I'll gi'e them a' to my Marion,
 Just on her bridal Day ;
 And ye's get a green sey Apron,
 And Waistcoat o'th' London Brown,
 And wow but ye will be vap'ring,
 Whene'er ye gang to the Town.
 I'm young and stout, my Marion :
 Nane dance like me on the Green ;
 And gin ye forsake me, Marion ;
 I'll e'n gae draw up wi' Jean :
 Sae put on your Pearlings, Marion,
 And Kirtle of the Cramasie ;
 And soon as my Chin has nae Hair on,
 I shall come West, and see ye.

S O N G 555.

Will you ever, lovely Charmer,
 Still persist to tyrannize ?
 Still, &c.
 Can no Fire approach to warm her,
 Who from Danger never flies ?
 Who, &c.
 Circled in a Croud of Lovers,
 Kindly all you entertain :
 Kindly, &c.
 None your favourite Smile discovers ;
 Yet we're pleas'd to live in Pain,
 Yet, &c.

† G g 2

Yet

Yet believe me, lovely Creature,
Heav'n design'd you kind as fair;
Heav'n, &c.

Trust for once the God of Nature,
None are happy but a Pair,
None, &c.

S O N G 556.

Will you credit a Miser, 'tis Gold makes us wise,
The Bliss of his Life, the Joy of his Eyes:
And ask a fond Lover, where Wisdom he places,
To be sure in his Mistress, her Charms and her Graces?
But let the free Lad speak the Joy of his Soul,
'Tis a sparkling Glass, and a smiling full Bowl.

The Miser is wretched, unhappy and poor;
He suffers great Want in the midst of full Store:
The Lover's disconsolate, mopish, and sad,
For that which when gain'd will soon make him mad.
The Miser's a Fool, and the Lover's an Ass,
And he only's wise, who adores the full Glass.

Let the Miser then hug up his ill-gotten Pelf,
And to feed empty Bags, he may starve his ownself:
Let the Lover still languish 'twixt Hope and Despair,
And doat on a Face as inconstant as fair:
But still may his Bliss be as great as his Soul,
Who pays no Devoir but to Wine and the Bowl.

S O N G 557.

Willy ne'er enquire what End
The Gods for thee or me intend;

How vain the Search, that but bestows
The Knowledge of our future Woes:
Happier the Man that ne'er repines,
Whatever Lot his Fate assigns,
Than they that idly vex their Lives
With Wizards and enchanting Wives.

Thy present Years in Mirth employ,
And consecrate thy Youth to Joy;
Whether the Fates to thy old Score
Shall bounteous add a Winter more,
Or this shall lay thee cold in Earth
That rages o'er the Pentland Firth,

No more with Home the Dance to lead ;
 Take my Advice, ne'er vex thy Head.
 With blyth Intent the Goblet pour,
 That's sacred to the genial Hour,
 In flowing Wine still warm thy Soul,
 And have no Thoughts beyond the Bowl.
 Behold the flying Hour is lost,
 For Time rides ever on the Post,
 Even while we speak, even while we think,
 And waits not for the standing Drink.
 Collect thy Joys each present Day,
 And live in Youth, while best you may ;
 Have all your Pleasures at command,
 Nor trust one Day in Fortune's Hand.
 Then Willy be a wanton Wag,
 If ye wad please the Lasses braw,
 At Bridals then ye'll bear the Brag,
 And carry ay the Gree awa'.

S O N G 558.

Willy was a wanton Wag,
 The blythest Lad I ever saw,
 At Bridals still he bore the Brag,
 And carried ay the gree awa :
 His Doublet was of Zetland Shag,
 And wow ! but Willy he was braw,
 And at his Shoulder hang a Tag,
 That pleas'd the Lasses best of a'.
 He was a Man without a Clag,
 His Heart was frank without a Flaw ;
 And ay whatever Willy said,
 It was still hadden as a Law.
 His Boots they were made of the Jag,
 When he went to the Weapon-shaw :
 Upon the Green nane durst him brag,
 The feind a ane amang them a'.
 And was not Willy well worth Gowd ?
 He wan the Love of great and sma' ;
 For after he the Bride had kiss'd,
 He kiss'd the Lasses hale-sale a'.
 Sae merrily round the Ring they row'd,
 When by the Hand he led them a',

† G g 3

And

And Smack on Smack on them bestow'd,
 By Virtue of a standing Law.
 And was nae Willy a great Lown,
 As shyre a Lick as e'er was seen ?
 When he danc'd with the Lassies round,
 The Bridegroom speer'd where he had been.
 Quoth Willy, I've been at the Ring,
 With bobbing, faith, my Shanks are fair ;
 Gae ca' your Bride and Maidens in,
 For Willy he can do nae mair.
 Then rest ye, Willy, I'll gae out,
 And for a Wee fill up the Ring ;
 But, Shame light on his souple Snout,
 He wanted Willy's wanton Fling.
 Then fraight he to the Bride did fare,
 Says, weel's me on your bonny Face ;
 With bobbing Willy's Shanks are fair,
 And I come now to fill his Place.
 Bridegroom, she says, you'll spoil the Dance,
 And at the Ring you'll ay be lag,
 Unless like Willy ye advance ;
 (O ! Willy has a wanton Leg)
 For wi't he learns us a' to steer,
 And foremost ay bears up the Ring ;
 We will find nae sic dancing here,
 If we want Willy's wanton Fling.

S O N G 559.

Willy's rare, and Willy's fair,
 And Willy's wondrous bony ;
 And Willy heght to marry me,
 Gin e'er he married ony.
 Yestreen I made my Bed fu' braid,
 This Night I'll make it narrow ;
 For a' the live-lang Winter Night
 I ly twin'd of my Marrow.
 O came you by yon Water-side,
 Pou'd you the Rose or Lilly ?
 Or came you by yon Meadow green ?
 Or saw ye my sweet Willy ?

She fought him East, she fought him West,
 She fought him braid and narrow ;
 Syne in the Cleaving of a Craig
 She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

S O N G 560.

Wilt thou thy wanton Eyes call home ;
 Cruel, reverse the fatal Doom,
 And let them still remain with me,
 And oft be told
 What they behold,
 Fondness of Love, and Constancy.
 Wilt thou thy Heart call home again,
 Break all thy Vows, thy Honour stain ;
 But sure it has been taught by mine
 To value both
 Its Word and Oath,
 And will not leave me to repine.
 But if thou neither know'st to prize,
 And wilt have home thy Heart and Eyes ;
 Others may laugh, when hopeless you
 Shall grieve, and mourn
 For one will scorn,
 And prove as false as I am true.

S O N G 561.

Wine does Wonders ev'ry Day,
 Makes the Heavy light and gay ;
 Throws off all their Melancholy :
 Makes the Wisest go astray,
 And the Busy toy and play,
 And the Poor and Needy jolly.
 Wine makes trembling Cowards bold,
 Men in Years forget they're old ;
 Women leave their coy Disdaining,
 Who till then were shy and cold ;
 Makes a Niggard slight his Gold,
 And the Foppish entertaining.

S O N G 562.

Wine, Wine in a Morning,
 Makes us frolick and gay,
 That like Eagles we soar

In the Pride of the Day :
Gouty Sots of the Night
Only find a Decay.

'Tis the Sun ripens the Grape,
And to drinking gives Light ;
We imitate him,
When by Noon we're at height ;
They steal Wine, who take it,
When he's out of Sight.

Boy, fill all the Glasses,
Fill them up now he shines ;
The higher he rises,
The more he refines ;
For Wine and Wit fall,
As their Maker declines.

S O N G 563.

Wine's a Mistress gay and easy,
Ever free to give Delight ;
Let what may perplex and tease ye,
'Tis the Bottle sets all right.
Who would leave a lasting Treasure,
To embrace a childish Pleasure,
Which soon as tasted takes its Flight ?
Pierce the Cask of gen'rous Claret,
Rouze your Hearts, ere 'tis too late ;
Fill the Goblet, never spare it,
That's your Armour 'gainst all Fate.

S O N G 564.

WInter thy Cruelty extend
Till fatal Tempest swell the Sea ;
In vain let sinking Pilots pray ;
Beneath thy Yoke let Nature bend :
Let piercing Frost, and lasting Snow,
'Thro' Woods and Fields Destruction sow !
Yet we, unmov'd, will sit and smile,
While you these lesser Ills create ;
These we can bear ! but gentle Fate,
And thou blest Genius of our Isle,
From Winter's Rage defend her Voice,
At which the list'ning Gods rejoice.

May that celestial Sound each Day
 With Extasy transport our Souls,
 While all our Passion it controuls,
 And kindly drives our Care away;
 Let no ungentle Cold destroy
 All Taste we have of heav'nly Joy.

S O N G 565.

WIT and Beauty once contended
 Which should reign in Celia's Arms;
 Both an equal Claim pretended
 To be sole Monarch of her Charms.
 'Till at last they both agreed
 To maintain alternate Sway;
 One by Night to bless her Bed,
 And one to win her Heart by Day.

S O N G 566.

WITh an honest old Friend, and a merry old Song,
 And a Flask of old Port, let me sit the Night
 long,
 And laugh at the Malice of those who repine,
 That they must swig Porter, whilst I can drink Wine.
 I envy no Mortal, tho' ever so great,
 Nor scorn I a Wretch for his lowly Estate;
 But what I abhor, and esteem as a Curse,
 Is Poorness of Spirit, not Poorness of Purse.
 Then dare to be generous, dauntless, and gay,
 Let's merrily pass Life's Remainder away;
 Upheld by our Friends, we our Foes may despise;
 For the more we are envy'd, the higher we rise.

S O N G 567.

WITh an old Song made by an old antient Pate
 Of an old worshipful Gentleman, that had a great
 Estate,
 Which kept an old House at a bountiful Rate,
 And an old Porter to relieve the Poor at his Gate;
 Like an old Courtier of the Queen's,
 And the Queen's old Courtier.

With an old Lady whose Anger a good Word asswages,
 Who every Quarter pays her old Servants their Wages,
 Who

Who never knew what belong'd to Coachmen, Foot-
men nor Pages ;

But kept twenty old Fellows with blue Coats and Badges,
Like and old, &c.

With an old Study fill'd full of learned old Books,
With an old reverend Parson, who you may judge by
his Looks,

With an old Buttery Hatch worn quite off the Hooks,
And an old Kitchen, that maintains half a Dozen of
Cooks,

Like an old, &c.

With an old Hall hung about with Guns, Pikes and
Bows,

With old Swords and Bucklers that have born many
shrewd Blows,

And an old Frize Coat to cover his Worship's trunk
Hose,

And a Cup of old Sherry to comfort his Copper Nose.

Like an old, &c.

With an old Fashion, when Christmas is come,
To call in his Neighbours with Bagpipe and Drum ;
And good Chear enough to furnish every old Room,
And old Liquor able to make a Cat speak and a Man
dumb :

Like an old, &c.

With an old Huntsman, a Falconer and a Kennel of Hounds,
Which never hunted nor hawked but in his own Grounds ;
Who like an old wise Man kept himself within his
Bounds.

And when he dy'd, gave every Child a thousand old
Pounds,

Like an old, &c.

But to his eldest Son, his House and Land too he assign'd ;
Charging him in his Will to keep the old bountiful
Mind ;

To love his good old Servants, and to his Neighbours be
kind ;

But in the ensuing Ditty you shall hear how he was
inclin'd.

Like a young Courtier, &c.

Like

Like a young Gallant newly come to his Land,
 That keeps a Brace of Whores at his Command,
 And takes up a thousand Pound upon his own Land ;
 And lies drunk in a new Tavern, 'till he can neither go
 nor stand ;

Like a young, &c.

With a neat Lady that is brisk and fair,
 That never knew what belong'd to good House-keeping
 or Care ;

But buys several Fans to play with the wanton Air ;
 And seventeen or eighteen Dressings of other Men's Hair ;

Like a young, &c.

With a new Hall built where the old one stood,
 Wherein is burnt neither Coal nor Wood ;
 And a Shovel-board Table smooth and red as Blood,
 Hung round with Pictures that do the Poor no good.

Like a young, &c.

With a new Study stuff with Pamphlets and Plays ;
 With a new Chaplain that swears faster than he prays :
 With a new Buttery-Hatch that opens once in four or
 five Days,

With a new French Cook to make Kickshaws and
 Toys.

Like a young, &c.

With a new Fashion when Christmas is come,
 With a new Journey up to London we must be gone,
 And leave no body at Home but our new Porter John,
 Who relieves the Poor with a Thump on the Back with
 a Stone.

Like a young, &c.

With a Gentleman-Usher whose Carriage is compleat ;
 With a Footman, Coachman, and Page to carry Meat ;
 With a Waiting-Gentlewoman whose Dressing is very
 neat ;

Who when the Master has din'd, lets the Servants
 not eat.

Like a young, &c.

With a new Honour bought with the old Gold ;
 That many of his Father's old Manors had sold ;

And

And this is the Occasion that most Men do hold
 That good House-keeping is now grown so cold,
 Like a young Courtier of the King's,
 Or the King's young Courtier.

S O N G 568.

W^Ith artful Voice, young Thyrſis, you,
 In vain, perſuade me, you are true ;
 Since that can never be :

For he's no Proſelyte of mine,
 That offers at another's Shrine
 Thoſe Vows he made to me.

The faithleſs fickle wav'ring Loon,
 That changes oftner than the Moon ;
 Courts each new Face he meets ;
 Smells ev'ry fragrant Flow'r that blows,
 Yet ſlily calls the bluſhing Roſe
 His Quinteſſence of Sweets.

So Thyrſis, when in wanton Play,
 From Fair to Fair you fondly ſtray,
 And ſteals from each a Kiſs ;
 It ſhows, if what you ſay be true,
 A ſickly Appetite in you,
 And no ſubſtantial Blifs.

For you, inconstant, roving Swain,
 Tho' ſeemingly you hug your Chain,
 Wou'd fain, I know, get free ;
 To ſip freſh balmy Sweets of Love,
 From Bower to Bower wildly rove,
 And imitate your Bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring Thing, your Heart,
 Let it admire no other Dart ;
 But reſt with me alone :

For while, dear Bee, you rove and ſing,
 Should you return, without your Sting,
 I'd not protect a Drone.

S O N G 569.

W^Ith Arts oft practis'd and admir'd,
 A youthful Swain by Love inspir'd,
 Long Time perſu'd a Fair.
 Her Coldneſs, equal to his Love,

Repuls'd

Repuls'd his Hope, his Fears improve,
And added to his Care.

With Sighs and Tears, in vain he tries ;
But deaf to all his Pray'rs, she flies
As fast as he pursues.

To which he answers in Disdain,
By trying to augment my Pain,
Yourself the Conquest lose.

'Tis true, I love you, cruel Maid,
But Love with Love should be repaid,
To make our Bliss compleat.
Since I've requested, you've deny'd,
My Love as well as yours, is try'd,
And I with Ease retreat.

S O N G 570.

W Ith broken Words, and down-cast Eyes,
Poor Colin spoke his Passion tender ;
And, parting with his Grisy, cries,
Ah ! woe's my Heart that we should sunder.

To others I am cold as Snow,
But kindle with thine Eyes like Tinder :
From thee with Pain I'm forc'd to go ;
It breaks my Heart that we should sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms, I cannot range,
No Beauty new my Love shall hinder,
Nor Time, nor Place, shall ever change
My Vows, tho' we're oblig'd to sunder.

The Image of thy graceful Air,
And Beauty which invites our Wonder,
Thy lively Wit, and Prudence rare,
Shall still be present, tho' we sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You'll ne'er engage a Heart that's kinder ;
Then seal a Promise with a Kiss,
Always to love me, tho' we sunder.

Ye Gods, take Care of my dear Lads,
That as I leave her I may find her :
When that blest Time shall come to pass,
We'll meet again, and never sunder.

† H h

S O N G

With early Horn
 Salute the Morn,
 That gilds this charming Place :
 With chearful Cries,
 Bid Echo rise,
 And join the jovial Chase.

The vocal Hills around,
 The waving Woods,
 The chrystal Floods,
 All, all return th'enliv'ning Sound.

With ev'ry Grace young Strephon chose
 His Person to adorn,
 That, by the Beauties of his Face,
 In Sylvia's Love he might find Place,
 And wonder'd at her Scorn.

With Bows and Smiles he made his Part ;
 But ah ! 'twas all in vain :
 A Youth less fine, a Youth of Art,
 Had talk'd himself into her Heart,
 And would not out again.

With Change of Habits Strephon press'd,
 And urg'd her to admire ;
 His Love alone the other dress'd,
 As Verse or Prose became it best,
 And mov'd her soft Desire.

This found, his Courtship Strephon ends,
 Or makes it to his Glass ;
 There in himself now seeks amends ;
 Convinc'd, that where a Wit pretends,
 A Beau is but an Ass.

With every Lady in the Land
 Soft Strephon kept a Pother,
 One Year he languish'd for one Hand,
 And next Year for another.

Yet when his Love the Shepherd told
 To Flavia fair and coy,
 Reserv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,
 She scorn'd the gentle Boy,

Late, at a Ball, he own'd his Pain ;
 She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
 With all the Marks of high Disdain,
 She'd never hear him more.

The Swain persisted still to pray,
 The Nymph still to deny ;
 At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay ;
 He swore she shou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, she call'd her Footman strait,
 And rush'd from out the Room ;
 Drove to her lodging, lock'd the Gate,
 And — lay with Ralph at home.

S O N G 574.

With Gems as bright as are thy Eyes,
 Thy lovely Frame I will adorn,
 Till thou out-shine the Summer Skies,
 Or Phœbus ush'ring in the Morn :
 Instead of this thy home-spun Grey,
 With India Silks I'll deck thy Frame ;
 Then why perverse dost thou delay,
 To spread thy lovely Beauty's Fame ?
 Scorn the low Courtship of the Swain,
 Nor give your Mind to rural Sports ;
 With me in greater Splendor reign,
 With me partake the Joys of Courts ;
 We'll study Pleasures Life to spend,
 Strangers to ev'ry anxious Sigh ;
 All Day to Musick we'll attend,
 All Night in Love's sweet Trances lie.

S O N G 575.

With no less various Passions tost,
 Leander view'd the boist'rous Main ;
 Each rising Wind his Wishes crost,
 Each swelling Wave increas'd his Pain.
 My Breast a diff'rent Motive fires ;
 A diff'rent Cause my Fear alarms ;
 A Calm could favour his Desires,
 My fiercer Love expects a Storm.
 May low'ring Clouds and heavy Show'rs
 For once relieve a Lover's Care,

Still to protect my happy Hours,
 And keep the beautiful Chloe here.
 Hide, Phœbus, thy officious Light;
 Let not one cross intruding Ray
 Deprive me of my Chloe's Sight,
 And rob us of a brighter Day.

S O N G 376.

With sighing, and wishing, and Green-sickness Diet,
 With nothing of Pleasure, and little of Quiet;
 With a Granum's Inspection, and Doctor's Direction,
 But not the Specific that suits my Complexion:
 The Flow'r of my Age is full-blown in my Face,
 Yet no Man considers my comfortless Case.

Young Women were valued, as I have been told,
 In the late Times of Peace, above Mountains of Gold;
 But now there is fighting, we've nothing but slighting,
 Few Gallants in conjugal Matters delighting:
 'Tis a Shame that Mankind should love killing and slaying,
 And mind not supplying the Stock that's decaying.

Unlucky Clarinda! to love in a Season,
 When Mars has forgotten to do Venus Reason;
 Had I any Hand in Rule and Command,
 I'd certainly make it a Law of the Land,
 That Killers of Men, to replenish the Store,
 Be bound to the Wedlock, and made to get more.

Enacted moreover, for better Dispatch,
 That where a good Captain meets with an O'ermatch,
 His honest Lieutenant, with Soldier-like Grace,
 Shall relieve him on Duty, and serve in his Place:
 Thus Killers and Slayers of able good Men,
 Without Beat of Drum, may recruit 'em again.

S O N G 377.

With tuneful Pipe and merry Glee,
 Young Jockey won my Heart;
 A blyther Loon you ne'er did see,
 All Beauty without Art:
 His soothing Tale did soon prevail,
 To gain my fond Belief:
 But now the Swain roves o'er the Plain,
 And leaves me full of Grief.

Young

Young Jemmy courts with artful Song,
 But few regard his Moan ;
 The Lasses about Jockey throng,
 And Jemmy's left alone.

In Aberdeen, sure ne'er was seen
 A Loon that gave such Pain ;
 He daily wooes, and still pursues,
 Till he does all obtain.

But soon as he hath gain'd the Bliss,
 Away the Loon does run ;
 And hardly will afford a Kiss
 To silly me undone.

Bonny Molly, Maggie, Dolly,
 Avoid my roving Swain ;
 His wily Tongue besure you shun,
 Lest you like me complain.

S O N G 578.

W^{ithin} an Arbour of Delight,
 As sweet as Bowers Elysian,
 Where famous Sidney us'd to write,
 I lately had a Vision.

Methought beneath a golden State,
 The Turns of Chance obeying,
 Six of the World's most noted Great
 At Piquette were a playing.

The first two were the brave Eugene,
 With Vendosme Battle waging ;
 The next a Nymph, who to be Queen,
 Her Monsieur was engaging :

The Fleur-de-lis old Maintenon,
 With sanctified Carero ;

And next above the scarlet Don,
 Queen Anne, and Gallick Nero.

The Game between the Martial Braves
 Was held in diff'rent Cases,
 The Frenchman got Quatorze of Knaves,
 But Prince Eugene four Aces ;

And tho' the other's eldest Hand
 Gave Hopes to make a Jest on't,
 Yet now the Point who soonest gain'd,
 Could only get the best on't.

From them I turn'd mine Eyes to see,
 The Churchman and the Lady,
 And found her pleas'd to high Degree,
 Her Fortune had been steady.
 The Saints that cramm'd the Spanish Purse,
 She hop'd would all oblige her,
 For he had but a little Terse,
 When she produc'd Quint-Major.
 But now betwixt the King and Queen
 An Empire was depending,
 Within whose mighty Game was seen
 The Art of State-contending :
 The Monsieur had three Kings to win't,
 And was o'er Europe roaming,
 But her Full Point, Quatorze and Quint,
 Won all, and left him foaming.

S O N G 579.

Without Affectation, gay, youthful and pretty ;
 Without Pride or Meanness, familiar and witty ;
 Without Form obliging, good-natur'd and free ;
 Without Art, as lovely as lovely can be.
 She acts what she thinks, and thinks what she says,
 Regardless alike both of Censure and Praise ;
 But her Thoughts, and her Words, and her Actions are
 such,
 That none can admire them, or praise them too much.

S O N G 580.

Woman, Nature's greatest Beauty,
 Was alone design'd for Man ;
 It therefore is each Mortal's Duty,
 To enjoy it whilst he can.
 No more denying,
 Be complying,
 Joys are nigh you,
 Youth will fly you,
 For our Life is but a Span.
 For, &c.
 Ask old Mortals past the Pleasure,
 If they would be young again,
 They'd give their golden Heaps of Treasure,
 But they must desire in vain.

Always

Always whining,
 Ever pining,
 Always sighing,
 Ever crying,

Oh! that I were young again,
 Oh! &c.

Yield then quickly, Charmer, ease me,
 Whilst thy Beauty's in its Prime;
 The Joys I'm sure I know will please thee,
 And no more be call'd a Crime.

Melting Blissess,
 Dying Kisses,
 Hearts inviting,
 Souls uniting,

All excite the happy Time.
 All, &c.

S O N G 581.

W O M A N, thoughtless, giddy Creature;
 Laughing, idle flutt'ring Thing!

Most fantastick Work of Nature!

Still, like Fancy, on the Wing.

Slave to ev'ry changing Passion,
 Loving, hating, in Extream;

Fond of ev'ry foolish Fashion,

And, at best, a pleasing Dream.

Lovely Trifle! dear Illusion!

Conqu'ring Weakness! wish'd for Pain!

Man's chief Glory, and Confusion,

Of all Vanities most vain.

Thus deriding Beauty's Power,

Bevil call'd it all a Cheat;

But in less than half an Hour,

Kneel'd and whin'd at Celia's Feet.

S O N G 582.

W O M A N's like the flatt'ring Ocean,

Who her pathless Ways can find?

Every Blast directs her Motion;

Now she's angry, now she's kind.

What a Fool's the vent'rous Lover,

Whirl'd and toss'd by ev'ry Wind?

Can the Bark the Port recover,
When the silly Pilot's blind ?

S O N G 583.

WOMEN are wanton, yet cunningly coy ;
Lascivious, yet crafty, to make us obey :
When once they have noos'd us, triumphant they ride,
And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.
Cho. But let them remember their Grannum Eve's
Fate,

Left they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

This Creature was made a Helpmeet for Man,
And so he approv'd her, deny it who can ;
But surely poor Adam was soundly asleep,
Whilst out of his Side this dear Blessing did creep.

Cho. But let them remember, &c.

Old Painters did form them resembling the Snail,
Their House on their Backs was, and in it their Tail ;
Implying that Modesty keeps something in,
Tho' now they'll expose all from Tail up to Chin.

Cho. But let them remember, &c.

S O N G 584.

WOMEN form'd by Nature coy,
Blush to give or take the Joy,
Man by Nature warm and brave,
Must to win them be a Slave,
Fawn and flatter, sigh and whine,
Call their mortal Charms divine.
Whilst the Idol thus we please,
Female Pride deceiv'd obeys.

S O N G 585.

WOMEN like Venice Glasses are,
A very very brittle Ware ;
Then do not in a foolish Freak,
Try if that brittle Ware will break.
When Woman once begins to stray,
And leave the Paths of Honour,
In full Career she hies away,
All Care is lost upon her.

Be careful therefore, but not jealous,
And keep her from intriguing Fellows ;

Since

Since wheresoe'er a Danae grows,
Bright Gold in fleecy Currents flows.

S O N G 586.

WOULD Fate to me Belinda give,
With her alone I'd chuse to live ;
Variety I'd ne'er require,
Nor a greater, nor a greater,
Nor a greater Bliss desire.

My charming Nymph, if you can find
Among the Race of Human-kind,
A Man that loves you more than I,
I'll resign you, I'll resign you,
I'll resign you, tho' I die.

Let my Belinda fill my Arms,
With all her Beauties, all her Charms,
With Scorn and Pity I'd look down
On the Glories, on the Glories,
On the Glories of a Crown.

S O N G 587.

WOULD Heav'n indulge my love-sick Mind,
And make my Joys compleat,
Let me my Myra's Favour find,
And lay me at her Feet.
If the dear Nymph but on me smile,
Then Fate may do its worst ;
While she is kind, I fear no Ill,
I ne'er can be accurst.

With her I cou'd for ever dwell,
There's Heav'n within her Arms ;
But absent from her, I'm in Hell,
Dire Grief my Soul alarms ;
I rave, I burn, I pine, I die,
Nought can my Heart relieve ;
But at her Sight my Sorrows fly,
Her Presence bids me live.

S O N G 588.

WOULD we attain the happiest State,
That is design'd us here ;
No Joy a Rapture must create,
No Grief beget Despair :

No Injury fierce Anger raise,
 No Honour tempt to Pride;
 No vain Desires of empty Praise,
 Must in the Soul abide.
 No Charms of Youth, or Beauty, move
 The constant settled Breast:
 Who leaves a Passage free to Love,
 Shall let in all the rest.
 In such a Heart soft Peace will live,
 Where none of these abound;
 The greatest Blessing Heaven does give,
 Or can on Earth be found.

S O N G 589.

Would you be a Man in Fashion?
 Would you lead a Life divine?
 Take a little Dram of Passion (a little Dram of Passion)
 In a lusty Dose of Wine.
 If the Nymph has no Compassion,
 Vain it is to sigh and groan:
 Love was but put in for Fashion,
 Wine will do the Work alone.

S O N G 590.

Would you chuse a Wife,
 For a happy Life,
 Leave the Court, and the Country take;
 Where Dolly and Sue,
 Young Molly and Prue,
 Follow Roger and John,
 Whilst Harvest goes on,
 And merrily, merrily rake.
 Leave the London Dames,
 Be it spoke to their Shames,
 To lig in their Beds till Noon;
 Then get up and stretch,
 Then paint too, and patch,
 Some Widgeon to catch;
 Then look on their Watch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.
 Then Coffee, and Tea,
 Both Green and Bohea,
 Are serv'd to their Tables in Plate;

Where

Where their Tattles do run,
 As swift as the Sun,
 Of what they have won,
 And who is undone,
 By Gaming, and sitting up late.

The Lads give me here,
 Though brown as my Beer,
 That knows how to govern her House ;
 That can milk her Cow,
 Or farrow her Sow,
 Make Butter, or Cheese,
 Or gather Green Pease,
 And values fine Clothes not a Souse.

This, this is the Girl,
 Worth Rubies and Pearl ;
 This the Wife that will make a Man rich :
 We Gentlemen need,
 No Quality Breed,
 To squander away,
 What Taxes would pay ;
 In troth we care for none such.

S O N G 591.

WOULD you court the Joys won't leave you,
 Pay your Vows to Bacchus' Shrine ;
 Other Pleasures will deceive you :
 Truth is only found in Wine.

Let the puny sneaking Lover
 Bow to Cupid, like a Fool :
 Just Experience will discover
 He's no more than Woman's Tool.

Bring more Wine, then charge your Glasses ;
 Let 'em flow with gen'rous Red :
 Drown a Thousand loving Asses,
 Then in Triumph march to Bed.

S O N G 592.

WOULD you gain the tender Creature,
 Softly, gently, kindly treat her,
 Suff'ring is the Lover's Part :
 Beauty by Constraint possessing,
 You enjoy but half the Blessing,
 Lifeless Charm without the Heart !

S O N G

S O N G 593.

Would you have a young Virgin of Fifteen Years,
 You must tickle her Fancy with Sweets and Dears,
 Ever toying and playing, and sweetly, sweetly
 Sing a Love-Sonnet, and charm her Ears;
 Wittily, prettily talk her down,
 Chase her, and praise her, if fair or brown;
 Sooth her, and smooth her,
 And tease her, and please her,
 And touch but her Smicket, and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a Widow well known in Man,
 With a Front of Assurance come boldly on;
 Be at her each Moment, and briskly, briskly
 Put her in Mind how the Time steals on;
 Rattle, and prattle, altho' she frown,
 Rouze her, and touze her from Morn to Noon,
 And shew her some Hour
 You'll answer her Dow'r,
 And get but her Writings, and all's your own.
 Do you fancy a Punk of a Humour free,
 That's kept by a Fumbler of Quality,
 You must rail at her Keeper, and tell her, tell her,
 That Pleasure's best Charm is Variety:
 Swear her much fairer than all the Town,
 Try her, and ply her when Cully's gone;
 Dog her, and jog her,
 And meet her and treat her,
 And kiss with a Guinea, and all's your own.

S O N G 594.

Would you know how we meet o'er our jolly full
 Bowls?
 As we mingle our Liquors, we mingle our Souls.
 The sharp melts the sweet, the kind smooths the strong,
 And nothing but Friendship grows all the Night long:
 We drink, laugh, and celebrate ev'ry Desire;
 Love only remains our unquenchable Fire,

S O N G 595.

Would you taste the Noontide Air?
 To yon fragrant Bow'r repair,
 Where woven with the Poplar Bough
 The mantling Vine will shelter you,

Down

Down each Side a Fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes
Lightly o'er the mossy Ground,
Sultry Phœbus scorching round.

Round the languid Herds and Sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny Hillocks sleep,
While on the Hyacinth and Rose
The Fair does all alone repose.

All alone---and in her Arms
Your Breast may beat to Love's Alarms,
Till blest and blessing you shall own
The Joys of Love are Joys alone.

S O N G 596.

YE Beaus of Pleasure,
Whose Wit at Leisure,
Can count Love's Treasure,
Its Joy and Smart;
At my Desire,
With me retire,
To know what Fire
Consumes my Heart.

Three Moons that hasted,
Are hardly wasted,
Since I was blasted
With Beauty's Ray;

Aurora shews ye
No Face so rosy,
No July's Pofy,
So fresh and gay.

Her Skin by Nature,
No Ermine better,
Tho' that fine Creature

Is white as Snow:
With blooming Graces
Adorn'd her Face is;
Her flowing Tresses
As black as Slow.

She's tall and slender,
She's soft and tender;
Some God commend her,
My Wit's too low,

† I i

'Twere

'Twere joyful Plunder,
To bring her under ;
She's all a Wonder,
From Top to Toe.

Then cease, you Sages,
To quote dull Pages,
That in all Ages
The Mind is free :

Tho' great your Skill is,
So strong the Will is,
My Love for Phillis
Must ever be.

S O N G 597.

YE Cats, that at Midnight spit Love at each other,
Who best feel the Pangs of a passionate Lover ;
I appeal to your Scratches and tattered Fur,
If the Business of Love be not more than to pur.
Old Lady Grimalkin, with Gooseberry Eyes,
When Kitten knows something: for why? she was wise :
You find by Experience the Love Fit's soon o'er,
Puss, Puss, lasts not long, but turns to Cat-whore,
Men ride many Miles,
Cats tread many Tiles,
Both hazard, both hazard their Necks in the Fray ;
Only Cats, if they fall
From a House or a Wall,
Keep their Feet, mount their Tails, mount their Tails,
and away.

S O N G 598.

YE fair injur'd Nymphs, and ye Beaus who deceive 'em,
Who with Passion engage, and without Reason
leave 'em ;
Draw near and attend, how the Hero I sing,
Was foil'd by a Girl, tho' at Arms he was King,
Derry down, &c.
Crests, Mottos, Supporters, and Bearings knew he,
And deeply was study'd in old Pedigree ;
He would sit a whole Evening, and not without Rapture,
Tell who begot whom, to the End of the Chapter.
Derry down, &c.

In forming his Tables, nought griev'd him, but solely,
That this Man dy'd coëlbs, and that fine prole.
At last, having trac'd other Families down,
He began to have Thoughts of encreasing his own.

Derry down, &c.

A Damsel he chose, not too slow of Belief,
And fain would be deem'd her Admirer in chief;
He blazon'd his Suit, and the Sum of his Tale,
Was, his Coat and her Coat, join'd party per pale.

Derry down, &c.

In different Stile, to tie faster the Noose,
He next would attack her in soft Billet-doux:
His Argent and Sable were laid aside quite,
Plain English he wrote, and in plain black and white.

Derry down, &c.

Against such Atchievements what Beauty could fence?
Or who would have thought it was all but Pretence?
His Pain to relieve, and fulfil his Desire,
The Lady agreed to join Hands with the 'Squire.

Derry down, &c.

The 'Squire in a Fret that the Jest went so far,
Consider'd with Speed how to put in a Barr.
His Words bound him not, since hers did not confine her;
And this is plain Law, because Miss is a Minor.

Derry down, &c.

Miss briskly reply'd, that the Law was too hard,
If she who's a Minor may not be a Ward:
In Law then confiding, she took it upon her,
By Justice to mend those foul Breaches of Honour.

Derry down, &c.

She handled him so, that few would, I warrant,
Have been in his Coat, on so sleeveless an Errand:
She made him give Bond for stamp'd Argent and Or,
And sabl'd his Shield with Gules blazon'd before.

Derry down, &c.

Ye Heralds produce, from the Time of the Normans,
In all your Records such a base Non-performance;
Or if without Instance the Case is we touch on,
Let this be set down as a Blot in his 'Scutcheon.

Derry down, &c.

† I i 2

S O N G

S O N G 599.

YE fragrant Scents, and Colours fine,
Or with the Seasons fly, or stay :
Where'er ye breath, where'er ye shine,
To find ye I shall learn the Way.

In vain ye hope at hide and seek,
My Senses fond Pursuits to fly ;
I'll catch you on Belinda's Cheek,
Or some convenient Charm near by.

S O N G 600.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea,
And please the canny Boat-man,
Bear me frae hence, or bring to me
My brave, my bonny Scot-man ;
In haly Bands
We join'd our Hands,
Yet may not this discover,
While Parents rate
A large Estate
Before a faithful Lover.

But I loor chuse in Highland Glens
To herd the Kid, and Goat-man,
E'er I cou'd, for sic little Ends,
Refuse my bonny Scot-man.

Wae worth the Man,
Wha first began
The base ungenerous Fashion ;
Frae greedy Views,
Love's Art to use,
While Strangers to its Passion.

Frae foreign Fields, my lovely Youth,
Haste to thy longing Lassie,
Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,
And in her Bosom hawse thee.

Love gives the Word,
Then haste on board,
Fair Winds and tenty Boat-man,
Waft o'er, waft o'er,
Frae yonder Shore,
My blith, my bonny Scot-man.

S O N G

S O N G 601.

YE gentle Gales, that fan the Air,
 And wanton in the shady Grove ;
 Oh ! whisper to my absent Fair,
 My secret Pain, and endless Love :
 And, in the sultry Heat of Day,
 When she does seek some cool Retreat,
 Throw spicy Odours in her Way,
 And scatter Roses at her Feet :

That when she sees their Colours fade,
 And all their Pride neglected lie ;
 Let that instruct the charming Maid,
 That Sweets not timely gather'd die,
 And when she lays her down to Rest,
 Let some auspicious Vision shew,
 Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
 And what for her I'd undergo.

S O N G 602.

YE Gods ! was Strephon's Picture blest
 With the fair Heaven of Chloe's Breast ?
 Move softer, thou fond fluttering Heart,
 Oh ! gently throb, — too fierce thou art.
 Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind,
 For Strephon was the Bliss design'd ?
 For Strephon's Sake, dear charming Maid,
 Didst thou prefer his wand'ring Shade ?
 And thou, blest Shade, that sweetly art
 Lodged so near my Chloe's Heart,
 For me the tender Hour improve,
 And softly tell how dear I love.
 Ungrateful Thing ! it scorns to hear
 Its wretched Master's ardent Prayer,
 Engrossing all that beauteous Heaven,
 That Chloe, lavish Maid, has given.
 I cannot blame thee : Were I Lord
 Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
 I'd be a Miser too, nor give
 An Alms to keep a God alive.

Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
On those cold Looks, that lifeless Air;
Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
With eager Love, and soft Desire.

'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid!
To Life can bring the silent Shade;
Thou canst surpass the Painter's Art,
And real Warmth and Flames impart.
But oh! it ne'er can love like me;
I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee;
Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request;
Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

S O N G 603.

YE Gods, ye gave to me a Wife,
Out of your Grace and Favour,
To be the Comfort of my Life,
And I was glad to have her.
But if your Providence divine,
For greater Bliss design her,
To obey your Will at any Time,
I am ready to resign her.

S O N G 604.

YE good Fellows all
Who love to be told where there's Claret good Store,
Attend to the Call of one who's ne'er frighted,
But greatly delighted with six Bottles more:
Be sure you don't pass, the good House Money-Glass,
Which the jolly red God so peculiarly owns;
'Twill well suit your Humour, for pray what wou'd you
more,
Than Mirth with good Claret and Bumpers 'Squire Jones.
Ye Lovers who pine
For Lassies who oft prove as cruel as fair,
Who whimper and whine for Lillies and Roses,
With Eyes, Lips and Noses, or Tip of an Ear:
Come hither, I'll shew you, how Phillis and Chloe,
No more shall occasion such Sighs and such Groans;
For what Mortal so stupid, as not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good Claret, and Bumpers 'Squire Jones.

Ye

Ye Poets who write,
 And brag of your drinking fam'd Hellicon's Brook,
 Tho' all you get by't is a Dinner oft-times,
 In reward for your Rhymes, with Humphry the Duke :
 Learn Bacchus to follow, and quit your Apollo,
 Forsake all the Muses, those senseless old Drones ;
 Our jingling of Glasses, your Rhyming surpasses,
 When crown'd with good Claret, and Bumpers 'Squire
 Jones.

Ye Soldiers so stout,
 With Plenty of Oaths, tho' no Plenty of Coin
 Who make such a Rout, of all your Commanders,
 Who serv'd us in Flanders, and eke at the Boyne,
 Come leave off your Rattling, of fighting and battling,
 And know you'd much better to sleep with whole Bones,
 Were you sent to Gibraltar, your Note you'd soon alter,
 And wish for good Claret, and Bumpers 'Squire Jones.

Ye Clergy so wise,
 Who Mysteries profound can demonstrate clear,
 How worthy to rise, you preach once a Week,
 But your Tythes never seek above once in a Year,
 Come here without failing, and leave off your Railing
 'Gainst Bishops providing for dull stupid Drones,
 Says the Text so divine, what is Life without Wine,
 Then away with the Claret, a Bumper 'Squire Jones.

Ye Lawyers so just,
 Be the Cause what it will who so learnedly plead,
 How worthy of Trust, you know Black from White,
 Yet prefer Wrong to Right, as you're chanc'd to be see'd
 Leave musty Reports, and forsake the King's Courts,
 Where Dulness and Discord have set up their Thrones,
 Burn Salkield and Ventris, with all your damn'd Entries,
 And away with the Claret, a Bumper 'Squire Jones.

Ye Physical Tribe,
 Who's Knowledge consists in hard Words and Grimace,
 When e're you prescribe, have at your Devotion
 Pills, Bolus or Portion, be what will the Case :
 Pray where is the Need to purge, blister and bleed,
 When ailing yourselves, the whole Faculty owns,

That

That the Forms of old Galen, are not so prevailing,
 As Mirth with good Claret, and Bumpers 'Squire Jones,
 Ye Fox-Hunters, eke,
 That follow the Call of the Horn and the Hound,
 Who your Ladies forsake before they're awake,
 To beat up the Break where the Vermin is found,
 Leave Piper and Blueman, shrill Dutchess and Truman,
 No Musick is found in such dissonant Tones;
 Wou'd you ravish your Ears with the Songs of the
 Spheres,

Hark! away to the Claret, a Bumper 'Squire Jones.

S O N G 605.

YE happy Swains, whose Nymphs are kind,
 Teach me the Art of Love:
 That I the like Success may find,
 My Sheperdess to move:
 Long have I strove to win her Heart,
 But yet alas! in vain;
 For she still acts one cruel Part
 Of Rigour and Disdain.

Whilst in my Breast a Flame most pure
 Consumes my Life away;
 Ten thousand Tortures I endure,
 Languishing Night and Day:
 Yet she, regardless of my Grief,
 Looks on her dying Slave;
 And unconcern'd, yields no Relief,
 To heal the Wound she gave.

What is my Crime! oh rigid Fate!
 I'm punish'd so severe?

Tell me, that I may expiate
 With a repenting Tear:

But if you have resolv'd, that I
 No Mercy shall obtain;

Let her persist in Tyranny,
 And cure by Death my Pain.

S O N G 606.

YE Highlands and ye Lawlands,
 Oh! where have you been?
 They have slain the Earl of Murray,
 And they laid him on the Green!

Now wae be to thee, Huntly,
 And wherefore did you sae ?
 I bade you bring him wi' you,
 But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw Gallant,
 And he rid at the Ring ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh ! he might have been a King.

He was a braw Gallant,
 And he play'd at the Ba' ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray
 Was the Flower amang them a'.

He was a braw Gallant,
 And he play'd at the Glove ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh ! he was the Queen's Love.

Oh ! lang will his Lady
 Look o'er the Castle Down,
 E'er she see the Earl of Murray
 Come sounding thro' the Town.

S O N G 607.

YE Lads and ye Lassies, that live at Longleat,
 Where, they say, there's no End of good Drink
 and good Meat ;

Where the Poor fill their Bellies, the Rich receive
 Honour ;

So great and so good is the Lord of the Manor.

Ye Nymphs, and ye Swains, that inhabit the Place,
 Give Ear to my Song of a Fiddle's hard Case ;
 For it is of a Fiddle, a sweet Fiddle I sing,
 A softer and sweeter djd never wear String.

Melpomene, lend me the Aid of thy Art,
 Whilst I the sad Fate of this Fiddle impart ;
 For never had Fiddle a Fortune so bad,
 Which shews the best Things the worst Fortune have had.

This Fiddle of Fiddles when it came to be try'd,
 Was as sweet as a Lark, and as soft as a Bride ;
 This Fiddle to see, and its Musick to hear,
 Gave Delight to the Eye, while it ravish'd the Ear,

But

But first I must sing of this Fiddle's Country,
 'Twas born and 'twas bred in fair Italy ;
 In a Town where a Marshal of France had the Hap,
 (Fortune de la guerre) to be caught in a Trap.

And now, having sung of this Fiddle's high Birth ;
 I should sing of the Fingers which made so much Mirth ;
 But Fingers so strait, so swift, and so small,
 Should be sung by a Poet, or not sung at all.

Though I am, God-wot, but a poor Country Swain,
 And cannot indite in so lofty a Strain ;
 So all I can say, is to tell you once more,
 Such Hands and such Fingers were ne'er seen before.

Having sung of the Fingers and Fiddle, I trow,
 You'll hold it but meet, I should sing of the Bow ;
 The Bow it was Ebony, whose Virtue was such,
 It wounded your Heart, if your Ear it did touch.

Cupid fain would have chang'd with this Bow for a while,
 To which the coy Nymph thus reply'd with a Smile,
 My Bow is far better than yours, I'll appeal,
 Yours only can kill, mine can both kill and heal.

This Fiddle and Bow, and its Musick together,
 Would make heavy Hearts as light as a Feather :
 But alas ! when I shall its Catastrophe sing,
 Your Heart it will bleed, and your Hands you will wring.

This Fiddle was laid on a soft easy Chair,
 Taking all for its Friends its sweet Musick did hear ;
 When straight there came in a huge masculine Bum,
 I wish the De'il had it to make him a Drum.

Now woe to the Bum that this Fiddle demolish'd,
 That has all our Musick and Pastime abolish'd ;
 May it never want Birch to be switch'd and be lash'd,
 May it ever be itching, and never be scratch'd.

May it never break Wind in the Cholick so grievous,
 A Penance too small for a Crime so mischievous :
 Ne'er find a soft Cushion, its Anguish to ease,
 While all is too little my Wrath to appease.

Of other Bum-scrapes may it still bear the Blame,
 Ne'er shew its Bareface without Sorrow or Shame ;
 May

May it ne'er mount a Horseback without Loss of Leather ;
Which brings me almost to the End of my Tether.

And now, lest some Critick of deep Penetration,
Should attack our poor Ballad with grave Annotation ;
The Fop must be told, without speaking in Riddle,
He must first make a better, or kiss my Bumfiddle.

S O N G 608.

YE little Loves that hourly wait,
To bring from Cælia's Eyes my Fate,
Tell her my Pain in softest Sighs,
And gently whisper, Strephon dies.

But if that won't her Pity move,
And the coy Nymph disdains to love,
Tell her again 'tis all a Lie,
And haughty Strephon scorns to die.

S O N G 609.

YE Mad-caps of England, who merry would make,
And for your brave Valour would Pains undertake :
Come over for Flanders, and there you shall see
How merry we'll make it, how frolick we'll be :

Sing Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra, Boys,
Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra, ra, Boys,
Tanta, ra, ra, ra, ra, Boys, drink, Boys,
drink.

If you have been a Citizen broke by Mischance,
And would by your Courage your Credit advance ;
Here's Stuff to be won by vent'ring your Life,
So you leave at home a good Friend by your Wife.

Sing Tanta, ra, ra, &c. Wear Horns, &c.

But if upon Wenches you have spent all your Means,
And still your Minds run upon Whores and Queans ;
Here's Wenches enough that will with you go
From Leaguer to Leaguer in spite of your Foe ;

Sing Tanta, ra, ra, &c. Whores all, &c.

As soon as you come to your Enemies Land,
Where fat Goose and Capon you have at Command ;
Sing take them and eat them, or let them alone,
Sing go out and fetch them, or else you get none :

Sing Tanta, ra, ra, &c. Make shift, &c.

Your Serjeants and Officers are very kind,
 If that you can flatter, and speak to their Mind :
 They will free you from Duty, and all other Trouble,
 Your Money being gone, your Duty comes double.

Sing Tanta, ra, ra, &c. Hard Case, &c.

And when you break an Arm, or a Leg,
 You shall have your Pass thro' the Country to beg ;
 Your Officer promises you some other Pay,
 But the Soldier ne'er gets it, no not till Doomsday.

Sing Tanta, ra, ra, &c. Long Time, &c.

At last, when you come to your Enemies Walls,
 Where many brave Gallant and Gentleman falls ;
 And when you have done the best that you can,
 Your Captain rewards you, there dies a brave Man ;

Sing Tanta, ra, ra, &c. That's all, &c.

S O N G 610.

YE Maidens, ye Wives, and young Widows, rejoice,
 Proclaim a Thanksgiving with Heart and with Voice.

Since Waters were Waters, I dare boldly say,
 Ye ne'er had more Cause for a Thanksgiving-Day.
 For from London Town there is lately come down
 Four able Physicians, who never wore Gown ;
 Whose Physic is pleasant, tho' their Doses are large,
 And you may be cur'd without Danger or Charge.

No Bolus, no Vomit, no Potion, no Pill,
 Which sometimes do cure, but oft'ner do kill :
 Your Taste or your Palate they ne'er will displease,
 If you'll be advis'd, but by one of these :

For they have a new Drug, 'tis call'd, The Close Hug ;
 'Twill mend your Complexion, and make you look smug :
 'Tis a sovereign Balsam, when once well apply'd,
 For tho' prob'd to the Heart, the Patient ne'er dy'd.

In the Morning you need not be rob'd of your Rest,
 For in your warm Bed this Physic works best ;
 What tho' in the Taking some Stirring's requir'd,
 The Motion's so pleasant you cannot be tir'd :
 On your Backs you must lie, with your Bodies rais'd high,
 And one of these Doctors must always be nigh,
 Who still will be ready to cover you warm ;
 For if you take Cold, any Physic does Harm,

But

But before these fine Doctors will give their Direction,
 They always consider the Patient's Complexion :
 If she has a moist Palm, or a red Head of Hair,
 She'll require more Balsam than one Man can spare :
 If she has a long Nose, the Lord above knows
 How many large Handfuls must go to her Dose :
 You Ladies that have such ill Symptoms as these,
 In Conscience and Honour should pay double Fees.
 And so let us give to these Doctors due Praise,
 Who to all kind of Persons their Favour conveys :
 On the Ugly, for Pity's Sake, Skill should be shown,
 But as for the Handsome, they're cur'd for their own.
 On their Silver and Gold they never lay hold ;
 For what comes so freely they scorn should be sold :
 Then join with these Doctors, and heartily pray,
 That the Power of their Physic may never decay.

S O N G 611.

YE Minutes, bring the happy Hour,
 And Chloe blushing to the Bow'r ;
 Then shall all idle Flames be o'er,
 Nor Eyes or Heart e'er wander more :
 Both, Chloe, fix for ever on thee ;
 For thou art all thy Sex to me.

A guilty is a false Embrace ;
 Corinna's Love's a Fairy Chace :
 Be gone, thou Meteor, fleeting Fire,
 And all that can't survive Desire :
 Chloe my Reason moves, and Awe ;
 And Cupid shot me when I saw.

S O N G 612.

YE Minutes swiftly move,
 That bear me to my Love ;
 When Phœbe's near,
 I'm debonair,
 And happier far than Jove :
 Her every Charm,
 Her Power to warm
 The coldest Cynick's Breast ;
 In each fond Sigh
 My Wishes fly,

To tell how I
In Absence die,
'Till of my Dear possest.

S O N G 613.

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
That love green Fields and Woods,
When Spring, newly blown,
Herself does adorn
With Flowers and blooming Buds ;
Come sing in the Praise,
Whilst Flocks do graze,
In yonder pleasant Vale ;
Of those that chuse
Their Sleep to lose,
And in cold Dews,
With clouted Shoes,
Do carry the Milking-Pail.
The Goddess of the Morn
With Blushes they adorn ;
And take the fresh Air,
Whilst Linnets prepare
A Concert on each green Thorn :
The Blackbird and Thrush,
On every Bush,
And the charming Nightingale,
In merry Vein
Their Throats do strain,
To entertain
The jolly Train
That carry the Milking-Pail.
When cold bleak Winds do roar,
And Flowers can spring no more ;
The Fields that were seen,
So pleasant and green,
By Winter all candy'd o'er.
Oh how the Town Lass,
Looks with her white Face,
And her Lips of deadly pale !
But it is not so
With those that go

Thro'

Thro' Frost and Snow,
 With Cheeks that glow !
 To carry the milking-Pail.
 The Miss of courtly Mould,
 Adorn'd with Pearl and Gold,
 With Washes and Paint
 Her Skin does so taint,
 She's wither'd before she's old :
 Whilst she in Commode,
 Puts on a Cart-Load,
 And with Cushions plumps her Tail.
 What Joys are found
 In Ruffet Gown,
 Young, plump, and round,
 And sweet and sound,
 That carry the Milking Pail.
 The Girls of Venus' Game,
 That venture Health and Fame,
 In practising Feats,
 With Colds and with Heats,
 Make Lovers grow blind and lame :
 If Men were so wise,
 To value the Price
 Of the Wares most fit for Sale,
 What Store of Beaus
 Would pawn their Cloaths,
 To save a Nose,
 By following those
 That carry the Milking-Pail !
 The Country Lad is free
 From Fears and Jealousy,
 When upon the Green,
 He is often seen
 With his Lads upon his Knee ;
 With Kisses most sweet
 He does her greet,
 And swears she'll ne'er grow stale !
 Whilst the London Lads
 In ev'ry Place,

With her brazen Face,
 Despises the Grace
 Of those with the Milking-Pail.

S O N G 614.

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, that adorn the gay Plains,
 Come listen a while to my sorrowful Strains;
 Oh! hear me with Pity, no Trifle I sing,
 Of no less a Loss than my little brown Thing.

As at Cards with my Friends I play'd t'other Day,
 To banish dull Vapours, and drive Care away,
 Young Collin, as brisk as the Birds in the Spring,
 Was playing all the while with my little brown Thing.

I dream'd of no Mischief, but let him enjoy
 His innocent Fancy, and play with my Toy;
 But I found when his Humour was left to its Swing,
 He would have more than have play'd with my little
 brown Thing.

He was smiling at something, I ask'd what it was?
 He answer'd, with a Smile, that I was the Cause;
 He swore, he had rather, than call himself King,
 Have play'd all the Night with my little brown Thing.

However, said he, if on Terms you will treat,
 Be kind, and I'll fall like a Lamb at your Feet;
 Oh! oh! oh! he cry'd thus, whilst round thee I cling,
 Surrender one Moment thy little brown Thing.

I sigh'd, and cry'd, Nay, but as well might comply'd;
 He was fix'd to obtain what in vain I deny'd:
 The rest of my Story, oh! how shall I sing,
 In Words, how he ravish'd my little brown Thing.

S O N G 615.

YE Nymphs and ye Swains, from the Groves and the
 Plains,

Attend my Complaints, and give Ear to my Strains:
 No Lover in Story, or ancient or new,
 E'er suffer'd so much from a Passion so true.

The Nymph I adore, neither cruel nor kind,
 To Love seems averse, to my Friendship inclin'd:
 She smiles when I'm gay, when I sigh she looks grave,
 She admits me her Friend, but disowns me her Slave.

I tell

I tell her I'm dying ; she asks what I ail ?
 I fall at her Feet ; but alas ! 'twon't avail :
 She wonders why trembling I sigh and complain,
 And pities my Case, while she laughs at my Pain.
 A Bosom so frozen what Lover can bear ?
 Then say, O ye Pow'rs ! shall I hope or despair ?
 Or fly to a warmer, and kinder than she,
 Who'll soon ease my Pains, and as soon set me free ?

S O N G 616.

YE Nymphs of Britain, to whose Eyes
 The World admits the glorious Prize
 Of Beauty to be due ;
 Ah ! guard it with assiduous Care,
 Let neither Flattery insnare,
 Nor Wealth your Hearts subdue.
 Old Bromio's rank'd among the Beaus ;
 Young Cynthio solitary goes,
 Unheeded by the fair !
 Ask you then what this Pref'rence gives ?
 Six Flanders Mares the former drives,
 The latter but a Pair.

Let meaner Things be bought and sold,
 But Beauty never truck'd for Gold ;
 Ye Fair, your Value prove !
 And, since the World's a Price too low,
 Like Heav'n, your Ecstasies bestow
 On Constancy and Love.
 But still, ye gen'rous Maids, beware,
 Since Hypocrites to Heav'n there are,
 And to the Beauteous too :
 Do not too easily confide ;
 Let every Lover well be try'd,
 And well reward the true.

S O N G 617.

YE Nymphs, no more take Pains to hide
 Your Love, but own your Passion :
 For Virtue, if too nice, is Pride ;
 And Coyness, Affectation.
 Cupid, make your Virgins tender,
 Make 'em easy to be won ;

† K k 3

Let

Let 'em presently surrender,
 When the Treaty's once begun.
 Such as like a tedious Wooing,
 Let 'em cruel Damsels find
 But for such as would be doing,
 Pr'ythee, Cupid, make them kind.

S O N G 618.

YE Nymphs who frequent those sweet Plains,
 Where Thames' gentle Current doth glide,
 Who, whilom, have heard my glad Strains,
 Nor grateful Attention deny'd.
 With Pity, ye Fair, O reflect
 On the cruel Reverse of my Fate ;
 See Constancy paid with Neglect,
 And Fondness rewarded with Hate.
 How joyous and gay was each Hour !
 How wing'd with soft Pleasure they fled !
 E're shipwreck'd on Humber's dull Shore,
 By Love my poor Heart was betray'd :
 For there the Deceiver doth dwell,
 Whose Charms have so long been my Theme ;
 In Beauty the Maid doth excell,
 But is fickle and wild as the Stream.
 If, averse to my Courtship at first,
 She had check'd my fond infant Desire,
 Her Coldness had left me less curst,
 And perhaps had extinguish'd my Fire :
 But a thousand false Arts she employ'd,
 (Ingenious and wanton in Ill)
 The Passion she nurs'd, she destroy'd,
 And only created to kill.
 Yet tho' she delights in my Smart,
 Tho' she robs me of all I hold dear,
 Revenge is below a great Heart,
 I wish her a Lot less severe :
 May the Swain, she shall crown with Success,
 By this Kindness deserve to be priz'd ;
 'Twould double, methinks, my Distress,
 At last to see her too despis'd.

S O N G

S O N G 619.

YE Pow'rs ! was Damon then so blest,
 To fall to charming Delia's Share ;
 Delia, the beauteous Maid, posselt
 Of all that's soft, and all that's fair ?
 Here cease thy Bounty, O indulgent Heav'n,
 I ask no more, for all my Wish is given.
 I came, and Delia smiling, show'd
 She smil'd, and show'd the happy Name ;
 With rising Joy my Heart o'erflow'd,
 I felt and blest the new-born Flame.
 May softest Pleasure ceaseless round her move,
 May all her Nights be Joy, and Days be Love.
 She drew the Treasure from her Breast,
 That Breast where Love and Graces play :
 O Name beyond Expression blest !
 Thus lodg'd with all that's fair and gay.
 To be so lodg'd ! the Thought is Extasy !
 Who would not wish in Paradise to lie ?

S O N G 620.

YE Purple-blooming Roses,
 When Love in Wreathes disposes ;
 Why guard ye so your Treasures,
 And grudge the Boy his Pleasures ?
 So mix'd with sweet and sour,
 Life's not unlike the Flow'r :
 Its Sweets unpluckt will languish,
 And gather'd 'tis with Anguish.
 Then, lovely Boy, bring hither
 The Chaplet, e'er it wither ;
 Steep'd in the various Juices
 The cluster'd Vine produces.
 This, round my moisten'd Tresses,
 The Use of Life expresses :
 Wine blunts the Thorn of Sorrow ;
 Our Rose may fade to morrow.

S O N G 621.

YE Shades, where fragrant Zephyrs blow,
 And shed around their rosy Dew ;
 Where whisp'ring Waters gently flow,
 And faithful Turtles fondly coo :

Where

Where I so oft have heard my Swain,
My faithless Damon tell his Pain.

How gay, how sweet was ev'ry Flow'r,
That drest the Margin of each Stream,
Where fondly Damon sigh'd and swore,
And Vows and Love were all his Theme ?
The Stream, the Flow'rs, the list'ning Shade,
All ! all have heard the Vows he made.

But since my perjur'd Damon flies,
The Rose that deck'd the lonesome Bow'r
Unheeded buds, unheeded dies,
Its dewy Fragrance charms no more :
But as the calling Turtles coo,
I wish and call for Damon too.

Along the River's Side I lie,
And weeping fill the Stream with Tears ;
Fond Echo too repeats each Sigh,
And ev'ry Grot my Anguish hears.
Ah ! gentle Echo, friendly Stream,
Convey my sad Complaints to him.
As thro' the sunny Lawn you stray,
Or rush along the gloomy Wood,
If you shou'd find my Wand'rer stray,
O tell whose Sorrow swells your Flood !
O tell my Pain, and tell him, I,
For Love, for Grief, and Damon, die !

S O N G 622.

YE Shepherds and Nymphs that adorn the gay Plain,
Approach from your Sports and attend to my Strain,
Amongst all your Number a Lover so true,
Was ne'er so undone, with such Bliss in his View.

Was ever a Nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her Wrath,
But calmly and mildly resigns me to Death.

She calls me her Friend, but her Lover denies :
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my Sighs.
A Bosom so flinty, so gentle an Air,
Inspires me with Hope, and yet bids me despair !

I fall at her Feet, and implore her with Tears :
 Her Answer confounds, while her Manner endears ;
 When softly she tells me to hope no Relief,
 My trembling Lips bless her in spite of my Grief.

By Night while I slumber, still haunted with Care,
 I start up in Anguish, and sigh for the Fair ;
 The Fair sleeps in Peace, may she ever do so !
 And only when dreaming imagine my Woe.

Then gaze at a Distance, nor farther aspire,
 Nor think she shou'd love, whom she cannot admire :
 Hush all thy complaining, and, dying her Slave,
 Commend her to Heav'n, and thyself to the Grave.

S O N G 623.

YE silvan Powers that rule the Plains,
 Where sweetly winding Fortha glides ;
 Conduct me to her Banks again,

Since there my charming Molly bides.
 These Banks that breathe their vernal Sweets,
 Where every smiling Beauty meets ;
 Where Molly's Charms adorn the Plain,
 And cheer the Heart of every Swain.

Thrice happy were these golden Days,
 When I, amidst the rural Throng,
 On Fortha's Meadows breath'd my Lays,
 And Molly's Charms were all my Song.
 While she was present all were gay,
 No Sorrow did our Mirth allay ;
 We sung of Pleasure, sung of Love,
 And Musick breath'd in every Grove.

O then ! was I the happiest Swain,
 No adverse Fortune marr'd my Joy ;
 The Shepherds sigh'd for her in vain,
 On me she smil'd, to them was coy.
 O'er Fortha's mazy Burks we stray'd,
 I woo'd, I lov'd the beauteous Maid ;
 The beauteous Maid my Love return'd,
 And both with equal Ardour burn'd.

Oft on the grassy Bank reclin'd,
 Where Forth flow'd by in Murmurs deep,
 It was my happy Chance to find
 The charming Molly lull'd asleep ;

My

My Heart then leap'd with inward Bliss,
 I softly stoop'd and steal'd a Kiss:
 She wak'd, she blush'd, to chide me fell,
 But smil'd as if she lik'd it well.

Oft in the thick embow'ring Groves,
 Where Birds their Musick chirp'd aloud,
 Alternately we sung our Loves,

And Forth's fair Meanders view'd.
 The Meadows wore a general Smile,
 Love was our Banquet all the while:
 The lovely Prospect charm'd the Eye,
 To where the Ocean met the Sky.

Ye silvan Powers, ye rural Gods,
 To whom we Swains our Cares impart,
 Restore me to these blest Abodes,
 And ease, oh! ease my Love-sick Heart;
 These happy Days again restore,
 When Molly and I shall part no more;
 When she shall fill these longing Arms,
 And crown my Bliss with all her Charms.

S O N G 624.

YE Sons of the Platter, give Ear,
 Venter habet Aures, they say,
 The Praise of good Eating to hear,
 You'll never be out of the Way,
 But with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
 Stand ready to cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean,
 Thro' Fat and thro' Lean,
 Stand ready to cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean.

The Science of Eating is old,
 Its Antiquity no Man can doubt:
 Tho' Adam was squeamish, we're told,
 Eve soon found a dainty Bit out.
 Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
 Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

Thro' the World from the West to the East,
 Whether City or Country, or Court,
 There's none, whether Layman or Priest,
 But with Pleasure confesses the Sport;
 When with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
 Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

At fair London the chief Magistrate,
From a Sermon at holy St. Paul,
Strait rides in a great Coach of State
To a Dinner at Fishmongers Hall;
Where with Knife sharp as Razor, and Stomach as keen,
His Passage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

There come Aldermen wrapt up in Fur,
And Sword-bearer too at that Call;
Or how were he able to bear

The Sword—and the Scabbard and all?
There with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

Common-Council, and Livery-Men,
The Rulers of every Street,
There come to cut and come again;
A Magistrate lives but to eat.

Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

At the Sound of the good College-Bell,
On a Gawday the Doctors descend,
With a Grace all in Latin, to tell
The Founder to Eating a Friend.

Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

At the Horn's most untuneable Notes
The Judges replenish their Maw,
And with Napkins tuck'd up to their Throats,
Shew good Eating's according to Law.

Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

At the Knock at the Buttery-Hatch,
The rosy-gill'd Chaplain comes down;
And my Lord himself makes such Dispatch,
That his Gout at that Sound is quite flown.

Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
Their Passage they cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

Neither Horns, neither Knockers, nor Bells
Hath the Plowman to give him his Cue:
His Stomach his Dinner-time tells,

And he whets his Case-Knife on his Shoe;
Then with Edge sharp as Razor, and Stomach as keen,
His Passage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

The Squire makes the Chase all his Care,
 O'er Hills and thro' Valleys his Course;
 And after a Whet of fresh Air,
 He as hungry returns, as his Horse;
 Then with Knife sharp as Razor, and Stomach as keen,
 His Passage he cuts thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.
 Here the Doctor, the Lawyer, Divine,
 The Courtier, the Tradesman, all meet:
 Their Care and their Toil is to Dine;
 ——— 'Tis all ——— to be able to Eat;
 Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
 Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.
 A Feast is an Emblem of Life,
 Where no sooner we taste, but we're gone;
 Few can say, I have play'd a good Knife,
 Few or None, Life's so short, Few or None.
 Then with Knives sharp as Razors, and Stomachs as keen,
 Our Passage let's cut thro' Fat and thro' Lean, &c.

S O N G 625.

YE Swains that are courting a Maid,
 Be warn'd and instructed by me;
 Tho' small Experience I've had,
 I'll give you good Council, and free.
 The Women are changeable Things,
 And seldom a Moment the same;
 As Time a Variety brings,
 Their Looks new Humours proclaim.
 But who in his Love would succeed,
 And his Mistress's Favour obtain,
 Must mind it as sure as his Creed,
 To make Hay while the Sun is serene.
 There's a Season to conquer the Fair;
 And that's when they're merry and gay:
 To catch the Occasion take Care;
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll essay.

S O N G 626.

YE twice ten hundred Deities,
 To whom we daily sacrifice;
 Ye Pow'rs that dwell with Fates below,
 And see what Men are doom'd to do;

Where

Where Elements in Discord dwell,
 Thou God of Sleep, arise and tell;
 Tell great Zempoalla what strange Fate
 Must on her dismal Vision wait.

By the Croaking of the Toads,
 In their Caves that make Abodes;
 Earthly Dun that pants for Breath,
 With her swell'd Sides full of Death;
 By the crested Adder's Pride,
 That along the Cliffs do glide;
 By thy Visage fierce and black;
 By the Death's-Head on thy Back;
 By the twisted Serpents plac'd
 For a Girdle round thy Waist;
 By the Hearts of Gold that deck
 Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck:
 From thy sleepy Mansion rise,
 And open thy unwilling Eyes;
 While bubbling Springs their Music keep,
 That use to lull thee in thy Sleep.

S O N G 627.

YE Virgins Pow'rs, defend my Heart
 From amorous Looks and Smiles;
 From saucy Love, or nicer Art,
 Which most our Sex beguiles.

From Sighs and Vows, and awful Fears,
 That do to Pity move;
 From speaking Silence, and from Tears,
 Those Springs that water Love.

But if thro' Passion I grow blind,
 Let Honour be my Guide;
 And when frail Nature seems inclin'd,
 There place a Guard of Pride.

An Heart whose Flames are seen, tho' pure,
 Needs every Virtue's Aid;
 And she who thinks herself secure,
 The soonest is betray'd.

S O N G 628.

YE watchful Guardians of the Fair,
 Who skiff on Wings of ambient Air,
 Of my dear Delia take a Care,

† L 1

And

And represent her Lover ;
 With all the Gaiety of Youth,
 With Honour, Justice, Love and Truth,
 'Till I return, her Passions sooth,
 For me, in Whispers move her.

Be careful no base sordid Slave,
 With Soul sunk in a golden Grave,
 Who knows no Virtue, but to save,
 With glaring Gold bewitch her.
 Tell her, for me she was design'd,
 For me, who knows how to be kind,
 And have more Plenty in my Mind,
 Than one who's ten times richer.

Let all the World turn up-side down,
 And Fools run an eternal round,
 In quest of what can ne'er be found,
 To please their vain Ambition ;
 Yet little Minds great Charms espy,
 In Shadows which at distance lie,
 Whose hop'd for Pleasures, when come nigh,
 Prove nothing in Fruition.

But cast into a Mould divine,
 Fair Delia does with Lustre shine,
 Her virtuous Soul's an ample Mine,
 Which yields a constant Treasure.
 Let Poets, in sublimest Lays,
 Employ their Skill her Fame to raise :
 Let Sons of Musick pass whole Days,
 With well-tun'd Reeds to please her.

S O N G 629.

YE Winds, to whom Collin complains
 In Ditties so sad, and so sweet,
 Believe me, the Shepherd but feigns
 He's wretched, to shew he has Wit.
 No Charmer like Collin can move,
 And this is some pretty new Art :
 Ah ! Collin's a Jugler in Love,
 And likes to play Tricks with my Heart.
 When he will, he can sigh and look pale,
 Seem doleful, and alter his Face,
 Can tremble, and breathe out his Tale :
 Ah ! Collin has every Face,

The

The Willow my Rover prefers
 To the Breasts where he once begg'd to lie ;
 And the Streams that he swells with his Tears,
 Are Rivals belov'd more than I.

His Head my fond Bosom would bear,
 And my Heart would soon bear him to Rest ;
 Let the Swain that is slighted despair,
 But Collin is only in jest.

No Death the Deceiver designs ;
 Let the Maid that is ruin'd despair ;
 For Collin but dies in his Lines,
 And gives himself that modish Air.

Can Shepherds, bred far from the Court,
 So wittily talk of their Flame ?

But Collin makes Passion his Sport :
 Beware of so fatal a Game.

My Voice of no Music can boast,
 Nor my Person of aught that is fine ;
 But Collin may find, to his Cost,
 A Face that is fairer than mine.

Ah ! then I will break my lov'd Crook,
 To thee I'll bequeath all my Sheep ;

And die in the much favour'd Brook,
 Where thou but pretendest to weep.

Then mourn the sad Fate that ye gave,
 In Sonnets so smooth and divine ;

Perhaps I may rise from my Grave,
 To hear such soft Music as thine.

Of the Violet, Daisy, and Rose,
 The Heart's Ease, the Lilly, and Pink,

Let thy Fingers a Garland compose,
 And crown'd by the Rivulet's Brink :

How oft, my dear Swain, did I swear,
 How much my fond Soul did admire

Thy Verses, thy Shape, and thy Air,
 Tho' deck'd in thy rural Attire.

Your Sheep-hook you rul'd with such Art,
 That all your small Subjects obey'd ;

And still you reign'd King of that Art,
 Whose Passion you falsely upbraid.

How often, my Swain, have I said,
 That thy Arms were a Palace to me;
 And how well I could live in a Shade,
 Tho' adorned with nothing but thee?
 Oh! what are the Sparks of the Town,
 Tho' never so fine and so gay?
 I freely would leave Beds of Down,
 For thy Breast, and a Bed of new Hay.
 Then, Collin, return once again,
 Again make me happy in Love;
 Let me find thee a faithful true Swain,
 And as constant a Nymph I will prove.

S O N G 630.

YES, all the World will sure agree,
 He who's secur'd of thee,
 Will be intirely blest;
 But 'twere in me too great a Wrong,
 To make one who has been so long
 My Queen, my Slave at last.
 Nor ought these Things to be confin'd,
 That were for public Good design'd:
 Could we, in foolish Pride,
 Make the Sun always with us stay,
 'Twould burn our Corn and Grass away,
 To starve the World beside.
 Let not the Thoughts of Parting fright
 Two Souls which Passion does unite:
 For while our Love does last,
 Neither will strive to go away;
 And why the Devil should we stay,
 When once that Love is past.

S O N G 631.

YES, Daphne, in your Face I find
 Those Charms by which my Heart's betray'd;
 Then let not your Disdain unbind
 The Prisoner that your Eyes have made:
 She that in Love makes least Defence,
 Wounds ever with the surest Dart;
 Beauty may captivate the Sense,
 But Kindness only gains the Heart.

'Tis Kindness, Daphne, must maintain
 The Empire that you once have won;
 When Beauty does like Tyrants reign,
 Its Subjects from their Duty run:
 Then force me not to be untrue,
 Lest I, compell'd by gen'rous Shame,
 Cast off my Loyalty to you,
 To gain a glorious Rebel's Name.

S O N G 632.

YES, I'm in Love, I feel it now,
 And Celia has undone me;
 And yet I'll swear I can't tell how,
 The pleasing Plague stole on me.
 'Tis not her Face that Love creates,
 For there no Graces revel:
 'Tis not her Shape, for there the Fates
 Have rather been uncivil.
 'Tis not her Air, for sure in that
 There's nothing more than common:
 'Tis not her Sense, for that's but Chat,
 Like any other Woman.

Her Voice, her Touch, might give th' Alarm,
 'Tis both perhaps, or neither:
 In short, 'tis that provoking Charm
 Of Celia all together.

S O N G 633.

YES, I could love, if I could find
 A Mistress fitted to my Mind;
 Whom neither Gold nor Pride could move,
 To change her Virtue or her Love.
 Loves to go neat, not to go fine;
 Loves for myself, and not for mine;
 Not City proud, nor nice and coy;
 But full of Love, and full of Joy.
 Nor childish young, nor beldame old;
 Nor fiery hot, nor icy cold:
 Not gravely wise, to rule the State;
 Nor foolish, to be pointed at.
 Not worldly rich, nor basely poor;
 Not chaste, nor a reputed Whore.

If such a one you can discover,
Pray, Sir, entitle me her Lover.

S O N G 634.

YOU ask, Melissa, why I love ;
Go, ask the rising Sun,
The Moon, the Stars, ask why they move,
And in their Order run.

Go to the Seas, the restless Seas,
Ask why they ebb and flow ;
Ask why the Damn'd are ne'er at ease,
The Happy always so.

Go search thro' Nature's secret Laws,
Why to herself she's true ;
If you extort from her the Cause,
Then I will answer you.

S O N G 635.

YOU Friends to Reformation,
Give Ear to my Relation ;

For I will now declare, Sir,
Before you are aware, Sir,
The Matter very plain,
The Matter very plain.

A Gospel Cushion-Thumper,
Who dearly lov'd a Bumper,
And something else beside, Sir,
If he is not bely'd, Sir :
This was a holy Guide, Sir,
For the Dissenting Train.

And for to tell you truly,
His Flesh was so unruly,
He could not for his Life, Sir,
Pass by the Draper's Wife, Sir,
The Spirit was so faint, &c.

This jolly handsome Quaker,
As he did overtake her,
She made his Mouth to water,
And thought long to be at her :
Such Sin is no great Matter
Accounted by a Saint.

Says he, ' My pretty Creature,
' Your charming handsome Feature

Haa

' Has set me all on Fire ;
 ' You know what I desire ;
 ' There is no Harm in Love, &c.'

Quoth she, ' If that's your Notion,
 ' To preach up such Devotion :
 ' Such hopeful Guides as you, Sir,
 ' Will half the World undo, Sir,
 ' If you such Tricks approve.'

The Parson still more eager
 Than lustful Turk or Negroe,
 Took up her lower Garment,
 And said there was no Harm in't,

According to the Text, &c.
 For Solomon, far wiser
 Than any dull Adviser,
 Had many hundred Misses,
 To crown his Royal Wishes;
 And why should such as this is
 Make you so sadly vex?

The frighted Female Quaker
 Perceiv'd what he would make her ;
 Was forc'd to call the Watch in,
 And stop what he was hatching,

To spoil the Light within, &c.,
 They came to her Assistance,
 As she did make Resistance
 Against the Priest and Devil,
 The Actors of all Evil,
 Who were so grand uncivil,
 To tempt a Saint to sin.

The Parson then confounded,
 To see himself surrounded
 With Mob and sturdy Watchmen,
 Whose Business 'tis to catch Men,
 In Lewdness with a Punk, &c.

He had some faint Excuses,
 And all to hide Abuses,
 In taking up the Linnen,
 Against the Saint's Opinion,
 Within her soft Dominion,
 Alledging he was drunk,

But

But tho' he feigned Reeling,
They made him pay for Feeling,
And lugg'd him to a Prison,
To bring him to his Reason,

Which he had lost before, &c.
And thus we see how Preachers,
That should be Gospel-Teachers,
How they are strangely blinded,
To do as our Divine did,
And are so fleshly-minded,
To lie with any Whore.

S O N G 636.

YOU gallant Freeholders, now lend us a Hand,
The Crisis draws nigh : At Stake is England !
On Placemen, or Pensioners can you rely ?
Chuse such Men your Members all Bribes will defy,
Derry down, down, &c.

How great were your Taxes ? their Treaties how dark ?
Think who voted th' Excise ! on those set a Mark.
The Place-bill they damn'd, the Convention approv'd ;
They pass'd Bills of Credit, and Jobb-Work they lov'd.
Derry, down, &c.

New Places are coin'd ; but no Man's put in Post,
Till W——ng——n tries if his Morals are lost :
These your Boroughs wou'd poison——reject all the
Crew ;
The Money they proffer they first stole from you.
Derry down, &c.

You're fool'd, they are fatted ; the Juggle goes round,
For each Guinea they give, you're tax'd twenty Pound ;
Think then on old Liberty left by your Sires,
Nor vote for the Tools by whom it expires.
Derry down, &c.

The wild Arab, that robs, his Hoord won't betray.
Nor a Swiss his own Home, tho' he murders for Pay :
Banditti's will kill you, if Gold they can view ;
But none sell their Country, but B--b and his Crew.
Derry down, &c.

Remember whose Agents long shuffled in Spain,
Our Merchants insulted no Redress cou'd obtain :

Till

Till from Clamours without, within Doors they grew ;
Then a few Ships were sent. What with more might
we do ?

Derry down, &c.

Tho' an Hundred we had, all fit for the War,
From full sixty Thousand, no Soldiers they'd spare :
Then who cannot guess, why brave Vernon was sent ;
But he has defeated whatever was meant.

Derry down, &c.

To Vernon then drink, the bold City also ;
To London I mean. About let it go :
The Sheriff remember, he nobly behav'd,
And those sturdy Beggars your Country have sav'd.

Derry down, &c.

Then a Fig for their Keene, sly Fleury and Don,
Your hang-an-Arse Courtiers ; but Men that push'd on
This War must relieve you—huzza with full Glass,
All sad Dogs despise who bear Loads like an Ass.

Derry down, &c.

Then follow, brave Boys ; to those Leaders be true,
They'll your Freedom retrieve—your lost Honour too.
Accounts, when they're call'd for, shall ne'er be refus'd,
And Committees shall shew you whene'er you're abus'd.

Derry down.

S O N G 637.

YOU I love, by all that's true,
More than all Things here below ;
With a Pleasure far more great
Than e'er a Creature loved yet ;
And yet still you cry, Forbear,
Love me more, or love not here.

Bid the Miser leave his Ore ;
Bid the Wretched sigh no more :
Bid the Old be young again ;
Bid the Nun not think of Man :
Sylvia, when you this can do,
Bid me then not think of you.

Love's not a Thing of Choice, but Fate ;
What makes me love, makes you to hate :

Sylvia,

Sylvia, then do what you will,
Ease or cure, torment or kill ;
Be kind or cruel, false or true,
Love I must, and none but you.

S O N G 638.

YOU laugh to see me fond appear,
Of one not worth the Part, fal, lal, &c.

A Wretch by Nature insincere,
And amorous by Art. Fal, lal, &c.

Wrong not a well-meant, honest Flame,
To Lais undesign'd ; fal, lal, &c.

'Tis to her Sex, not her, I am
So ardent and so kind. Fal, lal, &c.

Where's now the mighty Diff'rence shewn,
In what we diff'rent do ? fal, lal, &c.

One feigns to all alike, and one
To all alike is true. Fal, lal, &c.

As both have hundreds done before,
Each other we carefs ; fal, lal, &c.

Impartial she loves no Man more,
And I no Woman less. Fal, lal, &c.

S O N G 639.

YOU little blind Deceiver, go,
And tell thy beauteous Mother,

A strong Resentment I will show,
Since she does love another.

What tho' her Air and Shape's divine,
Yet still I can withstand her,

I'll make the sporting Youth repine,
And shew him I'm Commander.

But if true Love hath no Effect,
On that delightful Treasure,

The Power I have I'll not neglect,
But seize her at my Pleasure.

S O N G 640.

YOU may cease to complain,
For your Suit is in vain,

All Attempts you can make
But augment her Disdain ;

She

She bids you give over
 While 'tis in your Power,
 For, except her Esteem,
 She can grant you no more :
 Her Heart has been long since
 Assaulted and won,
 Her Truth is as lasting
 And firm as the Sun ;
 You'll find it more easy
 Your Passion to cure,
 Than for ever those fruitless
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this Advice
 To the wretched and wise,
 But a Lover like me
 Will those Precepts despise ;
 I scorn to give over,
 Were it in my Power ;
 Tho' Esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet her I'll adore.
 A Heart that's been touch'd
 Will some Sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my Sorrows,
 If she takes a Share.
 I'll count it more Honour
 In dying her Slave,
 Than did her Affections
 The Steadiness crave.

You may tell her I'll be
 Her true Lover, tho' she
 Should Mankind despise
 Out of Hatted to me ;
 'Tis mean to give o'er
 'Cause we get no Reward,
 She lost not her Worth,
 When I lost her Regard ;
 My Love on an Altar
 More noble shall burn,
 I still will love on,
 Without Hopes of Return ;

I'll tell her some other
Has kindled the Flame,
And I'll sigh for herself
In another one's Name.

S O N G 64t.

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
Who poorly satisfy our Eyes;
More with your Number than your Light,
Like common People of the Skies;
What are you when the Moon doth rise?

You Violets, that first appear,
By your fine purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
As if the Spring was all your own;
What are ye when the Rose is blown?

You warbling Chaunters of the Wood,
Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,
Thinking your Voice is understood
By meaner Accents; what's your Praise,
When Philomel her Voice does raise?

You glorious Trifles of the East,
Whose Estimation Fancies raise,
Pearls, Rubies, Sapphire, and the rest
Of glitt'ring Gems; what is your Praise,
When the bright Diamond shews his Rays?

So when my Princess shall be seen,
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,
By Virtue first, then Choice a Queen;
Tell me, if she were not design'd,
Th' Eclipse and Glory of her Kind?

The Rose, the Violet, the whole Spring
Unto her Breath for Sweetness run;
The Di'mond's darken'd in the Ring;
If she appear the Moon's undone,
As in the Presence of the Sun.

S O N G 642.

YOU pretty Birds that sit and sing
Amidst the shady Valleys,
And see how sweetly Phillis walks
Within her guarded Alleys:

Go,

Go, pretty Birds, unto her Bow'r ;
Sing, pretty Birds, she may not low'r.

For fear my fairest Phillis frown,

You pretty Wantons warble.

Go, tell her thro' your chirping Bills,

As you by me are bidden,

To her is only known my Love,

Which from the World is hidden :

Go, pretty Birds, and tell her so ;

See that your Notes fall not too low.

For fear, &c.

Go tune your Voice's Harmony,

And sing I am her Lover ;

Strain low and high, that ev'ry Note

With sweet Consent may move her :

Tell her it is her Lover true,

That sendeth Love by you and you.

Ah me ! methinks I see her frown ;

You pretty Wantons warble.

Fly, pretty Birds, and in your Bills

Bear me a loving Letter

Unto my fairest Phillis, and

With your sweet Musick greet her :

Go, pretty Birds, unto her hie,

Haste, pretty Birds, unto her fly.

Ah me ! &c.

And if you find her sadly fit,

About her sweetly chaunt it,

Until she smiling raise her Head,

Ne'er cease until she grant it :

Go, pretty Birds, and tell her I,

As you have done, will to her fly.

Ah me !

S O N G 643.

She. **Y**OU say, 'tis Love creates the Pain,
Of which so sadly you complain ;

And yet would fain engage my Heart

In that uneasy, cruel, cruel Part :

But how, alas ! think you, that I

Can bear the Wounds, of which you die ?

† M m

He

Go,

He. 'Tis not my Passion makes my Care,
 But your Indifference gives Despair:
 The lussy Sun begets no Spring,
 'Till gentle Showers Assistance bring:
 So Love that scorches and destroys,
 'Till Kindness aids, can cause no Joys.

She. Love has a thousand, thousand Ways to please,
 But more, more, more to rob us of our Ease:
 For wakeful Nights, and careful Days,
 Some Hours of Pleasure he repays;
 But Absence soon, or jealous Fears,
 O'erflow the Joys with Floods of Tears.

He. By vain and senseless Forms betray'd,
 Harmless Love's the Offender made;
 While we no other Pains endure,
 Than those, that we ourselves procure:
 But one soft Moment makes amends
 For all the Torment that attends.

Both. Let us love, let us love, and to Happiness haste;
 Age and Wisdom come too fast;
 Youth for loving was design'd.

He. I'll be constant, you be kind.

She. You be constant, I'll be kind.

Both. Heaven can give no greater Blessing
 Than faithful Love, and kind Possessing.

S O N G 644.

YOU say, you love! repeat again,
 Repeat th' amazing Sound;
 Repeat the Ease of all my Pain,
 The Cure of every Wound.

What you to Thousands have deny'd,
 To me you freely give;
 Whilst I in humble Silence dy'd,
 Your Mercy bid me live.

So on cold Latmos' top each Night
 Endymion fighting lay;
 Gaz'd on the Moon's transcendent Light,
 Despair'd, and durst not pray.

But

But divine Cynthia saw his Grief,
 Th' Effect of conqu'ring Charms;
 Unask'd, the Goddess brings Relief,
 And falls into his Arms.

S O N G 645.

YOU shun me, Cloe, as a Fawn
 To seek her Dam, affrighted, flies
 Thro' every Mountain, Wood, and Lawn,
 And trembles at each rustling Breeze.
 Her Breath alternate comes and goes,
 If but a Lizard stirs the Leaves;
 And if the Zephyrs fan the Bows,
 She starts and quivers, pants and heaves.
 I follow not as Lions chace
 Their fleeting Prey along the Plains:
 Then leave your Mother's cold Embrace,
 Since you are grown mature for Man's.

S O N G 646.

YOU tell me 'tis dissimbled Love,
 Where'er I speak my Pain;
 My Pray'rs have lost the Pow'r to move,
 And all my Vows are vain.
 But why betrays my Soul Surprise
 And those bright Charms appear?
 Why dwell on you alone my Eyes,
 Amidst a thousand Fair?
 Mark how I roam from Place to Place,
 Yet anxious find no Rest;
 Think whence the Paleness in my Face,
 And panting of Breast.
 Yes, yes, dear Girl! no Credit pay
 To aught that may deceive;
 Grant still no Faith to what I say,
 But what you see believe.

S O N G 647.

YOU that think Love can convey
 No other way
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And he is a Shaint, much better than ever
Made either the Covenant sholemn, or League:

For o' my Shalwashtion,

He was my Relation,

And had a great Kindness for honest poor Teague.

Wherefore, says Teague, I will by my Shoul,

Lay down my Naphackie, and take out my Beads,

And under his holy Cross set I will fall,

And shay Pater-noster, and some of my Creeds.

So Teague began with humble Devotion,

To kneel before Saint Patrick's Cross:

The Wind fell a blowing,

And set it a going,

And it gave our Dear Joy a terrible Toss.

Sawney tehee'd, to see how poor Teague

Lay scratching his Ears, and roll'd on the Grass,

Swearing it was surely the De'il's Whirligig,

And none (he roar'd out) of Shaint Patrick's Cross.

But ish it indeed, cries he in a Passion,

The Cross of our Shaint, that has cross me so sore?

Upon my Shalwashtion,

This shall be a Cawshion,

To trust to Shaint Patrick's Kindness no more.

Sawney to Teague then merrily cry'd,

This Patron of yours is a very bad Loon,

To hit you sic a fair Thump on the Hide,

For kneeling before him, and begging a Boon:

Let me advise you to serve our Saint Andrew,

He, by my Saul, was a special gude Mon;

For since your Saint Patrick

Has serv'd you sic a Trick,

I'd see him hang'd up ere I'd serve him again.

S O N G 649.

YOU twice ten hundred Deities,

To whom we daily sacrifice,

Ye Pow'rs, that dwell with Fates below,

And see what Men are doom'd to do:

Where Elements in Discord dwell,

Thou God of Sleep arise and tell,

Tell, great Zempoalla, what strange Fate

Must on her dismal Vision wait.

† M m 3

By the croaking of the Toad,
 In their Caves that make Abode,
 Earthy Dun that pants for Breath,
 With her swell'd Sides full of Death.
 By the crested Adder's Pride,
 That along the Cliff does glide.
 By the Visage fierce and black,
 By the Death's Head on thy Back.
 By the twisted Serpents plac'd,
 For a Girdle round thy Waist,
 By the Hearts of Gold that deck
 Thy Breast, thy Shoulders, and thy Neck :
 From thy sleeping Mansion rise,
 And open thy unwilling Eyes,
 While bubbling Springs their Musick keep,
 That use to lull thee in thy Sleep.

S O N G 650.

YOU understand no tender Vows
 Of fervent and eternal Love ;
 That Lover will his Labour lose,
 Who does with Sighs and Tears propose
 Your Heart to move :
 But, if he talk of settling Land,
 A House in Town, and Coach maintain'd,
 You understand.

You understand no Charms in Wit,
 In Shape, in Breeding, or in Air ;
 To any Fops you will submit,
 The nauseous Clown, or fulsome Cit,
 If rich they are :
 Who Guineas can, may you command,
 Put Gold, and then put in your Hand,
 You understand.

S O N G 651.

Young Anna and Philip, a kind loving Pair,
 Brisk, airy, and pleasant, and affable were :
 Young Anna was brighter than Sol's piercing Ray,
 And sweeter her Breath, than the Breezes in May ;
 And Philip was jolly, proportion'd each Limb,
 He liv'd but in her, she liv'd but in him,

But

But alas ! as no Pleasure is permanent here,
She brought forth a Son, and was snatch'd from her Dear.

Poor Philip bewail'd his sad wretched State,
The Loss of his Nymph, and now curses his Fate ;
The Boy from the World he determines to take,
And live like two Hermits, for poor Anna's Sake :
All Women seem'd odious, since Anna was dead,
All the World but a Forest, or dismal wild Glade,
Where Rapine, and Perj'ry, and Int'rest reign'd,
And Honour and Justice were greatly disdain'd.

He goes to a Wood, where no human Track
Could be seen on the Ground, with the Boy on his Back ;
And there he hides from him a hundred odd Things,
As Luxury, Pride, Self-love, Pomp of Kings,
Of Passions, and Darts, and Cupid, and Fires,
Nor mention'd a Woman, nor ought of Desires :
To the Growth of his Years, apt Rules did enrol,
Which always were tending to the Good of his Soul.

The Youth being now at least five Years old,
Father Philip to him the Birds and Beasts told ;
The Names of the Plants, the Fruits, and the Flow'rs,
Their Uses and Virtues, their Beauties and Pow'rs ;
And amidst these Discourses which Boys pleasant call,
He mingled the Threats of Chimeras, and all
That of Death and the Devil, Damnation and Hell,
Which are the first Lessons to Children we tell.

But now ten Years pass'd, his Conduct he moulds
And of an Hereafter the Riddle unfolds ;
Yet nought of fair Woman he ever brought in,
As if such fine Creatures there never had been.
The Stars he describ'd, the Moon and the Sun,
And how in their Orbs they gradually run ;
He mention'd the Author of Earth, Sea, and Air ;
But nothing of Woman would Philip declare.

But at length, well stricken in Years being grown,
And scarce able to trudge to the neighb'ring Town,
Well knowing that Nature must one Day decline,
And submit to all-conqu'ring Death's meagre Shrine ;
But how soon it might be his Fate, did not know ;
Alas ! what shou'd his poor tender Son do ?

For Wolves have no Pity, nor feel pious Qualms,
 And Lions, and Tygers ne'er knew to give Alms.
 Therefore Philip thought it wou'd be the best Way,
 His Son to the Village to carry one Day ;
 That when he departed this sad hated Life,
 So full of all Ills, since the Loss of his Wife,
 That the Youth for himself might be able to shift,
 And on the World's Mercy not be run a-drift ;
 For poor is the Mortal who trusts on the same,
 He must live without Comfort, and die without Fame.
 But e'er he wou'd venture on this hated Strain,
 The Youth first his twentieth Year did attain ;
 That come, to the Town the Boy led by his Sire,
 Thro' Boggs, and thro' Lanes of Dirt, and of Mire :
 He stares all around, and not one Thing he knew,
 But alas ! is amaz'd such Wonders to view ;
 Enquires what's that, what's t'other, and this,
 And the Father strait tells him whatever it is.
 But Phillis approaching in a purple gay Vest,
 He ask'd, Pray what's that, Sir, so charmingly drest ?
 'Tis a Goose, reply'd Philip, pray, Son, hold your Peace.
 Her Skin's more like Down of Swans, than like Geese ;
 'Tis a delicate Fowl ! (full of Joy, cries the Youth)
 Let us carry one home, our Sorrows to sooth ;
 I warrant it sings well ! — a Brood let us raise
 In the Wood where we live, they may all of them graze.

S O N G 652.

Y O U N G Annie's budding Graces claim
 Th' inspir'd Thought, and softest Lays,
 And kindle in the Breast a Flame,
 Which must be vented in her Praise.
 Tell us, ye gentle Shepherds, have you seen
 E'er one so like an Angel tread the Green.
 Ye Youth, be watchful of your Hearts,
 When she appears, take the Alarm ;
 Love on her Beauty points his Darts,
 And wings an Arrow from each Charm :
 Around her Eyes and Smiles, the Graces sport,
 And to her snowy Neck and Breast resort.

But

But vain must ev'ry Caution prove,
 When such enchanting Sweetness shines ;
 The wounded Swain must yield to Love,
 And wonder, though he hopeless pines.
 Such Flames the foppish Butterfly should shun,
 The Eagle's only fit to view the Sun.

She's as the opening Lilly fair,
 Her lovely Features are compleat :
 Whilst Heav'n, indulgent makes her share,
 With Angels, all that's wise and sweet.
 These Virtues which divinely deck her Mind,
 Exalt each Beauty of th' inferior kind.

Whether she love the rural Scenes,
 Or sparkles in the airy Town,
 O happy he ! her Favour gains ;
 Unhappy, if she on him frown.
 The Muse, unwilling, quits the lovely Theme,
 Adieu, she sings, and thrice repeats her Name.

S O N G 653.

YOUNG Bacchus when merry bestriding his Tun,
 Proclaimed a neighbourly Feast ;
 The first that appear'd was a Man of the Gown,
 A jolly Parochial Priest ;
 He fill'd up his Bowl, drank a Health to the Church,
 Preferring it to the King ;
 Altho' he long since had left both in the Lurch,
 Yet he canted like any thing.

The next was a talkative Blade (whom we call
 A Doctor of the Civil-Law)
 He guzzl'd and drank up the Devil and all,
 As fast as the Drawer could draw ;
 But a Health to all Nobles he stily deny'd,
 Tho' lustily he could swill,
 Because, still the faster the Quality dy'd,
 It brought the more Grist to his Mill.

The next a Physician to Ladies and Lords,
 Who eases all Sicknes and Pain,
 And conjures Distempers away with hard Words,
 Which he knows is the Head of his Gains :

He stept from his Coach, fill'd his Cup to the Brink,
 And quaffing did freely agree,
 That Bacchus who gave us such Cordials to drink,
 Was a better Physician than he.

The next was a Justice who never read Law,
 With twenty Informers behind :
 On Free-cost he tippl'd, and still bid them draw,
 'Till his Worship had drank himself blind ;
 Then reeling away, they rambled in quest
 Of Drunkards and Jilts of the Town,
 That they might be punish'd, to frighten the rest,
 Except they would drop him a Crown.

The fifth was a tricking Attorney at Law,
 By Tallymen chiefly employ'd,
 Who lengthen'd his Bill with co-by and maw-draw,
 And a thousand such Items beside ;
 The Healths that he drank, were to Westminster-Hall,
 And to all the grave Dons of the Gown ;
 Rependum in Petro, durementum in Paul,
 Such Latin sure never was known.

The last that appear'd was a Soldier in Red,
 With his Hair doubled under his Hat,
 Who was by his Trade a fine Gentleman made,
 Tho' as hungry and poor as a Rat ;
 He swore by his God, tho' he liv'd by his King,
 Or the Help of some impudent Punk,
 That he would not depart till he made the Bott sing,
 And himself most confoundedly drunk.

S O N G 654.

YOUNG Cælia, in her tender Years,
 The Rose-but on its Stalk,
 Fill'd with a Virgin's modest Fears,
 Stepp'd forth one Eve to walk :
 She oft had heard of Love's blind Boy,
 And wish'd to find him out,
 Expecting for to meet the Joy
 Of which she'd been in doubt.
 A pleasing shady Grove she spy'd,
 Where trembling Aspens shook ;
 Close to its flow'ry Verge did glide
 A murm'ring limpid Brook.

Amyntor

Amyntor fighting there she found,
 She heard him talk of Love ;
 His Crook lay by him on the Ground,
 While thus he pray'd to Jove.
 Grant, mighty Pow'r ! that I may find,
 Some Ease within this Breast ;
 Grant, that my Celia may be kind,
 And make Amyntor blest.
 Grant her to know the Force of Love,
 And of her Swain's Desire ;
 Grant but of me she may approve,
 And more I'll ne'er require.

S O N G 655.

Y Oung Civiana, gay and fair,
 Known for her Wit and well-bred Air,
 A Visit made one Day ?
 Where Cymon, with an aukward Mien,
 Unluckily for him, came in,
 His Folly to betray.

He bow'd and scrap'd ne'er took his Chair,
 But would all round salute the Fair ;
 Not only those he knew,
 The Visited, but the gay Belle,
 The Visiter ; ah ! Shame to tell !
 The Blockhead kiss'd her too.

And what was worse, or was as bad,
 The rest, by his Example led,
 Repeated the Affront ;
 The Lads did her Resentment show,
 She snapt her Fan, she bent her Brow ;
 Such Rudeness, fie upon't !

Fair-one, while thus your Anger burns,
 If Cymon to the Place returns,
 As soon no Doubt he will ;
 Be there with twenty Virgins more,
 For Kisses three inflict threescore,
 You can't use him too ill.

Do at the self-same Time and Place,
 That all may witness his Disgrace,
 Repeat the Punishment ;

With

With throbbing Heart the guilty Clown
 Shall your impartial Justice own,
 And---fit him down content.

S O N G 656.

YOUNG Coridon and Phillis
 Sat in a lonely Grove,
 Contriving Crowns of Lillies,
 Repeating Toys of Love.
 But as they were a playing,
 She ogled so the Swain :
 It sav'd her plainly saying,
 Let's kifs to ease our Pain.
 A thousand Times he kifs'd her,
 Laying her on the Green ;
 But as he further pres'd her,
 A pretty Leg was seen.
 So many Beauties viewing,
 His Ardour still increas'd,
 And greater Joys pursuing,
 He wander'd o'er her Breast.
 A last Effort she trying,
 His Passion to withstand,
 Cry'd, but 'twas faintly crying,
 Pray take away your Hand.
 Young Corydon grown bolder,
 The Minutes would improve ;
 This is the Time, he told her,
 To shew you how I love.
 The Nymph seem'd almost dying,
 Dissolv'd in amorous Heat,
 She kifs'd, and told him sighing,
 My Dear, your Love is great.
 But Phillis did recover
 Much sooner than the Swain :
 She blushing, ask'd her Lover,
 Shall we not kifs again.
 Thus Love his Revels keeping,
 'Till Nature at a stand ;
 From talk they went to sleeping,
 Holding each other's Hand.

S O N G

S O N G 657.

Y^Oung Cupid I find
 To subdue me inclin'd,
 But at length I a Stratagem found,
 That will rid me of him,
 For I'll drink to the Brim,
 And unless he can swim,
 He like other Puppies will drown.

S O N G 658.

Y^Oung Cupid one Day wily,
 With well dissembled Art,
 Let fly an Arrow sily,
 And pierc'd me to the Heart.

A while I figh'd, grew stupid ;
 But to quit Scores with Cupid,
 I found a Way, which soon I'll try,
 Since Reason takes my Part.

I'll steal away his Arrows,
 And sweet Revenge pursue :
 With Women's Hearts I'll head 'em,
 And then they'll ne'er fly true.

S O N G 659.

Y^Oung Damon, once the happy Swain,
 The Pride and Glory of the Plain,
 (Yet see th' Effects of Love !)
 Depriv'd of all his former Rest,
 Shunn'd Company, with Grief oppress'd,
 And sought the thickest Grove.

The Nymphs and Swains all strove to find
 What 'twas disturb'd the Shepherd's Mind ;
 And, when they begg'd to know,
 He only shook his drooping Head,
 And sighing mournfully, he said,
 My Fate will have it so.

Myrtillo, hearing of his Woes,
 Came too, and kindly ask'd the Cause,
 Of all his mighty Pain :
 The Youth, transported, and amaz'd
 To hear her charming Voice, soon rais'd
 His Head, and thus began :

† N n

I love ;

I love ; but 'tis a Nymph so fair,
 That I of all Success despair,
 And nought expect but Scorn ;
 But, Oh ! forgive, since ask'd by you,
 If farther I my Tale pursue,
 And say, for you I burn.

The Nymph then blush'd, and smiling said,
 And is it thus you court a Maid !

You'll by Experience find,
 The Fair's not won by dull Despair,
 But to the Brave and Debonair,
 Our Sex will e'er prove kind.

S O N G 660.

YOUNG Damsels were formerly won,
 By a Pimp's Application to Mother ;
 But the Quality saving are grown,
 One does the good Office for t'other.
 At Ombre, Basset, and Quadrille,
 They care not what Money they squander :
 Yet though they disgorge the old Pill,
 They grumble at paying the Pander.

S O N G 661.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd
 How to make a Lover yield :
 How to keep, or how to gain ;
 When to love, and when to feign.
 Take me, take me, some of you,
 While I yet am young and true ;
 Ere I can my Soul disguise,
 Heave my Breasts, and roul my Eyes.
 Stay not till I learn the Way,
 How to lie and to betray ;
 He that has me first is blest ;
 For I may deceive the rest.
 Could I find a blooming Youth,
 Full of Love and full of Truth ;
 Brisk and of a janty Mien,
 I shou'd long to be Fifteen.

S O N G 662.

YOUNG Nonparelio lov'd a Maid

As fair as e'er was seen,
The Glory he of all the Glade,
And she of all the Green.

The silvan Train with Envy saw,
The lovely loving Pair ;

The Swain approach'd the Nymph with Awe,
The Nymph the Swain with Fear.

Fair Brilliant fled from his Complaint,
Afraid to hear his Sighs ;

And doubting she with Joy shou'd grant,
What she with Grief denies.

She racks herself to seem severe ;

He sees she does but feign ;

Tho' when present, she's in fear ;

When absent, she's in pain.

With Pleasure by some murmuring Stream,

She listens to his Lays,

Still glad to find herself the Theme,

And flatter'd with his Praise.

Nor need he follow, for her Race

Does ne'er continue long ;

She slackens, when he sings, her Pace,

And learns her Lover's Song.

S O N G 663.

YOUNG Orpheus tickl'd his Harp so well,

He gain'd fair Eurydice out of Hell,

With a twinkum, twankum, twang :

Had she been honest, as she was fair,

'Twou'd have been a great Wonder she e'er came there,

With a twinkum, &c.

But 'tis to be fear'd she prov'd a Scold,

And therefore the Devil had got her in Hold :

But for fear she should poison all Hell with her Tongue,

The Devil releas'd her for an old Song.

Which was twinkum, twinkum, twinkum, twinkum,
twinkum, twinkum, twankum, twang.

S O N G 664.

YOUNG Phaon strove the Bliss to taste,
 But Sapho still deny'd :
 She struggl'd long, the Youth at last
 Lay panting by her Side.
 Useless he lay ; Love would not wait
 Till they could both agree :
 They idly languish'd in Debate,
 When they should active be.
 At last, Come ruin me, she cry'd,
 And then there fell a Tear :
 I'll in my Breast my Blushes hide,
 Do all that Virgins fear.
 O, that Age could Love's Rites perform,
 We make old Men obey ;
 They court us long, Youth does but storm,
 And plunder and away.

S O N G 665.

YOUNG Philander woo'd me long,
 But I was peevish, and forbad him,
 I wadna tent his loving Sang,
 But now I wish, I wish I had him :
 Ilk Morning when I view my Glas,
 Then I perceive my Beauty going ;
 And when the Wrinkles seize the Face,
 Then we may bid adieu to wooing.
 My Beauty, anes so much admir'd,
 I find it fading fast, and flying ;
 My Cheeks, which Coral like appear'd,
 Grow pale, the broken Blood decaying :
 Ah ! we may see ourselves to be
 Like Summer Fruit that is unshaken,
 When ripe, they soon fall down and die,
 And by Corruption quickly taken.
 Use then your Time, ye Virgins fair,
 Employ your Day before 'tis Evil ;
 Fifteen is a Season rare,
 But five and twenty is the Devil.
 Just when ripe, consent unto't,
 Hug nae mair your lanely Pillow ;

Women are like other Fruit,
 They lose their Relish when too mellow.
 If Opportunity be lost,
 You'll find it hard to be regained ;
 Which now I may tell to my Cost,
 Tho' but my Sell name can be blamed :
 If then your Fortune you respect,
 Take the Occasion when it offers ;
 Nor a true Lover's Suit neglect,
 Lest you be scoff'd for being Scoffers.
 I, by this fond Expressions, thought
 That in his Love he'd ne'er prove changing ;
 But now, alas ! 'tis turn'd to nought,
 And, past my Hope, he's gone a ranging.
 Dear Maidens, then take my Advice,
 And let na Coynefs prove your Ruin ;
 For if ye be o'er foolish nice,
 Your Suiters will give over wooing.
 Then Maidens Auld you nam'd will be,
 And in that fretfu' Rank be number'd,
 As lang as Life ; and when ye die,
 With leading Apes be ever cumber'd :
 A Punishment, and hated Brand,
 With which name of us are contented ;
 Then be not wise behind the Hand,
 That the Mistake may be prevented.

S O N G 666.

YOUNG Philoret and Celia met
 In an old shady Grove ;
 The Nymph was coy,
 The amorous Boy
 Still sigh'd, and talk'd of Love.
 He prais'd her Face, her Air, her Grace,
 Her lovely charming Mien,
 And swore she was the brightest Lass
 That tripp'd it on the Green.
 With artful Tongue the Shepherd sung,
 And told a melting Tale ;
 But all his Art
 Cou'dn't touch her Heart,
 Nor all his Skill prevail,

† N n 3

Th'

Th' insulting Fair, with scornful Air,
 Still mock'd the Love-sick Swain;
 And while he sigh'd,
 She still reply'd,
 Sh'ad Pleasure in his Pain.

S O N G 667.

YOUNG Roger came tapping at Dolly's Window,
 Thumpaty, thumpaty, thump;
 He begg'd for Admittance, she answer'd him no,
 Glumpaty, glumpaty, glump.
 My Dolly, my Dear, your true Love is here,
 Dumpaty, dumpaty, dump.
 No, no, Roger, no, as you come you may go,
 Stumpaty, slumpaty, slump.
 Oh! what is the Reason, dear Dolly, he cry'd,
 Humpaty, &c.
 That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd.
 Trumpaty, &c.
 Some Rival more dear, I guess has been here,
 Crumpaty, &c.
 Suppose there's been two Sir, pray what that's to you.
 Numpaty, &c.
 Oh! then with a Sigh, his sad Farewel he took,
 Humpaty, &c.
 And all in Despair, he leap'd into the Brook,
 Plumpaty, &c.
 His Courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd,
 Mumpaty, &c.
 He swam to the Shore, and saw Dolly no more,
 Dumpaty, &c.
 Oh! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again,
 Numpaty, &c.
 Whilst he, like a Mad-man, ran over the Plain,
 Stumpaty, &c.
 Determin'd to find a Dam'sel more kind,
 Plumpaty, &c.
 While Dolly's afraid, she must die an old Maid,
 Mumpaty, &c.

S O N G 668.

YOUNG Roger of the Mill, one Morning very soon,
 Put on his best Apparel, his Hose and clouted Shoon;
 And

And he a wooing went to bonny buxom Nell :
Adzooks, cries he, could'st fancy me ? I like thee won-
d'rous well. I like, &c.

My Horses I have drest, and gave them Corn and Hay ;
Put on my best Apparel ; and having come this Way,
Let's sit and chat a while with thee, my bonny Nell :
Adzooks, cries he, cou'd'st fancy me ? Ize like thy Per-
son well, Ize like, &c.

Young Roger, you're mistaken, the Damsel then reply'd ;
I am not in such haste to be a Plowman's Bride :
Know I then live in Hopes to marry a Farmer's Son.
If it be so, says Hodge, I'll go ; sweet Mistress, I have
done.

Your Horses you have drest, as I have heard you say,
Put on your best Apparel ; and having come this Way,
Come sit and chat a while. O no indeed not I ;
I'll neither wait, nor chat nor prate, Izeother Fish to fry.
Go take your Farmer's Son, with all my honest Heart,
What tho' my Name be Roger that go to Plow and Cart,
I need not tarry long, e'er I do gain a Wife,
'There's buxom Joan, it is well known, she loves me as
her Life.

Pray what of buxom Joan, can't I please you as well ?
For she has ne'er a Penny, and I am bouncing Nell :
And I have fifty Shillings just ; the Money made him smile,
Oh then my dear, I'll draw a Chair, and chat with thee
a while.

Within half an Hour's Space, this Couple a Bargain
struck,
And I hope then with the Money they both may have
good Luck.
I have forty Shillings more, with which a Cow we'll
buy ;
We'll join our Hands in wedlock Bands, then who but
you and I ?

S O N G 669.

YOUNG Thyrsis, once the jolliest Swain,
That ever charm'd the list'ning Plain,
Attentive to his Glee ;

(416)

While Nymphs around the Rover throng,
He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song
Was, J'aime la Liberté.

Bright Chloe, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,
And Flavia, fairest of the Fair,
Are now no longer free:
Coy Delia felt unusual Pain,
All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain
Was, J'aime la Liberté.

The Youth, by Inclination sway'd,
A softer Tune had often play'd
To ev'ry charming She:
None fear Delusion from his Tongue,
For all he said, and all he sung
Was, J'aime la Liberté.

The treach'rous Boy thus play'd his Part
In Triumph o'er each female Heart;
Oh! who so blest as he?
Who had each Nymph a Mother made,
While all he sung, and all he said,
Was J'aime la Liberté.

S O N G 670.

YOUNG Virgins love Pleasure,
As Misers do Treasure,
And both alike strive for to heighten the Measure;
Their Hearts they will risk,
For ev'ry new Trifle,
And when in their Teens fall in Love for a Song:
But soon as they marry,
And find they miscarry,
Oh! how they sigh that they were not more wary:
Instead of soft wooing,
They run to their Ruin
And all their Lives after drag Sorrow along.

S O N G 671.

YOur Attempts are in vain;
I find you pursue me,
For what would undo me,
Pray, Shepherd, refrain;
If I should believe you,
And think you a Lover,

True

True Man would deceive me,
And soon grow a Rover,
Such Love I disdain.

You say, you'll watch while I shall play,
And guard my Treasure Night and Day ;

Alas ! too well I see

Thro' all your Wiles
And flatt'ring Smiles,
You soon would rob me of my Liberty.

All your Whining,
And your Pining,
Never will to Love persuade ;
Th' Heroe's Joy, the Shepherd's Blessing,
Now is grown an artful Trade.

S O N G 672.

YOur Charms to Ruin led the Way ;

My Sense deprav'd,
My Strength enslav'd ;

As I did love, you did betray :

How great the Curse, how hard my Fate,
To pass Life's Sea with such a Mate.

S O N G 673.

YOur Friendship I court,

For a friendly Support ;

My Guts are grown wond'rous limber :

My Belly complains

Of the Want of my Brains,

Which us'd to supply it with Timber.

May I swing like a Dog,

If I have a Hog,

A Smelt, a George, or a Teaster :

But here am I pent,

To keep a sad Lent,

Without any Hopes of an Easter.

I've sent to my Betters

Many circular Letters,

Of this my dismal Condition :

But you, Sir, I'm sure,

My Distemper will cure,

Or a Halter must be the Physician.

'Tis the first Time that I
 E'er at Rhiming did try ;
 In which, if I had any Skill,
 In more elegant Way,
 As I ought, I would say,
 Your obliged-Servant, Ra. Argill.

P. S. I hope you'll excuse
 My unpolite Muse ;
 Did Bacchus my Fancy inspire,
 Address you I would,
 In Verses as good
 As any of Pope, or of Prior.

S O N G 674.

YOur Gamester, provok'd by his Loss, may forswear,
 And rail against Play, yet can never forbear ;
 Deluded with Hopes, what is lost may be won,
 In Passion plays on, 'till at last he's undone.

So I, who have often declaim'd the fond Pain
 Of these fatal Wounds, which Love gets by Disdain ;
 Seduc'd by the Charms of your Looks, am drawn in,
 To expose my poor Heart to those Dangers again.

Clarissa, I live on the Hopes of my Love,
 Which flatters me so, that you kinder will prove ;
 In some lucky Minute I hope to enjoy thee,
 And rout all your Forces in Arms to destroy me.

My Fortune I hope is reserv'd for this Cast,
 To make me a Slave for all my Life past ;
 Be lucky this once, Dice ! 'tis all I implore,
 I'll gladly tye up then, and tempt you no more.

S O N G 675.

YOur Hay it is mow'd, and your Corn is reap'd,
 Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd ;

Come, my Boys, come,

Come, my Boys, come,

And merrily roar our Harvest home :

Harvest home,

Harvest home,

And merrily roar our Harvest home,

Come, my Boys, come, &c.

We

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen,
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha' One in Ten ;

One in Ten,

One in Ten,

For why should a Blockhead ha' One in Ten ?

One in Ten, &c.

For prating too long, like a Blook-learnt Sot,

'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot :

Burnt to Pot,

Burnt to Pot,

'Till Pudding and Dumpling are burnt to Pot :

Burnt to Pot, &c.

We'll tofs off our Ale till we cannot stand,

And hey for the Honour of old England,

Old England,

Old England,

And hey for the Honour, &c.

S O N G 676.

YOur musty old Rules,

Are for dull thinking Fools,

Who to Wisdom make aukward Pretences ;

But the World is so wise,

All Schemes do despise,

Which prohibit th' enjoying five Senses.

I'll rove and I'll rang,

My Lovers I'll change,

Since changing in Females is common ;

The dull Life of a Nun,

All fine Ladies shun,

For Pleasure's the Soul of a Woman.

S O N G 677.

Youth's the Season made for Joys,

Love is then our Duty ;

She alone who that employs,

Well deserves her Beauty.

Let's be gay,

While we may,

Beauty's a Flower, despis'd in Decay.

Youth's the Season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to Day,
 Ours is not to morrow ;
 Love with Youth flies swift away,
 Age is nought but Sorrow,
 Dance and sing,
 Time's on the Wing,
 Life never knows the Return of Spring.
 Chorus. Let us drink, &c.

S O N G 678.

YOU've heard, no doubt, how all the Globe
 Was soak'd of old with Noah's Flood :
 See ! here's a Globe that holds a Sea !
 A Sea of Liquors twice as good !
 Tol, lol, de rol.

Had Noah's been a Flood like this,
 And Anak's Sons such Souls as I,
 They'd drank the Deluge as it rose,
 And left the Ark, like Noah, dry.
 Tol, lol, de rol.

S O N G 679.

ZENO, Plato, Aristotle,
 All were Lovers of a Bottle ;
 Poets, Painters, and Musicians,
 Churchmen, Lawyers, and Physicians,
 All admire a pretty Lass,
 All require a chearful Glas :
 Ev'ry Pleasure has its Season,
 Love and Drinking are no Treason.

S O N G 680.

Zephyr, who, with Spring returning,
 Wafted soft o'er opening Flowers ;
 Breathing in the Face of Morning,
 Wakes Aurora from her Bowers,
 While with Love's fierce Flame I languish
 In these dry and desert Plains ;
 Gently breathe and soothe my Anguish,
 Fan my Breast and ease my Pains.

A COMPLETE ALPHABETICAL GLOSSARY,

OR,

Explanation of the *Scotch* Words.

A

A

, all.

Aboon, *above.*

Ae, *one.*

Anes, *once.*

Ablins, *perhaps.*

Awn, *own, acknowledge.*

Asteer, *stirring.*

Amither, *another.*

A-will, *of itself, of its own Accord.*

A-thought, *a little.*

A-jee, *on one Side.*

Auld, *old.*

An, *if.*

Air, *early.*

Aften, *often.*

Ain, *own.*

Aff, *off.*

Aik, *Oak.*

Airth, *Quarter, or Corner of the World.*

Aiths, *Oaths.*

Amaist, *almost.*

Ambry, *Cupboard.*

Awa, *away.*

Alane, *alone; his lane, by himself.*

Aneath, *beneath.*

Aftymes, *oft-times.*

Albeit, *abeit, although.*

A-wie, *a little.*

Ayont, *beyond.*

B

Beild, *a Place of Shelter from the Weather.*

Bairns, *Children.*

Bane, *Bone.*

Bedralls, *Beadles.*

Beat, *to help, or repair.*

Bend, *to drink.*

Bennison, *Blessing.*

Bewith, *somewhat, in the mean Time.*

Big, *build.*

Billy, *Brother.*

Bindging, *bending, or court-sying.*

Blink, *to ogle, or glance with the Eye.*

Blyther, *more joyful.*

Blythsome, *glad.*

Blythness, *Joy.*

The GLOSSARY.

- Bony, *handsome, pleasant.*
 Baith, *both.*
 Bught, *Sheepfold.*
 Byar, *Cow-house.*
 Braw, *brave, fine, gaudy.*
 Bein, *rich, well-furnish'd.*
 Briss, *to press, or bruise.*
 Bombaze, *to confound, or affright.*
 Blate, *shame-fac'd.*
 Bustine, *white Dimity.*
 Bad, *bid.*
 Braes, *Hillocks.*
 Burne, or Burnie, *a Ri-
vulet.*
 Birks, *Birch-Trees.*
 Bratling, *running down, or
falling hastily.*
 Bide, *to bear, abide or en-
dure.*
 Barlikhoods, *Freaks,
Whims, Humours.*
 Brats, *Cleathes; also Rags.*
 Brachen, *a sort of Broth.*
 Brae, *a rising Ground.*
 Braid, *broad.*
 Broe, *Broth.*
 Bleezing, *flaming, blaming.*
 Bigonets, *Biggands.*
 Begunk, *a Trick, or Stra-
tagem.*
 Bairs, *Bears.*
 Bedeen, *instantly.*
 Bode, *to foretell.*
 Bot, or but, *without.*
 Bow, or Bell, *a Measure
equal to a Sack.*
 Beuk, *bak'd.*
 Bougils, *Hunting-borns.*
 Bouk, *Carkass.*
 Bauld, *bold.*
 Bicker, *Boiul, or Cup.*
 Bobit, *laced.*
 Bodin, *stored, or furnished.*
 Brint, *burnt.*
 Blob, *a Globe, or Droop.*
 Bluter, *a Blunderer, or
foolish Fellow.*
 Beek, *beeking, basking.*
 Busk, *adorn, dress.*
 Bootless, *in vain.*
 Boutith, *a Gratuity.*
 Belt, *Girdle.*
 Blae-berries, *Blue-berries.*
 Bowt, *bolt.*
 Blaw, *blow.*
 Bands, *Hinges.*
 Betootch, *us! preserve us!*
 Bent, *an open Field.*
 Baugh, *simple, of a pitiful
Look.*
 Brock, *a Badger.*
 Broach, *a Buckle.*
 Ban, *to curse.*
 Breeks, *Breeches.*
 Bourd, *to dally, or tamper
with.*
 Brankit, *prim'd up.*
 Brander, *a Grid-iron.*
 Brack, *broken Parts, or
the Refuse.*
 Bruik, *to love, or enjoy.*
 Butt and Benn, *from one
End of the House to the
other.*
 Bairnie, *a little Child.*
- C
- CASS, *Calf; also, Cbass.*
 Carlings, *old Women;
also, boil'd Pease.*
 Cawler, *fresh, cool.*
 Craig, *a Rock.*
 Craigy, *rocky.*
 Chirm, *chirp, or sing.*

The GLOSSARY.

Crove, a little Hutch, or Lodge.

Corbies, Ravens.

Cleck, to snatch, or book up.

Clute, the Hoof.

Canty, merry.

Cou'dna, could not.

Caulrife, cold, chilly.

Cockernony, the Hair bound up in a Puff.

Cadgie, merry, gay.

Claiths, Clothes.

Cauld, cold.

Coofs, Boobies.

Canny, bappy, cautious.

Coft, bought.

Chiels, Fellows.

Cleck, to batch.

Ca'd, or cawd, called.

Cottars, Cottagers, Tenants.

Curn, a little Quantity.

Cry, to call, or a Call.

Ca', call.

Cantripes, Magick Spells and Diabolical Arts.

Cry'd, call'd on.

Clim, climb.

Canna, cannot.

Crack, to chat, to boast.

Clashes, Tittle-tattle.

Clock, a Beetle.

Crummie, a Cow's Name.

Cunzie, Coin, Money.

Cast, the Mein, or Gesture.

Cast up, to throw in one's Teeth, to upbraid.

Clag, Failing, or Imperfection.

Clat, a Rake.

Clatteran, prating, chattering.

Cankart, ill-natured, pee-

wish.

Carle, old Man.

Cawk, Chalk.

Chitter, to gnash with the Teeth, shivering.

Crap, crept.

Cod, a Pillow.

Cogg, a wooden Dish.

Coots, Ankle-bones.

Courtchea, or Curtchea, Handkerchief.

Creel, a Basket, or Hamper.

Crocks, lean Sheep.

Croft, Corn Land.

Crouse, brisk, or bold.

Crowdy-Moudy, a sort of Water-Gruel.

D

DAft, mad; foolish.

Dowie, senseless, silly.

Dool, Sorrow.

Dorty, sorrowful, difficult.

Dinna, do not.

Dike, a Wall.

Din, Noise.

Dic'd, weaved in Figures of Dice.

Daunted, fondled, made much of.

Dubs, dirty little Pools.

Divet-Seat, Seat of green Turf.

Darna, dare not.

Deid, Death.

Dern'd, laid up secretly.

Downa, cannot bear, or endure.

Dings, excels, gets the better; also beats.

Disna, does not.

Dow, can, or is able to do.

Drant, to speak slow. † O O

The GLOSSARY.

Draps, drops, gives the Slip
to Company.

Daffin, Folly.

Drie, suffer.

Decreet, Determination, or
Judgment.

Didna, did not.

Doof, a Fool, a Fellow
without Spirit.

Dunt, to beat, or throb,
when apply'd to the
Heart.

Doughtna, could not.

Dowp, Arse.

Doil'd, bewitch'd, infa-
tuated, dizzy, giddy.

Drammock, a sort of cold
Gruel.

Dwining, decaying.

Dyvours, Bankrupts.

E

Eard, Earth.

Ettle, to attempt, or
aim at.

Een, Eyes; also Even or
Night.

Eem, to cozen.

Eastlin, eastern.

Eith, Eithly, easily.

Elding, Fuel.

Eild, old Age.

Elf-shot, Planet-struck.

East, eastward.

Ellwand, a Stick the Mea-
sure of an Ell.

Even, to impute to one, to
compare, to liken.

Erg, to dread, or be afraid
of.

Else, already.

Either-Cap, Wasp.

Elrich, wild, or ghastly.

Eydent, diligent, constant
in any Thing.

F

FAdge, a coarse sort of
a Roll-Bread.

Fangle, or New-fangle,
fond of what is new.

Frae, from.

Fou, full, also drunk.

Ferlie, a Wonder, also to
wonder.

Fouth, Plenty, many.

Flet, scolded.

Fair-fa', well fare.

Fa', fall.

Fallow, fellow.

Fald, to fold, also, a Sheep-
fold.

Feckless, trifling.

Feightan, fighting.

Fraise, Talk, Speech.

Fowk, Folks.

Flyte, to scold.

Fell, cunning, or prudent.
Sometimes it is applied to
diabolical Art.

Fasheous, troublesome.

Feg, Fig.

Fae, Foe.

Fee, Wages,

Feirs, Brothers.

Fendy, active, industrious.

Fenzie, to feign.

Flaes, Fleas.

Fause, false.

Flaw, to lie, also a Lie.

Furlet, a Corn, or Meal
Measure, consisting of
four Pecks.

Fear'd, afraid.

Fey, to be attended by a
Fatality; or, a Forget-

The GLOSSARY.

fulness, or Absence of Mind.
 Fleech, *flatter.*
 Fog, *Moss.*
 Fore, to the fore, *in being, or remaining.*
 Foregainst, *over-against.*
 Fundling, *Foundling.*
 Foryet, *forget.*
 Fand, *found.*
 Flighter, *to flutter.*
 Flype, *to flae the Skin off.*
 Farder, *farther.*
 Farles, *thin Oat-Cakes.*
 Fear, fleg, *to frighten.*
 Fain, fond, *willing.*
 Fawn, fallen.
 Fawt, *Fault.*
 Fash, *to trouble.*
 Fleid, *affrighted.*
 Flouks, *Flounders.*
 Fraising, *Calling, or talking with a foolish Wonderment.*

G

GAE, *go; also gave.*
 Gowans, *Daisies.*
 Gowany, *full of Daisies.*
 Grane, *to groan, or sigh.*
 Granes, *Groans, or Sighs.*
 Gar, *to make, or force.*
 Gat, *got.*
 Grein, *to long for, or thirst after.*
 Gear, *Goods, Wealth.*
 Geck, *to loath, or skout at.*
 Gif, *gin, if.*
 Glowre, *to stare.*
 Glowring, *staring.*
 Gawn, *going.*
 Grip, *to hold fast.*
 Grips, *the holding fast with*

the Hands.
 Gloom, *a Frown.*
 Gang, *go.*
 Ganging, *going.*
 Gie, *give.*
 Gabs, *Mouths.*
 Grace-Drink, *Grace-Cup.*
 Greet, *to cry.*
 Gane, *gone.*
 Gets, *Brats, Children.*
 Giglit, *Gilflirt.*
 Gate, *the Way; also the Manner of a Person.*
 Gusty, *savoury.*
 Glee, *Mirth.*
 Glead, *Squinting.*
 Glen, *a Vale.*
 Gaits, *Goats.*
 Gade, *went.*
 Gawsy, *Jolly, or lusty.*
 Gawky, *a foolish Wench.*
 Gree, *Degree.*

Grit, *great.*
 Girning, *grinning.*
 Grat, *cried.*
 Gowd, *Gold.*
 Ghait, *Ghost.*
 Gowk, *Cuckoo; also Fool.*
 Gates, *Ways, Courses.*

H

HAme, *Home.*
 Hameward, *homeward.*
 Hartsome, *gladsome, pleasant.*
 Hinder-Night, *last Night.*
 Haffet, *Side of the Face.*
 Halucket, *light-beaded, whimsical.*
 Hale, *whole.*
 Hinnny, *Honey.*
 Hound, *hunt.* † 003

The GLOSSARY.

- Hawstock, *Wool next the*
Wind-pipe.
 Hald, had, bold.
 Height, *Top of the Hill.*
 Howm, *a Valley by a*
River.
 Het, bot.
 Healthfu', *healthful.*
 Haith, *indeed, in faith.*
 Herds, *Squain, Shepherds.*
 Heh! *kab!*
 Hefis, *ledges, inhabits.*
 Halefome, *wholesome.*
 Heather-Braes, *Hills on*
which Heath grows.
 Hidlings, *lurking Places.*
 Hadna, *bad not.*
 He'eryestreen, *the Night*
before last.
 Haggies, *a boiled Pudding,*
made of a Sheep's Pluck
minced with Sewat.
 Haff, *balf.*
 Howk, *to dig.*
 Humlock, *Hemlock.*
 Hawkys, *Cows.*
 Howdy, *a Midwife.*
 Hing, *bang.*
 Heather - Bells, *Heath-*
Buds.
 Hetches, *Promises.*
 Hallon-Side, *by a Holly Tree.*
 Hae, *have.*
 Ha', *Hall.*
 Howt, *fy!*
 Hassen, *partly.*
 Hool, *the Shell.*
 Hoblesheiw, *a mobbish Riot,*
or Quarrel.
 Haly, *boly.*
 Hodden-grey, *a course grey*
Glath.
 Hapt, *covered up.*
 Happing, *hopping, falling*
down.
 Hames and Brechoms,
worn about the Neck of
a Cart-horse.
 Hawse, *to embrace.*
 Heefe, *to lift.*
 Heugh, *any steep Place.*
 Hodle, *to waddle in Walk-*
ing.
 Hows, *Hollows.*
 I
 I lka, *each, every.*
 Jo, *Sweetheart.*
 Jee, *to be in Doubt, to*
waver.
 Jouk, *to blow.*
 Ise, *I shall, or will.*
 Ingle-side, *Fire-side.*
 Ither, *other; also one ano-*
ther.
 Ingans, *Onions.*
 Ill-far'd, *ill-favour'd or*
ughy.
 Irk, *weary, or tired.*
 Irie, *fearful of Apparitions.*
 Ishogles, *Iticles.*
 K
 K Ens, *knows.*
 Kend, *knew, or*
known.
 Kiltit, *tucked up.*
 Kames, *Combs.*
 Kittle, *to tickle; it also fig-*
nifies difficult, or dan-
gerous.
 Kail-Yard, *Kitchen-Gar-*
den.
 Kirn'd, *churned.*
 Kenna, *know not.*
 Ky, *Cows.*

The GLOSSARY.

- Kirn, *churn.*
 Kent, *a large Stick, or Shepherd's Pole.*
 Kairn, or Cairn, *Heaps of Monumental Stones.*
 Kail, *Coleworts; also, Broth.*
 Kebuck, *a Cheese.*
 Keek, *to peep.*
 Kepp, *to catch.*
 Kirtle, *the upper Petticoat.*
 Kimmer, *a She-Gossip.*
 Kurchie, *a Handkerchief.*
- L
- L Ugs, *Ears.*
 Leglens, *Milk-Pails.*
 Loan, *Milking-Place.*
 Lofs, *to lose.*
 Lout, *to stoop.*
 Low, *Flame.*
 Loon, *a fly Wencher.*
 Lowan, *burning, flaming.*
 Lown, *calm.*
 Lang, *long.*
 Loos, *loves.*
 Lowp, *to leap.*
 Lowping, *leaping.*
 Leel, *sincere, honest.*
 Linkan, *stepping briskly, or, hastily.*
 Lee, *fallow Land.*
 Leesome, *lovely.*
 Lap, *leap'd.*
 Leaugh, *laugh'd.*
 Lift, *the Sky; also to remove.*
 Lin, *a Precipice, or, natural Cascade, from whence the Water falls.*
 Lave, *the rest.*
 Langsome, *tiresome, tedious.*
 Laird, *Landlord; in general, for any Man of Estate.*
- Lyart, *boary, grey.*
 Lucky, *Gammer.*
 Laith, *loath.*
 Laverocks, *Larks.*
 Eilt, *to sing briskly.*
 Liltit, *merry ebanted.*
 Luggies, *Bowls.*
 Lear, *to learn.*
 Lair, *Learning.*
 Loof, *the Palm of the Hand.*
 Leed, *ly'd.*
 Leen, *to leave off, give over.*
 Landwart, *country, rural, clownish.*
 Labour'd, *thresh'd.*
 Lows'd, *unt'y'd, loos'd.*
 Lag, *to fall behind.*
 Laigh, *low.*
 Lawty, *Justice.*
 Leeze me, *a Phrase used when one loves, or is pleased with a Person.*
 Lib, *to geld.*
 Loor, *rather.*
 Lucken, *gather'd together, or close join'd to one another.*
- M
- M Aun, *must.*
 Mair, *more.*
 Mane, *Moan.*
 March, *Limit, or Border.*
 Marrow, *a Match; or, to match.*
 Mawking, *a Hare.*
 Mony, *many.*
 Mint, *to aim at, or make a Motion to do anything.*
 Misluck, *Misfortune.*
 Mak, *make.*
 Meg-Dorts, *Mrs. Scornful.*

The GLOSSARY.

Miscaw', *to miscall, or, call Names.*

Meikle, *much.*

Meiklest, *largest.*

Maiist, *most.*

Maiks, *Mates, Wives.*

Midding, *Dunghil.*

Mailens, *Farms.*

Manna, *must not.*

Muck, *Dung.*

Mither, *Motber.*

Mear, *Mare.*

Mirk, *dark, or, darken.*

Merle, *Merlin.*

Mavis, *the Thrush.*

Mansworn, *perjur'd, forsworn.*

Moufe-mark, *any Mark receiv'd by a Motber's Longing.*

Mennin, *Minnow.*

Mae, *more.*

Makfna, *it matters not.*

Mou, *Mouth.*

Meise, *to move.*

Mends, *Revenge.*

Menfe, *Manners; also, to decorate.*

Menzie, *a Company, or Retinue.*

Milfy, *to search for Milk.*

Minny, *Motber.*

Mons-Megg; *a very large Iron Cannon in the Castle of Edinburgh, capable of holding two People.*

Moup, *to mumble like a Person that wants Teeth.*

Mouter, *the Miller's Toll.*

Mutches, *Linen Caps.*

N

NA, *no, not.*

Nae, *No.*

Nane, *none.*

Nees, *Nose.*

Nibour, *Neighbour.*

Nither, *starve, or pinch.*

Nowt, *Oxen.*

Nowther, *neither.*

Needna, *need not.*

Neist, *next.*

Nocht, *nought.*

New-mawn, *new-mowed.*

No, *not.*

New-cal, *young Calves.*

Nives, *double Fists.*

Nor, *than.*

O

OE, *Grandchild.*

Ony, *any.*

Out-o'er, *hanging over, also, quite over.*

Our-lane, *alone, by ourselves.*

Owrelay, *a Cawat.*

Owrelaid, *overlaid, over-whelm'd.*

O'reput, *to overcome.*

Oure, *over, too much.*

Orp, *to writhe one's self.*

Or, *before.*

Owk, *Week.*

O't, *of it.*

Oxter, *Armpit.*

Owsen, *Oxen.*

P

PAntry, *Buttery.*

Pat, *did put.*

Paughty, *proud, haughty.*

Paunches, *Tripe.*

Propine, *a Present.*

The G L O S S A R Y.

Peebles, *Pebbles.*
 Pensylie, *fantastically.*
 Peat pat, *Peat Cole pit.*
 Peet-stack, *Stack of dry'd Peat, for Firing.*
 Pibroch, *a Highland Tune.*
 Pickle, *a small Share.*
 Pig, *an earthen Pot.*
 Pillar, *the Stool of Repen-
tance.*
 Pine, *Pain.*
 Plet, *to fold; also twist.*
 Pow, *a Skull.*
 Powfowdy, *Ram's - head
Soup.*
 Prig, *to baggle.*
 Prines, *Pins.*
 Prive, *to taste or prove.*
 Popilan, *poppling.*
 Poortith, *Poverty.*
 Pou, *pull.*
 Peat Ingle, *Peat-fire.*
 Pouch, *Pocket.*
 Pouchfu', *Pocket-full.*
 Pawky, *sly, cunning.*
 Pleugh, *a Plough.*
 Pith, *Strength.*
 Petted, *fondled, pamper'd.*
 Pithless, *faint, weak.*

R

R Air, *to roar.*
 Rowing, *Rowan,
rolling,*
 Row'd, *roll'd, or wrapt.*
 Redd up, *to clean up, or
clear up, also to tell, to
be afraid, to part Folks
quarrelling.*
 Renzie, *to rein.*
 Revel'd, *entangled.*
 Riggs, *Ridges.*
 Rin, *run.*

Rifarts, *Radishes.*
 Routh, *Plenty.*
 Rise, *abundant, plentiful.*
 Racket-Rent, *Rack-Rent.*
 Reesting, *drying.*
 Rant, *to make merry.*
 Ranting, *rousing, jolly.*
 Rash, *green, or, young.*
 Rashy, *rusty, or, grown
over with Rushes.*
 Rashes, *Rushes.*
 Roos'd, *prais'd.*
 Rousted, *grown stiff, or
rusty.*
 Rew, *to relent, repent.*
 Rowt, *to low, or, make a
great Noise.*
 Roudes, *a hard Name.*
 Rock, *a Distaff.*
 Rever, *Rover, or Pirate.*
 Rucks, *Ricks.*
 Reek, *Smoke.*
 Roove, *confirm, or, rivet.*
 Rude, *Cross.*
 Runkled, *wrinkled.*
 Rung, *a Club, or Staff.*
 Ruse, *or Roose, to praise.*

S

S Aft, *soft.*
 Sall, *shall.*
 Soughs, *Willow-trees.*
 Sae, *so.*
 Sawt, *Salt.*
 Seim, *Appearance.*
 Sey, *to essay, or try.*
 Shanna, *shall not.*
 Shingy-mouth'd, *or, She-
vil-gabit, wry-mouth'd.*
 Sharn, *Cow-dung.*
 Shoo, *a Shoe.*
 Shore, *to threaten.*
 Skink, *strong Broth.*

The GLOSSARY.

Snack, *Smart*.
 Sneift, *to snarl*.
 Snifhing, *Snuff*.
 Sodden, *boil'd*.
 Sonfy, *fortunate, also jolly*.
 Sowens, *a sort of Flummery*.
 Soum, *of Sheep, 20*.
 Spelding, *dry'd Whiting, or Haddock*.
 Stirk, *a young Bullock*.
 Stoup, *a Prop; also a Pot for Drink*.
 Strae, *Straw*.
 Streek, *to stretch, or spread*.
 Stenzie, *to stain*.
 Swats, *small Ale*.
 Sweer, *unwilling, lazy*.
 Swither, *in Doubt*.
 Seybows, *young Onions*.
 Spill, *spoil*.
 Slid, *smooth, slippery*.
 Syne, *since, then*.
 Smoor, *smother*.
 Smoor'd, *smother'd*.
 Sma, *small*.
 Snaw, *Snow*.
 Sic, *such*.
 Sican, *such an one*.
 Sell, *self*.
 Shaw, *sheaw, also a woody Bank*.
 Shawn, *sheawn*.
 Sock, *a Reed, or Pipe*.
 Spring, *a Tune*.
 Spear, *to ask*.
 Saebiens, *since it is so*.
 Snooded, *filletted, ty'd up*.
 Skiffing, *skipping*.
 Saul, *Soul*.
 Sair, *fore*.
 Sets, *the Stripes, or Rows of Colours in Weaving*.

Siller, *Silver*.
 Spraings, *Stripes, or Rows*.
 Shave, *a Slice*.
 Singand, *singing*.
 Strak, *struck*.
 Shire, *thin*.
 A Shire-lick, *a sharp Fellow*.
 Scart, *to scrape; also, to scratch*.
 Skaith, *Loss, Damage*.
 Scads, *scalds*.
 Sald, *sold*.
 Seething, *boiling*.
 Stend, *to stalk hastily*.
 Stent, *to tax; also, to stint*.
 Scor'd, *threaten'd*.
 Sled, *Sledge*.
 Sung, *sing'd*.
 Snuff! *pish! also, to take Snuff*.
 Slaw, *slow*.
 Swat, *sweated*.
 Slee, *sly*.
 Skelfs, *Sbelfs*.
 Strapan, *strapping, lussy*.
 Spaining, *weaning*.
 Spae-men, *Fortune-tellers*.
 Saws, *Prognostications*.
 Spae, *to tell Fortunes*.
 Snood, *a Fillet, or, Head-band*.
 Sark, *Shirt*.
 Sayna, *say not*.
 Starns, *Stars*.
 Samen, *the same*.
 Slavering, *driveling, or, slobbering*.
 Snaw-baws, *Jokes*.
 Swith, *soon, swiftly*.
 Shoon, *Shoes*.
 Stang, *stung*.

The GLOSSARY.

Sward, *the Surface of the Grass.*

Stanes, *Stones.*

Stap, *stop.*

Skair, *a Share, to spare.*

Steght, *stuff'd, or cram'm'd.*

Sornan, *mumping, or, begging.*

Scrimp, *ill-provided.*

Scrimpit, *skinted.*

Sindle, *seldom.*

Sawn, *sown.*

Sincesyne, *ever since.*

Sakeless, *forsaken, destitute of Friends.*

Staw, *Stole.*

Skelpit, *to be slap't, or whipt on the Posteriors.*

Steek, *to shut.*

T

TAE, *Toe.*

Taken, *Token.*

Tenting, *tending.*

Thrawart, *cross, or evil.*

Tod, *a Fox.*

Thole, *endure, suffer.*

Till, *to.*

Tald, *told.*

Tint, *lost.*

Thrieveless, *trifling, or needless.*

Trow, *to be sure of, to know, to believe.*

Tak, *take.*

Tane, *taken; also, the one.*

Tap, *the Top.*

Twa, *two.*

Tent, *to take Notice of, to watch, observe, or remark.*

Theyse, *they shall.*

Towzle, *to rumple.*

Trig, *neat.*

Tyke, *Dog.*

Trigg, *spruce, clean.*

Tarrows, *loaths.*

Tether-stake, *Halier-stake.*

Thae, *these.*

Thirle, *ibrill.*

Tyne, *to lose.*

Tron, *the Name of a Market place in Edinburgh.*

Thack, *thatch.*

Taids, *Toads.*

Than, *then.*

Thrang, *the Crowd, or Tbrong.*

Titty, *Sister.*

Titter, *rather,*

Tafs, *a Cup.*

Thow, *to thaw, or melt.*

Thowless, *spiritless.*

The, *thee.*

Tryst, *Appointment, to appoint.*

Tocher, *Tocher - good, one's Portion, or Fortune.*

Todlen, *a rolling short Step.*

Teil, *to till.*

To, *too.*

Tuilzie, *a Broil; also, to quarrel.*

Towind, *slapp'd, or bang'd.*

Thud, *the Noise of a Stroke.*

Twin, *to part with.*

U

UNlikely, *unpersonable, unseemly, improbable.*

Unko, *strangely, wonderfully; also, strange, wonderful.*

Unsonsy, *unlucky, diabolical.*

Unscrapit, *siltby, or, what wants scraping.*

The GLOSSARY.

V

VIrles, Rings.
Vissy, to take a View.

W

WArdly, worldly.
Winsome, engaging, delightful.

Wathers, Weathers.

Wad, would.

Wallowit, faded, or withered.

Wallop, gallop.

Wame, Womb, Belly.

War, worse.

Wha, who.

Wat, wot, or know.

Whinging, whining.

Wist, knew.

Waff, lonely.

Wi', with.

*Wie, little.

Wood, mad.

Wordy, worthy.

Wimpling, winding.

Wark, Work.

Whirles, Eddies.

Whilk, which.

Wilks, Periwinkles.

Wean, Child.

Wear in, to hem in.

Whang, a large Cut, or Slice.

Whatecks, what matters it.

Wylie, cunning.

Wyson, the Gullet.

Woo, Wool; also to court.

Will-fire, Wild-fire.

Wist, known.

Wale, to chuse, the Choice.

Withershins, to move contrariways.

Warlock, Wizzard.

Weil, well.

Wae, Woe; also sorrowful

Wyte, Blame.

Wrang, Wrong.

Westlin, western.

Whins, Fuzzze.

Whase, whose.

Whisht! bush.

Wimpled, intricate.

Waws, Walls.

Warst, worst.

Wow! strange!

Winna, will not.

Wond, wound up, or, wrapt round with any Thing.

Ware, to expend, lay out, to sift, to pump out a Secret.

Withouten, without.

Whatna-wats, no Body knows what.

Win, or Won, to dwell.

Wrights, Joiners.

Woodly, madly.

Wawk, walk; also, awake.

Wawkrife, wakeful.

Weind, Thought.

Weirs, Wars.

Whilly-wha, a Cheat or Bite. Y

YOwl'd, howl'd.

Yont, beyond.

Yelping, us'd to express the Noise made by the Barking of a Puppy, or, the Crying of a Child.

Youdith, Youth.

Yad, a Mare.

Yese, ye shall.

Yern, to desire.

Yestreen, Last Night.

F I N I S.